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PEELER'S BULL'S-EYE PASSES

IN OLD LONDON.

Electric Flashlight to the Fore—Recondite Story of Dark Past and Bow Street Patrols.

March 1914

The London policeman's "bull's-eye" is, according to report, shortly to pass away. In its stead he is to have an electric torch, which will spread light before and around him, while he himself remains unseen, says the London Telegraph. At his bidding there will be light, though doubtless there will be times when, pressing a button with twentieth-century confidence in science, he will call for light and none will come. But that modern wizard, the electrician, may be trusted to see to it that these occasions are rare.

SENTIMENTAL MERCY.

"Beloved Peeler" has become so much an institution with us that we are apt to forget there was a time when, so far from being thus affectionately hailed in song, he was the target for hearty abuse and ridicule. For in order that he might come another had to go, and though the eighteenth-century 'Charley" was about as fit to preserve order as a ruined keep would be to repel a siege-train, the English have a sentimental mercy for their public servants.

Aged, deaf and blind of an eye though he might be and not infrequently was, the public had grown accustomed to the Charley's stave and lantern and his little wooden hut, and the trim newcomer (as he appeared in that day) was resented as a usurper, in spite of the obsolete methods and equipment of his predecessor. Yet the Charley's horn lantern was a considerable advance on what had gone before.

ANCIENT ILLUMINANT.

By the light of early records we can observe the constable as he comes to us down the centuries. In our first glimpse of him he carries a cresset—you may see it for yourself, if you choose

stands and go to ale-houses or light people home, so that many times there are not more than five or six instead of fifteen or sixteen, so that if fire or other accident happen in the night little or no help can be expected."

BOW STREET RUNNERS.

Less and less did people grow to look for help from a "Charley," and robbery in and around London became rampant. For this, in 1753, Henry Fielding, magistrate of Bow street, put upon paper a plan of reprisal in the shape of organized attacks on the gangs of thieves and highwaymen who infested the city and the roads around London.

The Duke of Newcastle gave practical effect to the scheme, and Sir John Fielding, Henry's brother, elaborated it. Thus arose the Bow street runners, horse patrol, and (an odd title) "horse patrol dismounted."

Twenty-five years ago there were still surviving "robin redbreasts" who in other days, in brass-buttoned blue coat, blue trousers, and leather hat, had either ridden out, sword outside coat and pistols loaded, calling out "in a loud and distinct voice, 'Bow street patrol,'" to cheer the "lated traveller" on lonely roads, or had on foot, armed with "cutlass, truncheon, and warrant," supplemented the work of the mounted force.

GREAT CAPACITY FOR SLEEP.

The "Charleys," of which mention has been made, existed side by side with the Bow street patrols, but, by this title, they were in thorough discredit. Sir Spencer Walpole, the home secretary historian, writing in his History of England from 1815, says that "no pains were taken then to obtain the service of efficient men," and no means to "increase their efficiency." "From motives of humanity old men were retained in the service long after they had ceased to be active.

From motives of economy men were encouraged to ask the lowest wages, and notoriously supplemented their wages by contributions from bad characters." When the "Charley" was not engaged in the latter "felonious employment," he was sleeping in his box. As for his lantern, John Pearson, who satirized them savagely in 1827, said he had as much use for it "as a dog for a side pocket."

Tom and Jerry you perhaps remember in their "spree" upset "Charley" and his box at a matter of course, and this seems to have been the "Charley's" chief waking experience. And his capacity for sleep was enormous. If all else failed in cases of insomnia physicians "dressed the patient in a watchman's coat, put a lantern in his hand, and placed him in a sentry box, and in ten minutes he was asleep."

ORIGINAL "FAT BOY."

How many know that Piccadilly, or a considerable slice of it, was, originally, known as Portugal-street? And the Portuguese Princess, Catherine of Braganza, Charles II.'s Queen, after whom it was named, in like manner was honored in the Catherine-street, near by, which today is clubland and Pall Mall.

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on. Andy Hernon that the chief reation of a Nationalist majority in Dublin Parliament would be to amper the Unionists of Ulster.

SNOW TO-MORROW.

ame Temperature — Outlook for Warmer Weather in West.

There is an outlook for milder eather in the west. "The western igh pressure is spreading over the reat lakes and the St. Lawrence alley," states the official. "The weather is quite cold in all provinces xcept Alberta and British Columbia, where it is mild. It will be mostly

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The rate of increase on March expected, therefore, has not been as low as the rate of increase of the March just concluded over the corresponding March last year, all of which goes to show that it is not always safe to base conclusions as to the future on what has occurred in the past. The "riding habit" which was to have wrapped the citizens in its thrall has not yet asserted its power.

The following figures show the street railway earnings and the city's percentage in March since 1906:

	Receipts.	City's Share.
March, 1906 ..	$234,448.20	$26,851.70
March, 1907 ..	267,721.05	32,126.53
March, 1908 ..	277,293.12	33,838 80
March, 1909 ..	301,005.95	40,244.70
March, 1910 ..	343,541.86	51,531.28
March, 1911 ..	372,945.83	55,941.88
March, 1912 ..	422,660.58	63,399.05
March, 1913 ..	487,507.48	88,781.55
March, 1914 ..	510,751.18	102,150.24

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ODD CORNERS IN LONDON: DIAMONDS IN THE GHETTO

By BRIAN BELLASIS

WHEN Whitechapel still had some pretensions to being English the little alley which turns to the north off the High street was probably the courtyard of the Black Lion Inn. There is not even a public house of that name there now, but the court remains—Black Lion Court—an alley perhaps thirty yards long, five yards wide in the middle and narrowing down to a couple of yards at its bottle-neck entrance.

It is a curious spot, and to be seen at its best should be visited at night—a characteristic London night, with a thin rain just ceasing to drizzle down and mud exactly like thick graphite axle-grease smearing the pavements. At such times Black Lion Court is not a pleasant place, but it is interesting. In a walk from end to end of it you see an epitome of Jewish East London.

The shop to the right of the entrance is gay with color. Apparently it is decorated for some festival, with red streamers hanging in the window and bright yellow and multicolored masses arranged decoratively below. Look closer and you see the real nature of the "decorations." The streamers are fat festoons of red sausages; more rainbow-hued sausages are piled below, with a background of extraordinary comestibles which an enormous individual inside is busily serving to a swarm of bright-eyed, beshawled Jewish women.

Just inside the bottle neck of the entrance of the court a dimly-seen woman in a doorway jabbers hurriedly at an old man whose white beard nearly sweeps the pavement as he stoops under the weight of two scarred enamel slop-pails. The contents of the pails is mysterious. Lumps and knobs of indescribable appearance splash sloppily about in a thin, green liquid. In one of the pails floats a tin dipper.

The woman produces a jug, and the secret of the slop-pails is revealed. A dark knob resolves itself into a gherkin, and it becomes apparent that the patriarch is selling some weird variety of pickle. He fills the woman's jug, a penny passes between them, and he totters on to a cluster of possible customers on the next greasy doorstep.

Across the court a dim gas-jet reveals a dingy greengrocer's, and in front of it a cluster of marketers—women, for the most part, with shawls drawn tightly over heads and shoulders, sometimes with a very obvious wig revealed, working itself awry. You may see the counterpart of the little crowd in "The Ward" in Toronto on any fine evening; such men as are in it wear curiously-shaped top-hats and long black coats and have bunches of curls projecting in front of their ears. The things they are buying are homely enough—potatoes, cabbages—ordinary, everyday vegetables—but in some subtle way the little shop gives its commonplace wares an exotic, foreign, Oriental air impossible to describe.

This is all ordinary enough. You may see such scenes in any of the surrounding streets. The real surprise of Black Lion Court comes when you have pushed through the little crowd which blocks the entrance.

From the corner of Whitechapel High street the court has seemed a black, uninviting gully, dotted with hazy spots of white, leprous-looking light, painted, as it were, against the dark background and doing nothing to relieve the darkness. Once inside, however, you see that there is light enough to make the court bright and even cheerful. It does not come from the incandescent street lamps which dot the darkness from the viewpoint outside; the court is really lit by the bright furnace glares of half a dozen shop windows at intervals on either side of the narrow alley.

Diamonds! Only half the light of these brilliant windows seems to come from the white gas mantles—by far the brightest half flashes and twinkles dazzlingly from rows and l[illegible] diamonds on the window boards.

There are marquise rings with a two-inch oval of blazing stones, sunbursts as big as saucers, brooches, pins, necklaces, all burning with the frosty light of diamonds—diamonds by no means of the smallest size. In front of them, behind the window glass, is a cage of thin steel bars.

The sight of such a display in such a place almost takes one's breath away. After astonishment comes incredulity—"Paste! Phoney! . . . ."

But that they certainly are not. They may not be the biggest or best and most flawless stones, but they are all genuine diamonds and worth the full market price of diamonds at any time. In that fact is the secret of their presence in this dismal abode of apparent poverty. The jewels are less a luxury than an investment. Isaac buys Rebecca a betrothed ring searchlight, and after they have stood under the canopy together he loads her with brooches and more rings and necklaces till she can twinkle like a Christmas tree.

She is the family savings bank. Isaac may bend double over a sewing machine all day long and Rebecca may do likewise, but every penny they can save goes round Rebecca's neck or on to her fingers. Some day those diamonds will go back whence they came or to the shop across the way, and Isaac will have capital enough to start a little business of his own—to take the first step from the East End to Maida Vale—meanwhile both Isaac and Rebecca have satisfied their joint Oriental love of finery.

On one side of the court the shops are below the street level. Peer through the window over the diamonds and you look down on the heads of an Isaac and Rebecca just completing their bargain with the proprietor, who leans across the counter like a swarthy eagle. All you can see of Rebecca is a waving mass of emerald feathers. Isaac wears a checked suit and a brown christie. Watch him pay for the purchase and no longer doubt the genuineness of the stones. One, two, three. . . . eight crisp five-pound notes and some gold as well—more than $200 for his purchase in that tiny, tumble-down, squalid little jeweller's.

Across the street is its counterpart; two or three doors further on is another smaller shop, its blaze of stones not quite so bright and with curiously-shaped gold end silver candlesticks and vessels mingled with the jewellery, used, no doubt, in Jewish ceremonial.

Among perhaps twenty houses there are at least six jewellers, large and small. All of them are well filled with customers; some, in fact, with little groups of customers outside, waiting their turn to squeeze into the narrow space before the counter.

But the glory of Black Lion Court begins and ends with these six shops. The rest are dingy even beyond the dinginess of Whitechapel—two or three kosher eating-houses, a provision shop or two, a tobacconist's, where, apparently, cheese is sold also, a butcher's filled with kosher meat that seems made of painted wood; only the milliner's and the corset establishment of Mrs. Rachel Brilliantstone make any attempt to vie with the jewellers in matters of appearance.

I have called the court an epitome of Jewish London; from the names above the sooty doors and grimy windows it might be an epitome of the ghettos of all Europe. Nathan Margolis, Louis Segalov, Hyman Widenbaum, Marks Kronsky, tobacconists; Mrs. Millie Spielman, midwife; Abraham Roshinsky, bootmaker; even "The Ward" can hardly show greater variety. Among them all a single British name appears above an inconspicuous doorway—"William Jones, cowkeeper"—and strangely enough it shows at work, even in Whitechapel, the apparently immutable law of London that to be a draper or a dairyman you must be Welsh.

LONDON'S HANSOMS AND FOUR-WHEELERS.

July 1912

(Pall Mall Gazette.)

The changing fashion in London locomotion was perhaps never better exemplified than on the occasion of the recent division on the Home Rule bill. At 11 o'clock, when members were trooping through the lobbies, there were probably not less than fifty or sixty motors—for the most part private carriages—in Palace Yard, and not a single handsom cab or four-wheeler. The last of the latter were in all probability those patronized by the late Viscount Wolverhampton and Sir Arthur Bignold. Now the horsed vehicle is practically extinct within the Parliamentary precincts.

London's Quiet Spots.

The quietest spot in London, especially at night, must be the deputy ranger's house in the very centre of Hyde Park. It is surrounded by trees, and is further away from the hum of traffic than even the Royal sleeping apartments at Buckingham Palace, which overlook the gardens. And quiet spots can be discovered in the heart of the town, such as the net-work of secluded courts in the Temple or the Albany, Piccadilly, where no wheeled traffic ever penetrates.—London Chronicle.

The sky reflection of the lights of London has been seen in favorable weather 50 miles distant.

EXPERIENCES OF AMERICAN.

fferences Between the American and English Customs of Business Prove Quite Novel.

'My first purchase in London,"
ites an American traveller in busi-
es, "was made in an Oxford street
re shortly after 9 o'clock, the open-
; hour. I entered with some tre-
ation, my American experience hav-
: taught the absurdity of shopping
'ly in the day. But the be-medaled
nmissionaire at the door bowed me
to a floor manager.
''A flannel bag for your kodak?
ank you, sir—down the stairs to the
ht, sir—thank you, sir.'
'The young saleswoman who came
ward had entirely finished arrang-
her coiffure, not a stray tress was
re to divert her attention from ca-
ing to my needs. Near her stood
other saleswoman, yet the two had
confidences to exchange about their
le admirers.

"SO UN-AMERICAN."

It was all so un-American, so novel,
t I bought a flannel-bag, paying
re for it than I would have been
ed in the smallest city at home.
. the deferrent attention was well
rth the difference. I had learned
first lesson from English merchan-
ing.
The London 'Depots for general
rchandise' (English for department
res) are mostly located along Ox-
l street. One finds considerable dif-
ence between the great shops of the
tish metropolis and those in our
ge cities.
First and foremost the English ex-
in salesmanship. Once having got-
a possible purchaser inside the door
y reason he should be made profit-
e to them. The floor manager does
assume that attitude of royal in-
erence as with us. He watches the
iggles between sales person and
tomer.
If the latter shows signs of escap-
into the open with his purse intact,
ther clerk is brought forward as a
forcement. Some establishments
l lay fines on clerks who do not
ct sales, but the new system of
ting the sales force to its utmost
rts by giving percentages is now
ing into vogue.

CONDUCTING A CUSTOMER.

The method that London stores
e of letting a cash girl conduct a
tomer who has finished his pur-
ses to a central cash desk and
pping counter where he stands in
keeping an anxious eye on his
ds till they are parcelled, seems to
archaic and cumbersome. An Ox-
street merchant, however, reasons
way.
'When a patron has finished his
chases he is better out of the way
new customers. English men and
nen prefer privacy when they are
ting purchases, which would be im-
sible were customers allowed to sit
the counter, awaiting their pack-
s. Then, the wrapping force works
e rapidly when the patron watches
urges haste.'
did not see how that particular
e could work any more slowly, but
other argument might have some
it.
Marshall Field once said about
tely's that it was not an establish-
t, but simply one man who had di-
d himself into a certain number of
s, each superintending some de-
ment of the big store that bears
name. Mr. Whitely himself is dead
and the store belongs to a cor-
tion, but the policies of its founder

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er we haven't
ugh we never
of the White-
oor manager.'
gers he said:
n we haven't
ght by a cus-
er with your
ary, come to

e co-operative
which do au
gating over a
ars annually.
only 2½ per
on which to
the rest of
to the share-
ividend.

OCIETY.

Co-operative
e Supply As-
y and Navy
ce Co-Opera-
cipal organi-
London. Their
reach three-
he goods sold
thing that a

paid is lower
y shops near
vidend at the
net cost still
s about three
year. The
associations
cent. to the
goods were
market they
re."

WHERE LONDONERS DINE

FAMOUS RESTAURANTS.

Fashionable Resorts are of Comparatively Modern Origin—Some of the Old Resorts.

1912.

London, May 5.—Curiously enough,
the fashionable restaurants of Lonlon
are for the most part of comparatively
modern origin. Their interest nd
fascination—for they have undenialy
a spell all their own—is a totally f-
ferent thing from the old-world cha
of the historic coffee-houses, taver
and ordinaries which are among L
don's places of pilgrimage. Few cit
can show more brilliant gatherings
rank and wealth, fame and fashic
than those which throng the sumpt
ous diningrooms of the Carlton, th
Ritz, and the Savoy during the London season. Restaurant parties are becoming more and more frequent with the growing tendency among fashionable folk to keep up smaller establishments and entertain less at home, and it is not wonderful that the proprietors of the great restaurants have to be somewhat careful about their patrons. Some of these resorts—notably the Carlton—do not admit diners except in correct dress, a restriction which has been the subject of vigorous discussion from time to time. Gunter's, famed for ices, and their new rivals from America, Fuller's, may be mentioned among those who cater more especially for the lighter forms of refreshment.

RESORTS OF OLD LONDON.

The celebrated diners' resorts of
older London would in themselves fill
a volume, and space will only allow
here of a brief account of the most
rtant. First and foremost comes
Cheshiro Cheese," famous as the
t of Dr. Johnson and Oliver Gold-
. The present building is now
two-and-a-half centuries old, and
ld traditions and quaint atmos-
e are respected carefully in its
shing and appointments. On the
of the principal entrance in Fleet
t is the genuine old eating-room,
its plain old tables, homely seats
st the walls, and spindle-backed
a, its floors sprinkled with saw-
and a portrait of Dr. Johnson, af-
ir Joshua Reynolds, looking down
its place above the nook in the
orner where the great man was
to sit.
ow the portrait is the inscription:
favorite seat of Dr. Johnson.
18th September, 1709. Died 13th
mber, 1784." concluding with the
ving quotation from the lexico-
er's own conversation: "No Sir!
is nothing which has yet been
ived by man, by which so much
ness has been produced as by a
tavern." The ceremony of cut-
he cheese at the famous hostelry
een performed by distinguished
rs on various occasions, amongst
s by a baby elephant, whose sa-
was the rage of London a few
ago.

HAUNTS OF CELEBRITES.

more recent literary celebrity
e "Cock," whose room "high over
ing Temple Bar," was Tennyson's
orite London dining-place, amid the
d boxes, larded with the steam
Of thirty thousand dinners,
of which he sings in "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue." The poet's son in his biography tells how "a perfect dinner in his estimation was a beefsteak, a potato, a cut of cheese, a pint of port, and afterwards a pipe (never a cigar)."

And how many memories linger about the "Mermaid" Tavern in Cheap-

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UMMY
AN'T LET GO

tor and Vestry-
rased By Relic
After Fire.

1920

—An English mummy,
s of "Old Jimmy" has
given, is bothering the
Lloyd, rector, and the
trymen of the ancient
St. James, behind the
tation. They have it
d can get no trace of
and they wish to dis-

the attention of the
s in 1666, when the
on, whose ruins cover-
umed the old church.
he vaults about that
was taken upstairs to
curious, and it was
the vaults were re-
l box was made for
a dark corner of the
tions. Occasionally it
cial visitors, members
y among them.
authorities feel that
ecent burial and they
put it. In any case
rid of it, as it h
ch an uncanny re

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es, of Shakespeare
leigh! Its good
s literary past, is
eats in his "Lines
vern":
nk more fine
anary wine?
aradise
dainty pies
erous food!
bold Robin Hood
aid Marian,
h horn and can.

OFFEE-HOUSES.

s of the eighteenth
uses as a meeting
and men of letters
Vill's," near Covent
Macaulay gives a
ut this, like "But-
l, has passed away,
s remain of the
e Dryden was the
e "witty and plea-
which Mr. Pepys
y." Another van-
f interesting asso-
er in Paul's Alley,
of Goldsmith and
erton, who wrote
n quite familiar at
ouse, and know all
most interesting
wo quiet, countri-
om the Yorkshire
and Anne Bronte,
to London. And
f the old London
ermost, reference
fact that the na-
own as "Lloyd's"
ace an establish-
which shipbrok-
ance agents were
ether with more
ison and Steele.

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troy Charm
e London Stre

Dec. 1919

en
he
v
to

menace in London i
y. A $40,000,000 scheme
the North and South
ays is being outlined.
most innately beauti-
e world, gains most of
ough its swaying roads
sweep is broken by no
the middle of the shin-
avement. Trams have
nd horrible power of
viduality from the street.
s with trams have the
ce.
the Strand, Piccadilly,
Ludgate Hill, are like
he world. The winding,
ammelled flocks of mo-
only accentuate their
eliness. Place trams in
tering, yellow trams—
teel groove, clanging a
elastic, rigidly going for-
ese essentially London
e Eighth Avenue in New
is boulevard, or Clifton-
et.
essentially un-English.
German and rather
ey are exact—they can
ay, and obey a little
with humility.
like a young and un-
motor omnibus, run past
and, their red face
shame, back slowly and
r right course again.
owing to some mining
he road, turn down a
side street, and thun-
abandon between the
uses whose prim win-
disgusted astonishment.
a great deal of its
motor omnibus, which
re the street.—London

LONDON EMBRACES 29 CITIES.

ach Has a Mayor and Council and a Seperate Government.

A description of London as a munipality is found in a report which has een sent to the Department of Comerce and Labor by United States onsul General John L. Griffiths, staoned at the British capital. Instead of aving one Mayor and several borough eads as New York has, Mr. Griffiths oints out that from a Governmental oint of view London is a very complex rganization, consisting of twenty-nine ities and boroughs, all with seperate dministrations. Each has its own the dministrations. Each has its own ayor and Council, there being, howver, an authority whose jurisdiction co-extensive with what is known as e administrative County of London, alled the London County Council.

"It may assist to a better conception f the work of the London County ouncil," writes Mr. Griffiths, "to point ut that it has jurisdiction over the ublic school system of Greater London, the fire department, the street car ystem, asylums, bridges, highways, epartment of health, parks and buildng regulations.

London streets were first lighted with oil lamps in 1681.

Extra street lights on foggy days cost London over $1,500.

Though few people realize it, it is a ct that in June London has only 5½ urs of darkness

t has been calculated that the cost a muddy day in London is someing like $25,000.

f the number of people daily enter London were to be despatched from y given station by rail, 1,977 trains, h conveying 600 persons, would be uired.

ifty thousand tons of soot are taken m London chimneys in a year. It is imated to be worth $200,000, and is d as a fertilizer, half a ton to an e.

Thirty-six Brightons would be necesary to make a town the size of London.

even out of every eight loaves of ead eaten in London are made m foreign wheat.

t is estimated that the laundries London use 750 tons of soap in a ek.

o cleanse the streets of the city of don nearly 80,000,000 gallons of er are annually required.

One thousand tons of soot settle nthly within the 118 square miles London.

e can hardly be a shorter street ondon than the one connecting Pall with the south eastern corner of James' Square, from which the e John street has just been reed. It has only one house, which No. 1; for, though there are two r doors in the street, one is numd as belonging to Pall Mall and other is the side entrance of a pubhouse. Presumably, therefore, the le house is now to be absorbed in James' Square, and the London ctory is to lose yet another of the ly-diminishing total of John ets.

ndon began to number houses i

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amous Homes in London

Where Famous Men and Women Have Lived.

As one may well imagine, a city of London's antiquity, greatness, and size s rich in the possession of historic houses; but, alas! it has nothing like he number it ought to have, had they been properly treasured and preserved by the nation. In this respect, however, one must in fairness add that other nations do not show any greater sentiment regarding their historic houses than the English.

I propose to point out first a few London houses made famous as being the temporary abode of some of our great statesmen. In this connection one's mind at once turns to Lord Beaconsfield. He was born at 22, Theobald's road (opposite Gray's Inn gardens), and at later periods of his life lived at 5 Bloomsbury square, 2 Whitehall gardens, 29 Park lane, and at 19 Curzon street, Mayfair, where he breathed his last. Next mention should be made of some of the dwelling placea of his great opponent, William Ewart Gladstone. Amongst these were 11 Carlton House terrace, 16 Buckingham gate, and 10 St. James's square.

Other houses of famous politicians include 37 Conduit street, the residence of George Canning; 18 Clifford street, the home of John Bright; 37 Gerrard street, where lived Edmund Burke; 23 Suffolk street, Haymarket, the deathplace of Richard Cobden; 5 Arlington street, Piccadilly, the residence of Sir Robert Walpole; 4 Whitehall gardens, where Sir Robert Peel died after his lamentable accident whilst riding in Constitution hill; and 14 York place, Baker street, the residence of William Pitt. His father, the great Earl of Chatham, resided at 10, St. James's square, a house specially to be noted as being the home at different periods of no fewer than three Prime Ministers — namely, the one just mentioned, the fourteenth Earl of Derby, and William Ewart Gladstone. Before leaving the statesmen, mention must, of course, be made of the most historic and famous house of all — 10 Downing street, the official residence of the First Lord of the Treasury, and the home of most of England's Prime Ministers during the past two centuries.

The Moving Habit.

Two of our greatest novelists, Charles Dickens and William Makepeace Thackeray, were apparently very fond of moving, their places of abode being extremely numerous. No fewer than twelve houses are known as being the residences of Dickens; tablets are to be found on 1 Devonshire terrace, Marylebone, and 48 Doughty street. Thackeray's houses were rather less numerous, but yet I know of as many as nine. These include 16 Young street, Kensington at 28 Clerkenwell road, and in this where he wrote "Vanity Fair"; 36 Onslow square, South Kensington; and 2 Palace green, Kensington, where he died. As a schoolboy Thackeray lived house got his nose broken in a school fight, the marks of which he carried to the grave.

I now want to mention the greatest

here Bacon was one occasion by it was also the veral other celelver Goldsmith, court, Temple.

lebrities.

lsea, is the wellThomas Carlyle, orty-seven years, rned into an inseum. Whilst in the house of Anne Evans), 4 e visited. Here esided after her ix months later, at No. 16, lived tl: this house is ome of George n Charles Swinsequently living ing at The Pines ne walk was the of one of the nter of all time, Turner. At 10 ed Leigh Hunt, l critic. hose birth cenbeen celebrating, at 19 Warwick 50 Wimpole me of him and zabeth Barrett n resided as a s street, where e marble tablet . At 34 Weldied Anthony el Rogers, the ker, resided for ears at 22 St. house facing the home of nas Hood lived t. John's Wood, elebrated poem rt." The great Heine stayed a street, Strand has just been the many LonSamuel Johnare, where his compiled. Hi nea Boswell, ren street.

Houses.

noted as being Grote, the great her still greater, and died at on. Yet anothHenry Hallam, his life at 67, William Hazlitt, st, resided at 6

the houses of sad to say, not The first mene Handel and ved for thirtydeath, at 25 or square, and boy prodigy at Jenny Lind, the ghingale," spent her life at 1, h Kensington, ay be seen.

London To Be Well-lighted C

May —— 191

London, Eng., is to rank as one of the best li ed cities in the world. An E lish exchange says: S streets will be lighted by and others by electricity. electric lights which have in use during the experime work in Cheapside are eac 3,000 candle-power, while Cannon street the high-p sure gas lamps have each 2 candle power.

When the whole schem complete and the lamps on sidewalks have given way centrally-hung lamps, the habitants of London may gratulate themselves on fact that theirs is one of best lighted cities in the wo and the cost will represe saving of nearly 30 per cent the lighting bill.

London in Darkness. 1916

doners nowadays talk of Lond very dark, but the darkness tly nothing to compare with on when on Decbember 2 the gas stokers of London, mber of 2,400, struck work, a ike lasted until the 6th, duri time the supply of gas w l to only a few streets in t n many districts it was diffic e about, and as night closed pect of the West End was d the extreme.

ight could be had at many ilway stations, and at 7 o'clo nation was occasioned amo ssengers at Ludgate Hill stati sudden disappearance of all t The panic which would have rtainly occurred was prevent fact that an establishment ne sufficiently lighted to make ss visible. The St. James' The d to be closed, another had ndles in the front, and a thi was in a state of considerab s. The inhabitants of the M got some conception of wh must have been like at nigh fore the invention of gas, a even the dim, flickering lam preceded it.

The Amazing Busin
Clothing Great

he Fabulous Amounts Spent on Wearin
City—Men and Women who are Sl

Even the brain of a Monte Cristo ight well reel at the thought of the illions of dollars sunk in the busiess of clothing London.

There are streets upon streets, hole districts even, where almost ery shop owes its existence to one other of the departments to one or her of the departments of the clothg trade. Its costumiers and dressakers are housed in about 1,800 esblishments — a figure which does t include the suburban private uses where the business of dressaking is carried on. The Post Ofe directory reports that there are out 1,200 linen-drapers in London. woollen fabrics are dealt with in wards of 500 drapery and kindred tablishments. Its mantles and aks are sold in about 450 shops. The headgear of its feminine citizens supplied by more than 700 milliners. ur hundred hatters suffice for its n. Within its borders are 350 furrs. A considerable portion of the pulation is toileted in cast-off garnts from the wardrobes of Dives, d a single branch of its secondnd clothes business — that of the ies' wardrobe dealers — necessitates ne 600 shops. The hair of London dressed in over 2,000 establishments, at a modest estimate 3,000 shops responsible for its tailoring. Withthe county there are 425 factories en up to the manufacture of dirent articles of dress, and in these factories an employed.

A city of
man or wom
the sensatio
worn garme
stone's throw
bill runs int
year. A littl
in the cold
famous furrie
$15,000. Notte
hat on view
liner's, the p
A pair of la
Knightsbridge
guineas and £
20 guineas car
kerchief. In
window's outf
Walworth roa
crepe, and com
edged handke
clothing clubs
few coppers a
family with t
household line
factory girls,
tions entitle th
wear in a co-o

The London perpetual exhibition of the art of dress. In no city of the world does the fascinating pastime of window-gazing present such infinite variety. Indeed it has happened not infrequently of late years that the authorities have had to summon shopkeepers who have

e sporting milliner and liner both have flourishs, and an enterprising the visiting-milliner, nse to a telephonic request despatches an assistant with an assortment of hats to the house of her client, there to be leisurely tried on in the seclusion of her dressing room. Incidentally London has developed the largest retail millinery department in the world. Five hundred people are

---

rs.

We quietly worked it out, and he himself pointed out the number 69, and said: "As this is the only date when these two curious numbers which you say are the keynotes of my life come together, I suppose then that must be the end."

How far off it seemed, and yet he himself with strange exactness had picked out the fadic date!

By this system of numbers the month of April, the month in which he caught his last illness, has from time immemorial been represented by the number 9.

The month of May in which he died is represented by a 6.

The very addition of the age, 69, by natural addition gives 6+9=15; 1+5=6. He passed away on the 6th of May, a Friday, which is also in the most ancient writings on this system of calculation represented by the number of 6.

A Valued Souvenir.

Of our present Queen he writes:—

One of my valued souvenirs is a letter from the present Queen, at that time the Princess May.

As I seldom, if ever, knew the names of my visitors, I can only give this story as it was commonly rumored and also told me by a lady who was intimately connected with the Princess May. . . . . .

It had been commonly rumored in London that prior to her engagement o the Duke of Clarence, Princess May, companied by another lady, had been o see me, and that I had stated that he would be engaged to two brothers, hat her first fiance would not live, ut that through her marriage to his rother she would finally ocupy a poition of the very greatest power and ighest responsibilicty. Also that her "lucky number" was a 3, and that that umber would be associated with all

also a 6.

I could relate many other cu
things that the numbers influe

An Indelible
A Ser

"The Moving Finger writes, and,
ing writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety no
Shall lure it back to cancel h
Line
Nor all your Tears wash out a
of it."
—Rubaiyat of Omar Kha

If every girl's first thought she awoke in the morning where every word, every thought, every of that day were to be written that the ages would find indelible, a difference it might make!

What Girl Would Do.

She would curb her temper. would restrain every inclination impatient. If her first thought selfish thought, a more generous ond thought would prevail.

She would check every impul be narrow. She would overcome petty desire for self. She wou come better, truer, higher, quicker to feel, and much more stant to retain, all tenderness pity, all self-denial and devotion.

RENAMING LONDON

Londoner returning to his hplace after twenty years' ence might find it difficult race the old landmarks he e knew. Not only would see new streets in the place old ones, but he would in many cases find new es given to old streets.

here were too many streets one name. The traveller wanted John Street discred, on looking at the don Directory, that there e 68 streets of that name! t was only one of many such pidities, and the County incil has been renaming ets upon a large scale. This le shows how many names e been removed since 1868:

	1868	1912
Streets ..	.. 68 ..	6
les Streets ..	.. 65 ..	16
ge Streets ..	.. 50 ..	10
iam Streets ..	.. 47 ..	14
Streets ..	.. 46 ..	12
es Streets ..	.. 43 ..	7
en Streets ..	.. 39 ..	7
ard Streets ..	.. 32 ..	7
Streets ..	.. 40 ..	28
Streets ..	.. 41 ..	12
ch Streets ..	.. 42 ..	16
n Streets ..	.. 28 ..	12
e Streets ..	.. 25 ..	9
Streets ..	.. 25 ..	7

Opinions differ as to the first meaning of the word "Cross" attached to the name of this hamlet, but it is probable that it had the same signification that is to be discovered in other cases of the kind in London and the country. There have probably been crossroads here from time immemorial, but it is said that in the case of Charing Cross there was a more specific reason. Edward I. is stated to have erected a cross in memory of his queen on the spot where the statue of Charles I. was afterward set up.

Piccadilly, if we may believe the usual explanation given for its curious name, was so called because the first person to build a house in that neighborhood was interested in "picadilloes," by which name the stiff collars or ruffs formerly worn were originally known.

The religious associations of Paternoster Row are still upheld by the present residence in that quarter of those who deal in publications of that order, but it is said that the place originally derived its name from the fact that it was the favorite haunt of the turners of beads or makers of "paternosters."

Similarly Lombard Street took its name from the Lombards and other foreign merchants, who assembled there twice a day to dispose of their wares.

Crutchedfriars has monastical associations, a monastery of the Holy Cross having stood there in days gone by.—London Globe.

KEW'S FAMOUS GARDENS

Kew Gardens, which has rec suffered a heavy loss by the destr ion of its tea pavilion by Suffragett originally belonged to the Royal fam ly. It was given to the nation by Queen Victoria in 1840.

The Gardens are a huge kind of botanical clearing-house. There you an get information about any plant hat has been discovered, be told how o grow it, how to care for it, what it worth, and anything else you may want to know about it. Letters come rom all parts of the world to Kew wanting information about this or that plant.

Though the very centre of the plant world, strange and rare plants that arrive there do not always take kindly to the great conservatories. They sicken and pine away and would die were it not for a small, cosy structure known as "the hospital." There they rapidly recover their health and return to public life one more.

The great Palm House, one of the principal sights of the Gardens, was built in 1845 at a cost of $165,000. It is 362 feet long, 100 feet broad, and 60 feet high, and contains nearly an acre of glass. Six huge ovens heat this enormous glass-house. Three are kept going night and day, summer and winter, and the other three in winter only. Over 17,000 feet of hot water piping is used in the palm house.

Kew Gardens possesses one of the biggest collections of dried plants in the world, a collection which is constantly being added to by travellers and scientific institutions in all parts of the world. To show how huge this collection really is, one bequest, that

THE CEASELESS JOSTLE OF LONDON'S THRONGS

Amid Tall Piles of Buildings They Swarm Like Bees.

TUMULT, FUSS AND MUDDLE

Mean Men in Mean Offices Traffic in King's Ransoms With Wealth of Golconda as Schoolboys Playing With Marbles.

The noontide sun is beating fiercely down upon a curious survival from the eighteenth century that has somehow got a part of the nineteenth and even a little of the twentieth century grafted in its original substance, as fresh green boughs are grafted into the black, gnarled, tortured and twisted parent stem of an ancient vine. The streets are narrow and crooked.

The tall houses are not so much houses as a series of superstructures piled in layers, at haphazard, one upon the other. The upper stories, with their roof trees thrusting through the slowly uprising smoke and reek and dust into a cat's cradle of wires, seem to nod toward one another fantastically and to threaten to collapse of their own topheaviness and to mingle in a common destruction, like castles of cards.

Crawl Like so Many Slugs.

Down below there is a ceaseless stir of human and vehicular traffic, and a nasal hammering and thrumming like the sound of swarming bees. The narrow, crooked ways are thickly congested with carts and waggons and conveyances of every sort and shape and size. The pavements are mottled drab and white with the sombre garh and the straw hats of the feverish hordes of preoccupied folk that jostle and hustle and squirm and dodge and spurt and halt and dance in a frenzy of impatience as they strive through the press, or seem to crawl over the burning flags like so many slugs.

There are a few roads cleaving through the maze of alleys that would rank as broad roads in any collection of buildings planned on a less gigantic scale; and here and there is a lonely tree, bravely enduring, or an irregular patch of greenness that is dubiously suggestive of the reflection of a vernal upper world dimly glimpsed at the bottom of a well.

In Mean Offices Sit Mean Men.

If we descend into this welter, we find ourselves in the midst of noise and tumult and fuss and muddle—a muddle of coarse things and fine, common things and rare, incongruously jumbled together—as if a shapeless lump of putty were studded with precious gems—such as no other capital in the world is magnificent enough to display with such self-scorning prodigality and such entirely simple and sincere lack of ostentation.

Here is the wealth of a thousand Golcondas stored in a hovel that a [illegible] would disdain to live in.

TRAILERS MAY RUN NOW ON STREETS OF LONDON

THE COUNTY COUNCIL AT LAST HAS OBTAINED PERMISSION TO USE THEM.

July 1912

Trailer tramcars are to make their appearance in the streets of London at last, the London County Council having carried their case in the Committee Room of the House of Commons.

The question of their use in London has for a long time past been under consideration—the police authorities, who contended that the cars would cause obstruction, hitherto being the chief obstacle. At a conference in 1909 the Commissioner of Police intimated that he would be prepared to consider an application for permission to use such cars for a limited time in the early morning and evening.

The Council sanctioned expenditure of £410 in respect of one pair of the necessary equipments for the coupling of two cars, so that they might be tested in service, and ultimately the Board of Trade agreed to the use of a single deck trailer car, as an experiment, on the Euston road to Hamstead-health route, subject to the trailer cars not being run on any part of the route between the hours of 10 a.m. and 5 p.m.

The experiment proved successful, but, owing to the attitude of the police it was abandoned. The Council then sought Parliamentary powers, and Colonel Bullock, Assistant Commissioner of Police, went before the committee to oppose the bill, which was also objected to by the 'bus companies.

The committee, nevertheless, passed the scheme, subject to the conditions that the trailers shall be fitted with brakes to be approved by the Board of Trade; that there shall be no more than two cars together (which means only one trailer) except where approved by the board, which will also sanction the type of trailer.

Trailers are in use in Paris, Berlin and some American cities. M. Chapuis, assistant general manager of the tramway system in Paris, said trailer tramcars had been adopted there since 1895. They had 270 now in use, and these would probably be increased to 400. He had come to the conclusion, after 17 years' experience, that it would be impossible to conduct the large traffic of Paris without trailer cars. The risk of accident had been reduced by 50 per cent.

In conversation with a Daily Chronicle representative last night, Mr. D. S. Waterlow, who was a member of the Highways Committee that recommended the use of trailer cars, said the original intention was to use them in connection with the single deck cars running through the subway, so as to provide for greater accommodation during the times of heavy traffic. But they would also be most useful as supplements to the ordinary cars early in the morning, when people were going home from work. He believed that they would lead to the greater efficiency of the tramway service, and would be a great boon to the working classes of London.

On the L. C. C. tramways in London a workman may travel nearly 20 miles for 2d

---

When London Dines Out on Sunday

The modern "Rip Van Winkle has yet to be written. When it is, should the hero be a man of certain social position who fell into a long sleep towards the close of the nineteenth century, and woke when the first decade of the twentieth had run its course, an interesting chapter might be devoted to the astonishment of the awakened sleeper at the changes which have taken place in the social customs of Londoners, and more especially in connection with the remarkable development of the hotel and restaurant habit.

The hotel is no longer merely the home of the traveller; it is the resort during certain hours of the day and evening of a large number of non-residents who avail themselves freely of its comforts and luxuries.

The old-fashioned sombre "coffee-room,' which was really a dining-room, has made way for the superbly-appointed restaurant, in which the hotel residents and the guests from outside mingle at the hour of the menu, and discuss the delicacies of the season to the music of the band or orchestra, which, owing to the decay of the art of conversation, is now considered a necessity wherever the world of Fashion, Finance, or Frivolity flocks for luncheon, dinner, or supper.

Cult of the Restaurant.

The English bill of fare, with its time-honored joints and its homely puddings has been swept aside by the all-conquering cuisine of France. Alphonse, Carl and Luigi atend bowing and smiling on the guests, who of old time were waited upon with British stolidity by William and Thomas and Charles, faithful fellows who frequently remained to grow grey in the service of one employer, and were reguarded with something akin to affection by the other clients of the establishment.

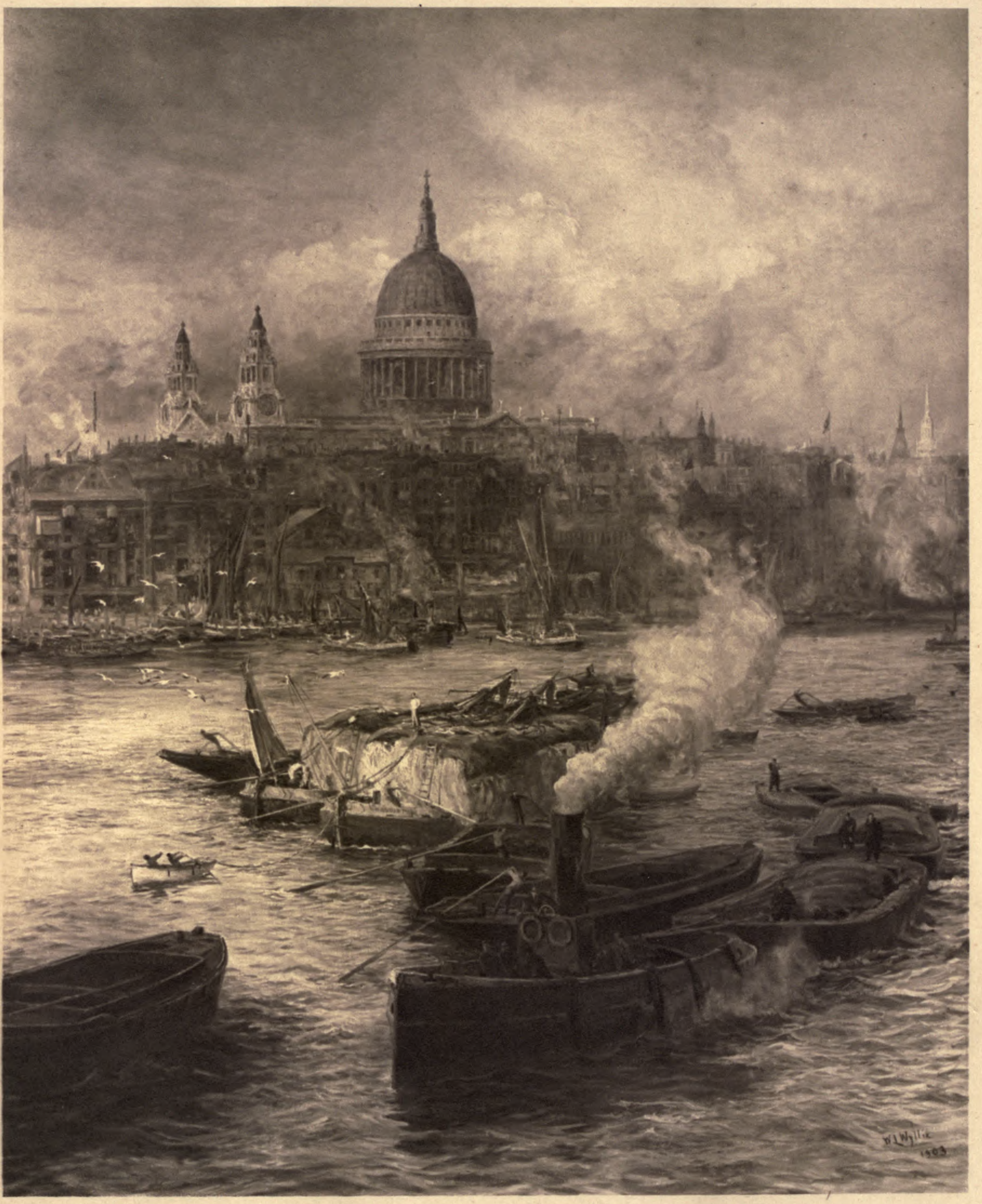
The cult of the restaurant came in with the decay of the club dinner, and the club dinner began to decay when women emancipated themselves from the thraldom of home and took their place behind their husbands to eat in public.

When woman broke the bonds of the old-fashioned etiquette she gave the first impetus to the development of restaurant life in London, and the movement has been carried rapidly forward by the oncoming of the flat and the ever-increasing stress of the servant question. It was found to be but little more expensive and far more convenient to dine out than to dine at home, and all the anxieties which in the ordinary middle-class home attend the giving of a dinner party were removed by reserving a table for the function at one of the excellent and attractive restaurants with which London now abounds. The fashionable restaurant relieves the master of the house from the necessity of keeping a well-stocked wine cellar and the mistress of the house from the nervous dread of the result of the happy-go-lucky efforts of an uncertain cook.

The cult of the restaurant has put an end to the old-time reproach levelled at the hospitable English housewife of giving "expensive dinners, vilely chosen and unscientifically cooked."

Dispelling Sunday Gloom.

But it is not necessary to be a Rip Van Winkle awakened—one need only be a middle-aged man whose eyes have been open all the time—in order to appreciate the remarkable contrast between the way in which we dined and wined in the sixties and seven-


W L Wyllie
1903

ST. PAUL'S AND THE RIVER.

From the Painting by W. L. Wyllie, R.A.

LONDON TOWN
PAST AND PRESENT

HISTORICAL, DESCRIPTIVE, ANECDOTAL

BY

W. W. HUTCHINGS

INCLUDING A CHAPTER ON THE FUTURE
IN LONDON BY FORD MADOX HUEFFER

WITH 72 FULL-PAGE PLATES
748 ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE TEXT AND 61 PLANS

IN FOUR VOLUMES

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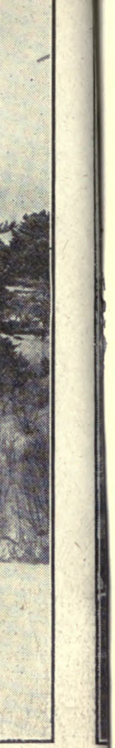

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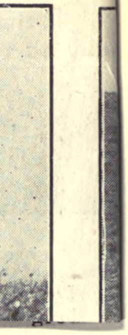

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PREFACE

ALTHOUGH of books on London the name is legion, the reception accorded to the present work in serial form has shown that there was room left for a book which aims at giving, in the itinerary form, a descriptive and historical account of the cities and boroughs that make up the Administrative County of London, with some speculations upon the future of the Metropolis.

The reader who may fail to find in the following pages something which he would have included had he been the writer will, I hope, in his charity, make allowance for the difficulty created by the immense mass of material available. At every step in the journey it has been necessary, from exigencies of space, to reject matter which clamoured for acceptance; and many an unhappy quarter of an hour has been spent in deciding between subjects which had exasperatingly equal claims to inclusion. Should the reader's eye fall upon a mistake, the same charity will, I trust, lead him to reflect that the work embraces thousands of names and dates and facts and allusions, and that in the history of London, in spite of the good work done of late years by many diligent students, there is still no lack of slippery places. At the cost of some slight repetition I have aimed at making each chapter as far as possible self-containing, so that the reader may not be distracted by a multitude of cross-references.

In the section which has the City of London for its theme, I have been glad to draw upon the books published under the auspices of the ancient City Corporation, among them Riley's "Memorials of London Life," Price's "Historical Account of the Guildhall," Dr. Reginald Sharpe's "London and the Kingdom," and Mr. Charles Welch's "Modern History of the City of London"; and throughout the work I have been greatly helped by the publications of the London County Council—notably the wonderful collection of facts and figures entitled "London Statistics," and the booklets that authoritatively tell the story of the houses to which the Council has affixed commemorative tablets. I have also to make acknowledgment to Thornbury and Walford's "Old and New London," the last edition of which it was my pleasant task to revise and bring up to date; to the graceful and scholarly writings of the Rev.

W. J. Loftie, F.S.A., among whose disciples I am proud to be numbered; to the volumes of the late Sir Walter Besant, most fervent of the more recent lovers of London; to the "Retrospect of the City and Liberty of Westminster," by Mr. John Hunt, the Town Clerk of that city; to the original researches of Professor W. R. Lethaby; to the Right Hon. Charles Booth's "Life and Labour of the People in London"; and to the monumental "Dictionary of National Biography." Not less am I indebted to the accurate and entertaining books of Mr. Henry B. Wheatley, and particularly his "London Past and Present," based upon the late Peter Cunningham's classic "Handbook of London," and published by Mr. John Murray—a work which is indispensable to the student of London's topographical history. To Mr. Somers Clarke, formerly Surveyor of St. Paul's Cathedral; to Dr. Reginald Sharpe, the erudite Clerk of the Records of the City; to Sir William Soulsby, Private Secretary of many successive Lord Mayors; to Mr. Edward M. Borrajo, Librarian to the City Corporation and Curator of the Guildhall Museum; to Mr. James Bell, Town Clerk of London; to Mr. G. Laurence Gomme, F.S.A., Clerk of the London County Council; to the Clerks of the chief Livery Companies and of the various Metropolitan Borough Councils, and to many other gentlemen holding official positions in the County of London, I must tender thanks for assistance most courteously rendered.

In the months during which the work has been passing through the press a good deal of water has flowed under London Bridge. The new buildings of the Victoria and Albert Museum were opened by King Edward VII. on the 26th of June, 1909, and in the following month his Majesty laid the foundation-stones of further buildings for the Imperial College of Science and Technology at South Kensington and of the new King's College Hospital at Denmark Hill. Mr. George Meredith has passed behind the veil; and, as is recognised in the Index, knighthoods have been conferred upon Mr. George Frampton, R.A., Mr. Deputy and Sheriff Baddeley, and Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree.

W. W. H.

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LONDON'S VARIED LIFE.

—

cenes at Covent Garden Market and the River.

Covent Gardens at 5 a.m.

Babel itself never heard such a onfusion of tongues. The stranger nay well be forgiven if he thinks erchance he has been whisked away y a magic carpet to some foreign lime. Cosmopolitan London sure- y is seen at its best here. Lumber- ng carts, piled up with every class of merchandise, roll up in an endless tream to the confused jangle of any nd every kind of tongue, and dis- ose of their goods in a motley pile. Smiling dark-hued faces showing a ow of pearly teeth juggle with huge askets each filled with the fruit of heir native land. True-bred Cock- eys with a strange mixture of slang nd "English as She is Spoken," vhich can never be described, yell trange cries to each other, drivers f the various wagons, each with a eculiar broad accent that proclaims is birthplace before he has spoken dozen words, all go to the forma- ion of such a group as can only be een here.

Merry faced wenches, typical ondon flower girls, with a saucy ongue and quick wit, spread their weet-smelling wares to catch the ye of the early comer and stand houlder to shoulder with the sharp- aced hawker with his heavily-laden arrow hitched to a plump little moke."

South, over Waterloo Bridge, can e found a wonderful array of econd-hand shops, where a man can urchase anything from a silk hat to a toothpick. Old clo' shops with a marvellous display of every kind of garment that was ever made from Solomon's time to the present day, presided over by the wily Hebrew, who will entice you into the dismal depths of his gloomy shop and explain the merits of each garment.

Did you ever hear tell of "Wapping old Stairs" down 'midst the "Pool?" No? Here is found yet another scene altogether of kaleidoscopic London. Large bulky figures abound here that live in sou-westers and oil skins. They get their precarious living on the broad and muddy bosom of old Father Thames. Here are to be found the homes of a great number of the lightermen, whose lives are spent on board those lumbering scows and barges that pass up and down like gaunt shadows in the night. Up as far as Kingston and down to Sheerness they ply their trade, huge unwieldy hulks, and yet many a man has been born aboard one of these floating homes. Yes, and died there, too, and many a wee face rocked in the arms of a white-faced woman, that looks out over the surging tide, bemoans the loss of a father and husband. But the busy crowd goes its way, and little knows of these lives that are spent on the watery highway of commerce.

Wander down one of those dim lighted streets at night, and watch on one hand the tall chimneys belching forth clouds of dense black smoke; on the other, here and there a ruddy glow shows, lighting up in a ghostly fashion the swirling waters on the other, while across the gloom comes the cry of "Heave ye ho" of the waterman.

METROPOLITAN CO.'S STATIONS

Addison Road
Aldersgate Street
Aldgate
Aldgate East
Amersham
Aylesbury
Baker Street
Bishopsgate
Bishop's Road, Paddington
Cannon Street
Chalfont Road
Chesham
Chorley Wood
Eastcote
Edgware Road
Farringdon Street
Finchley Road
Gloucester Road
Gower Street‡
Grandborough Road
Great Missenden
Hammersmith
Harrow-on-the-Hill
High Street, Kensington
Ickenham
Kilburn and Brondesbury
Kingsbury and Neasden
King's Cross
Latimer Road
Mark Lane
Marlborough Road
Monument
Moorgate Street
Northwood
Notting Hill and Ladbroke Grove
Notting Hill Gate
Praed Street, Paddington
Pinner
Portland Road
Quainton Road
Queen's Road, Bayswater
Rayners Lane
Rickmansworth
Royal Oak
Ruislip
Shepherd's Bush
South Kensington
St. John's Wood Road
Stoke Mandeville
St. Mary's, Whitechapel
Swiss Cottage
Uxbridge
Uxbridge Road
Verney Junction
Waddesdon Manor
Wembley Park
Wendover
Westbourne Park
West Hampstead
Willesden Green and Cricklewood
Winslow Road
Wood Lane (Exhibition)

Through Bookings from METROPOLITAN RLY. to

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INTRODUCTION

THE STORY OF LONDON

WOULD we begin our story at the beginning, we must wing our way across the dark backward and abysm of time for a full two thousand years. We must blot out of our mental picture of London the streets and buildings that now cover the Thames Valley for miles north and south, east and west of London Bridge, must in vision see the river bordered with vast tracts of marsh and swamp, must watch its waters expanding southwards at high tide, until they almost lave the bases of the Surrey hills, must conjure up away to the north, stretching beyond the heights familiar to us as Hampstead and Highgate and Barnet, a dense forest, in whose obscure thickets lurk savage beasts. On the northern bank, rising steeply from the water's edge, where two streams, in after ages named the Wall Brook and the Fleet, pour their waters into the great river, are several little hills; and it is to one or other of these hills that we must look for traces of the founders of the city whose story we would tell.

Two Thousand Years Ago.

When was London first founded? No one knows. For our guidance there is nothing more conclusive than the rude relics that have cropped out from time to time, though this lack of direct evidence has not deterred intrepid antiquaries from coming to extremely positive conclusions for and against every conceivable theory of the origin of the city. When History is pleased to lift the veil, about the middle of the first century of the Christian era, we find the Romans in possession. It is not improbable that before the coming of the Romans there was here a British settlement, but that is all we are warranted in saying. So weighty an authority as Dr. Guest, author of the "Origines Celticæ," takes the opposite view, and

British London?

so, in "The Making of England," does J. R. Green. But Guest appears to have accepted the generally received derivation of *Londinium*, the Roman form of *London*, from the Celtic *Lyn-din*, the Lake-fort, and it is not easy to see why the Romans should have drawn upon the Celtic for a name if, as he supposes, Aulus Plautius, in the year 43 A.D., founded Londinium on virgin ground.

Boadicea.

However this may be, at last we find ourselves on solid fact, for Tacitus records that in the year 61, less than twenty years from the probable date of the founding of Roman London, it was "crowded with merchants." In that year occurred the first, and one of the worst, of London's recorded calamities. For Paulinus Suetonius found it necessary to abandon the town to the Britons, led by the infuriated Boadicea. "Not relenting," says the grave Roman historian, "at the sighs and tears of the inhabitants, who entreated his aid and protection, he gave orders to march, receiving such as followed him into his army; those who, by weakness of sex or age, stayed behind or were tempted by their affection for the place to remain there, were destroyed by the enemy." London, with Verulam (St. Albans) and Camulodunum (Colchester), was sacked, and it was believed that in the three towns seventy thousand were massacred.

The Roman Walls.

At this time London was of less importance than either Verulam or Camulodunum. But now, making a fresh start, it waxed greatly, and though it never became the capital of Roman Britain, a distinction which was reserved for Eboracum (York), yet when, in the fourth century, in the reign of the Emperor Constantine—so says tradition—it became a walled town with a mint of its own, the area enclosed was not far short of four hundred acres. It was this wall which, rebuilt by Alfred and repaired from time to time, survived to modern days, the only extension it ever received being that which was made in the thirteenth century at Ludgate in order that the monastery there built for the Black Friars might enjoy its protection; and bits of the basement, revealing Roman work, are still, after more than a millennium and a half, brought to light from time to time.

The Bridge.

How long the Romans contented themselves with a ferry across the river, which they would no doubt establish at its narrowest point, close to the mouth of the Wall Brook, we know not. But the discovery of a multitude of Roman coins of different periods, and of other Roman relics, in the bed of the Thames, when old London Bridge was taken down early in the nineteenth century, leaves little doubt that at some time during their occupation of London they threw a bridge across

The old Roman gates of London
ere four in number, namely, Aldgate,
nd (or Flood) gate, Cripplegate, and
ow (or Down) gate. The other
tes, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, New-
te, Moorgate, and Temple Bar, were

the stream, defending it probably with a fortress at the southern as well as at the northern end. Around the southern fortress there would naturally grow up a settlement, if indeed there was not one here long before the bridge was built, and so it may well be that Ptolemy, the geographer, was stating a half-truth rather than perpetrating a blunder when, writing in the second century, he located London in Cantium (Kent).

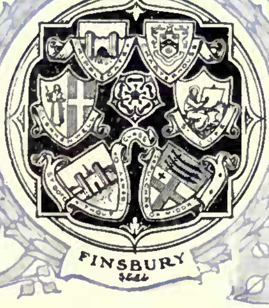
Augusta.

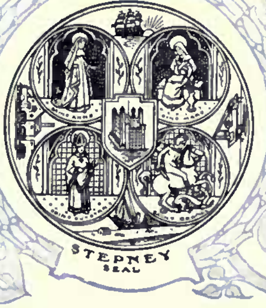
Between the Devil and the Deep Sea.

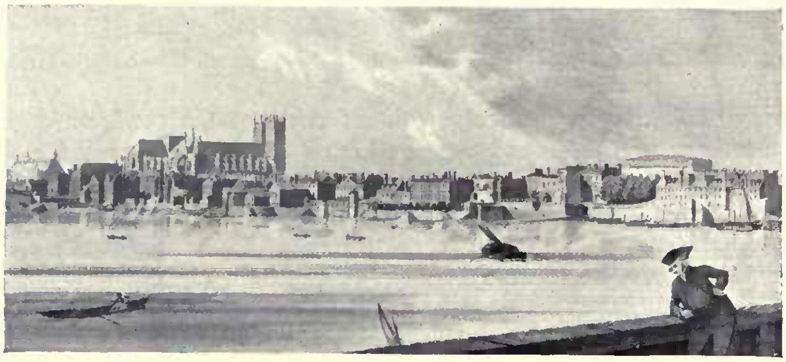
During the Roman occupation, London continued to grow in importance and dignity, and at some time—perhaps when it became, instead of a mere fortified camp, a walled city—it was styled Augusta. Its career as a Roman town lasted for close upon four hundred years. When in the early years of the fifth century—A.D. 409 is the date given by the Saxon Chronicle—the last of the Roman legions marched away southwards, the Britons soon had good reason for wishing them back. Harassed by savage foes from Scotland and Ireland, they appealed piteously to Rome for succour. "The savages drive us to the sea," they wailed, "and the sea casts us back upon the savages; so arise two kinds of death, and we are either drowned or slaughtered." When they saw that no help was to be looked for from Rome, they enlisted the aid of the pirates from Germany, who soon proved to be a worse foe than the Picts and Scots. In 457 a great battle was fought between Saxons and the Kentish Britons at Crayford, and the Britons, defeated, "forsook Kent, and in great terror, fled to London." So says the Saxon Chronicle, and then for a century and a half it lapses into silence concerning London.

A Great Blank.

What happened to London during that century and a half? Was it stormed and sacked? Did its inhabitants flee away and leave it desolate? Or was some arrangement come to between them and the invaders by which they were suffered to continue in occupation? The first hypothesis may be dismissed, for had a place of such importance been taken by storm and destroyed, it is barely supposable that the event would have been passed over by the Chronicle. Dr. Guest leaned to the belief that for a while London lay desolate and uninhabited, and Mr. Loftie cautiously favours the same view. The late Sir Walter Besant, in his "London," the first of the long series of delightful volumes with which he has enriched the topography of the capital, has no hesitations whatever. "London, I am convinced," he says, with a magnificent dogmatism, "*must*—not *may*—but *must* have remained for a time desolate and empty." He puts into the witness box an imaginary Briton, who testifies that Augusta, finding itself cut off from one after another of its sources of supply, as the country round


FINSBURY SEAL


STEPNEY SEAL



WESTMINSTER, FROM OLD SOMERSET HOUSE, 1754.

about came into possession of the Saxons, was gradually deserted by the greater number of its inhabitants, many of them perishing of cold, of hunger, and by the sword of the enemy. A few remained behind, but at last these also were forced by lack of food to depart, and finally Augusta was left desolate. How long it remained so we are not told, but it continued to be uninhabited until a few merchants came up the river with their wares, were amazed to find nothing but a city of the dead, settled here, tempted the Saxons in the country round about to trade, and so gradually won them from their repugnance to town life.

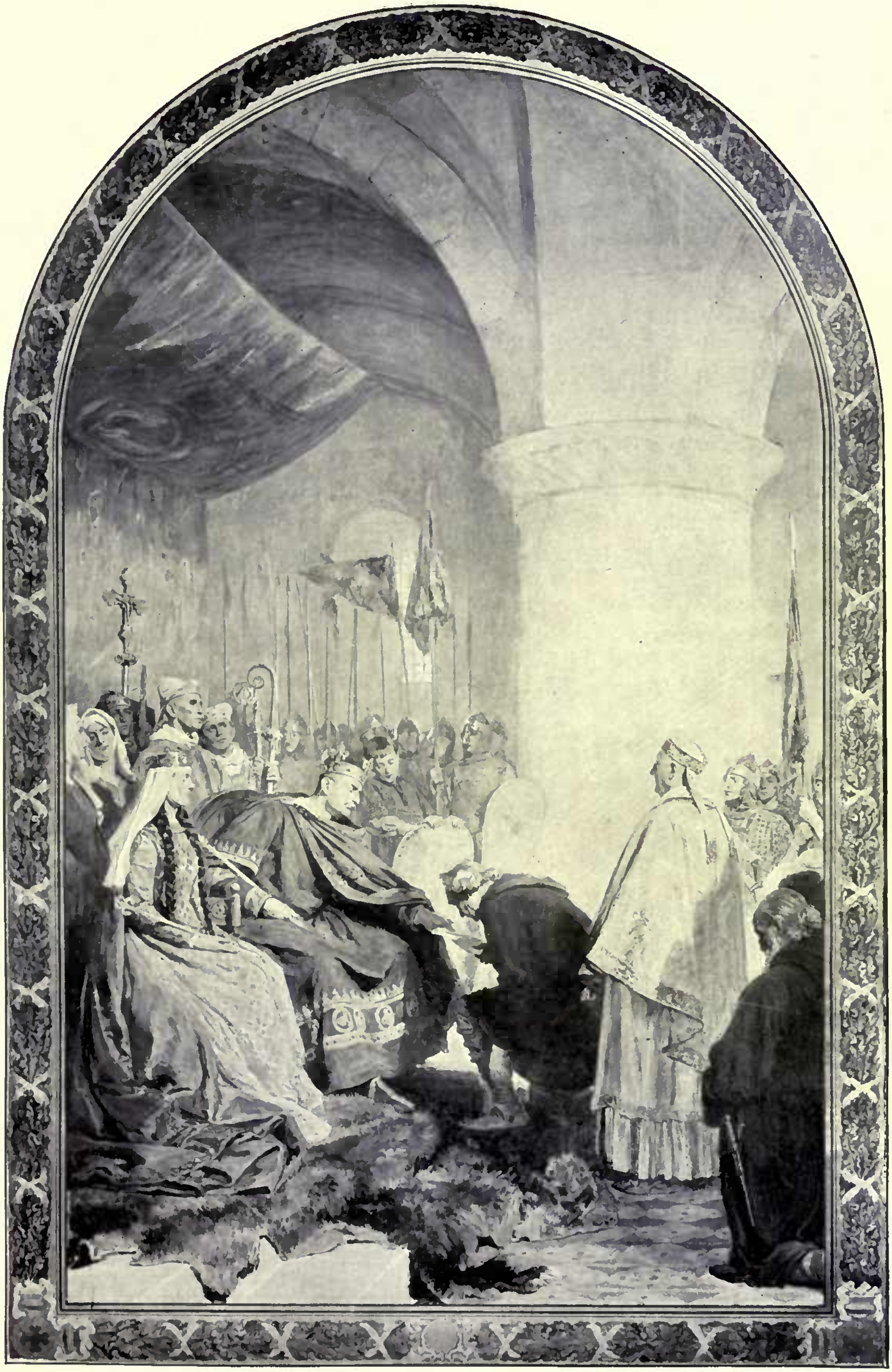
Sir Walter Besant's Theory.

If things really happened in the way thus described, how can we sufficiently admire the superiority to mere vulgar curiosity of the Saxons who formed their little village communities in the country around Augusta? Here on the banks of a mighty river was one of the largest cities in the land, walled and fortified. But for year after year, for decade after decade, the English conquerors, though raging with a lust for blood which urged them to indiscriminate slaughter, lived their lives without so much as giving a thought to it. "Now had the enemy attacked the city," says the imaginary Briton, "there would have been no resistance; but no enemy appeared. We were left alone, perhaps forgotten. . . . Augusta to the invader was invisible. And she was silent." How gross must have been the film that covered the eyes of the Saxons sailing up and down the river, that this great city on both its banks, with its bridge connecting the two parts, its fortresses, and its walls perhaps twenty feet high and from nine to twelve feet thick, was not visible to them!

Strange Behaviour of the Saxons.

Mean-spirited as it may be, the policy of avoiding dogmatic conclusions, in the absence of direct evidence, will commend itself to unadventurous minds. That in the arguments which Sir Walter Besant urges with such enviable vivacity and vigour to convince us that for a shorter or a longer period Augusta was deserted there is not a little force, may be cheerfully admitted. On the other hand, it is at least conceivable that terms were arranged by which the Britons were left in occupation, until the Saxons had overcome their aversion to dwelling within a walled city. An arrangement by which Saxons and Britons dwelt side by side was made at Exeter when the tide of invasion reached that city; and what actually took place there, though at a later period in the English conquest, may possibly have happened here.

When the Saxon Chronicle breaks its long silence, it is to show us



WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR GRANTING A CHARTER TO THE CITIZENS OF LONDON.

From the Wall Painting by Seymour Lucas, R.A., in the Royal Exchange.

Saxon London.

Alfred.

London—not Augusta, for the name had died out, but London—the metropolis of the East Saxons. From this time, the beginning of the seventh century, dates the foundation of St. Paul's Cathedral, and possibly (though doubtfully) of Westminster Abbey. During this and the next century the city appears to have prospered, but as the eighth century advanced it was much troubled by the Danes, who swarmed up the river and several times possessed themselves of it. Towards the end of the ninth century London seems to have once more passed into their hands, for ever as they may have supposed, but in 884 it was successfully besieged by Alfred, who was quick to discern its strategical importance. Him we may speak of as the re-founder of the city. The vagueness of the Saxon Chronicle leaves ample room for difference of opinion as to precisely what it was that he did; but so sagacious a warrior is not likely to have failed to rebuild the walls, and such strength did they confer upon the city that never afterwards, though often assailed, was it taken.

Of Saxon London the remains are much less considerable than those of Roman London. But in a more important sense Saxon London has proved to be more durable than Roman London. Not only was the very name of Augusta, as we have seen, blotted out, but of its customs, its traditions, its forms of government, there is no trace left; while in Saxon London are to be found the germs of the municipal system under which the City is administered to this day.

Resisting the Conqueror.

By the time of Edward the Confessor London had supplanted Winchester as the capital of England, and when Harold had fallen at Senlac, the citizens bore themselves proudly enough. Dover, the strongest fortress in the land, Canterbury, the ancient ecclesiastical metropolis, Winchester, the ancient temporal capital, submitted tamely enough. "But there was one spot," says Freeman, "where another spirit reigned; there was one city which even now had no mind to bow to the invader The men of London, whose forefathers had beaten back Swend and Cnut, whose brothers had died around the standard of Harold, were not men to surrender their mighty city, defended by its broad river and its Roman walls, without at least meeting the invader in the field." When William marched up to Southwark, the citizens made a sally, but though they were beaten back, he did not venture upon a direct attack, but preferred to wait, meanwhile ravaging all the country round about. He was not without friends in the city. Under the Confessor, the Bishop of London was a Norman, many Norman merchants had settled within the walls, Norman influences

Norman London.

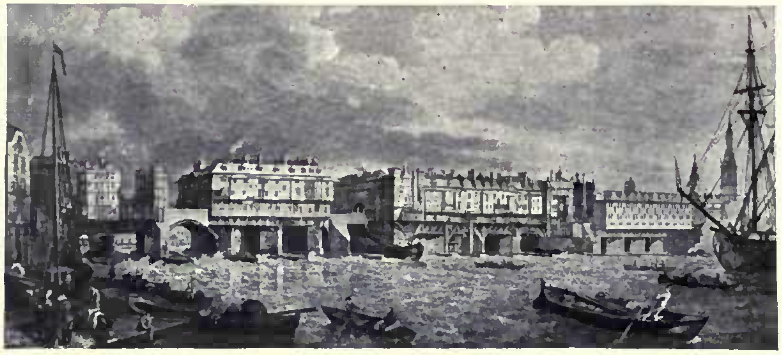
The First Charter.

had long been at work; and so it was that when at last it surrendered to the Conqueror, there was no violent break in its life. The first of the two charters which William granted to the citizens, preserved to this day at the Guildhall as the most ancient and most precious of the City's muniments, was addressed specially to the Bishop and the portreeve, the latter the civil governor, corresponding roughly, perhaps, with a sheriff of the shires. "William King," runs this laconic document, "grants William bishop and Gosfrith portreeve and all the burghers within London, French and English, friendly; and I do you to wit that I will that ye be all lawworthy that were in King Edward's day. And I will that every child be his father's heir, after his father's day; and I will not endure that any man offer any wrong to you. God keep you."

The Tower.

The First Mayor.

The first of the Norman Kings had a very qualified trust in the citizens of London, and to encourage their loyalty he began at the south-eastern extremity of the wall the mighty Keep which still, though now dwarfed by the monstrous Tower Bridge, looks down upon the Thames. It was continued by his successor, the Red King, who also built at Westminster the great Hall which, heightened and greatly altered by Richard II., has, like the White Tower, survived the changes and chances of the centuries. Rufus's successor, Henry I., in 1101, laid the first stone of the City's municipal structure by conferring upon the citizens the right of choosing their own justiciar; but the rearing of the civic superstructure was reserved for the early Plantagenet period. It was in the last years of the century, during the reign of Richard I., though in his absence, that the citizens succeeded in obtaining their commune, with a Mayor of their own choosing at its head in the person of Henry Fitz-Aylwin. The fact must not be passed over, even in the baldest sketch of the history of London, with bare mention, for who can doubt that to its civic freedom London largely owes the supremacy which it achieved? No overlord, as Dr. Reginald Sharpe points out in "London and the Kingdom," has it ever known, save the King himself, whereas other towns were subject to archbishop or bishop, to abbot or baron. How is it that Westminster was never in any serious sense a rival to London? Like London, it is of great antiquity; equally with London it lies on the Thames; it was, too, the seat of a royal palace, and was destined to be the home of Parliament; yet it was the city in the east that became the capital, and London was making and breaking kings while Westminster remained little more than a geographical expression. And is not the explanation of the different fortunes



OLD LONDON BRIDGE, 1760.

of the two cities mainly this—that while Westminster belonged to its abbot, London belonged to itself?

During the Norman period, ending in 1154, London rose to be, with Bristol, one of the two chief ports of the kingdom. This era witnessed the foundation of many great monasteries, such as the College of St. Martin's-le-Grand, the Priory of St. Bartholomew at Smithfield and that of the Holy Trinity at Aldgate, while at Clerkenwell the Knights Hospitallers established themselves, and at Holborn the Knights Templars. In the early part of the Plantagenet period (1154-1485) came the friars.

Plantagenet London.

The Black Friars pitched their tent at Holborn in 1221, and in 1276 migrated to the region which still bears their name; the Grey Friars established themselves close to Newgate in 1224, that they might mortify themselves with the odours of the Town Ditch; the White Friars settled between Fleet Street and the Thames in 1241, the Austin Friars off Broad Street in 1253, the Crutched Friars near Aldgate in 1298. Writing quite early in this period, about the year 1174, William Fitz-Stephen, a monk with a graphic pen, who had been in Becket's service and was present at his murder at Canterbury, tells us that, besides its cathedral and conventual churches, the city had 126 parish churches, so that it must have been, as Sir Walter Besant picturesquely says, applying to it Rabelais' phrase, a veritable *Île Sonnante*. Yet even more than a city of churches was it a city of palaces, the mansions of great nobles and of great merchants, some of them built beside the river, where their places have been taken by grimy wharves and uncouth warehouses, others scattered about the city's streets.

A City of Churches

And of Palaces.

The later part of this period must indeed have been the time of London's architectural glory. For the wooden bridge across the Thames of Roman and Saxon and Norman days had been substituted one of stone, which, begun by Peter of Colechurch in 1176 and finished in 1209, survived into the nineteenth century. Old St. Paul's, the largest cathedral in the kingdom, was now, with its sky-piercing spire, in its full glory; and around it on all sides was a multitude of monasteries and churches, of stately palaces, of civic halls, some of them Norman, but most of them probably Pointed. By this time the houses of mud and timber, thatched with straw or reeds, had to some extent given way to houses of stone and brick. Now, too, for the most part they consisted not of one room, but of two, one on the ground floor, the other, a sleeping chamber, above it, and approached by a staircase

The Houses.

from without. In most cases the shop was a booth outside and detached from the house, and distinguished by a huge sign swung overhead at a height of at least nine feet, so that horsemen might pass beneath unscathed.

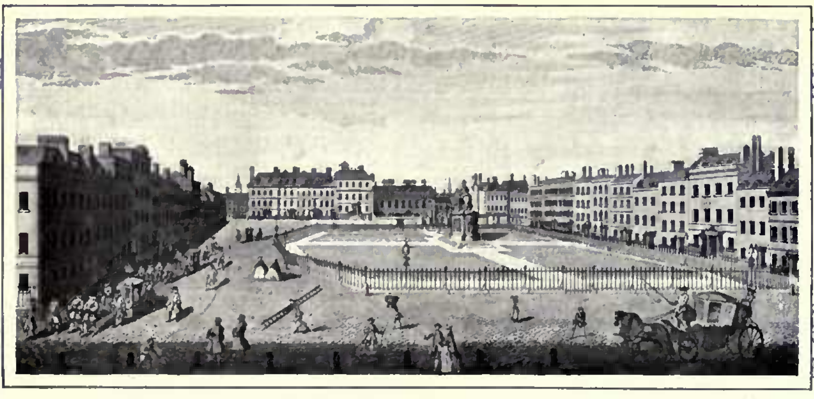
The Streets.

The streets, however, were still quite primitive ways, unprovided with footpaths, but sloping down from the centre to a trench on each side, to carry off the surface water and garbage. London, according to Dr. C. Creighton, writing in "Social England" of the City in the fourteenth century, did not neglect its scavenging, but like other towns, in this and other lands, its failure was in the radical disposal of its refuse. The shambles were inside the walls, not far from Newgate; just outside the walls were the laystalls, where the scavengers deposited their clearings, and there, too, was the Town Ditch, though of this it is curious to learn that, in spite of the filth that was poured into it, there was "great store" of excellent fish to be found in it right down to the time of Henry VIII.!

A Bold Mayor.

William Walworth.

In the history of London the fourteenth century is remarkable for the number of bold and vigorous men who held the office of Mayor. In this connection we must not forget Mayor Fitz-Thomas, who belongs to the previous century, and who had the courage to tell Henry III. to his face in St. Paul's Cathedral that the citizens of London would be faithful and duteous so long as he was a good lord and king. No wonder that Fitz-Thedmar, the chronicler, stood aghast at the "wondrous and unheard-of" behaviour of "this most wretched Mayor." But in the next century the city had for its chief ruler four of the most remarkable men—all of them contemporaries—who have ever sat in the Mayoral chair. They were William Walworth, John Philipot, Nicholas Brembre, and Richard Whittington. Walworth's feat in Smithfield in ridding Richard II., at this time a boy of fourteen, of Wat Tyler (1381) has gained for him immortal renown. It was certainly a bold deed, nor does there appear to have been treachery in it, for the fact seems to be—though the narratives are conflicting—that Tyler was the first to "begin it" by striking one in the king's suite with his dagger. When Walworth came forward and asked the king to allow him to arrest the rebel leader, Tyler dealt him also a blow with his dagger, which spent itself upon the Mayor's armour. Then it was that Walworth drew and got in his blow or blows, which were followed up by blows from one of his supporters, and before Tyler, putting spur to his horse, had gone thirty yards he fell off and was carried into St. Bartholomew's to die. The young king, who by



LEICESTER SQUARE, ABOUT 1750.

HAMPSTEAD

CAMBERWELL

riding up to the bent bows of the enraged rebels and appealing to them as their king to follow him, showed a courage not less splendid, lost no time in knighting his doughty Mayor, and with him John Philipot and Nicholas Brembre.

The Mayor and the Freebooter.

Philipot had already at this time served the office of Mayor. Soon after Richard II.'s accession (1377) the south coast was harried by the French, and a Scottish freebooter of the name of Mercer, with a fleet of French, Scottish, and Spanish vessels, had captured a number of English merchantmen at Scarborough, to the great indignation and alarm of the capital. At his own charges Philipot at once fitted out a squadron, with which he went in pursuit of the pirates, and having the good fortune to find them he utterly routed them, wresting from them their prizes, taking fifteen Spanish ships into the bargain, and capturing Mercer himself. London rang with the gallant feat, and Philipot was elected Mayor at the next opportunity (1378). At a time of great unsettlement he ruled the City with a vigorous but judicious hand. Then and afterwards he showed himself to be as generous as he was brave and enterprising, and when he died in 1384, it was said of him that he left not "his like behind in zeal for the king and the realm." He is less known than he deserves to be, and of those who daily throng Philpot Lane, between Fenchurch Street and Eastcheap, probably few know that it is named after one of the ablest and boldest chief magistrates the City of London has ever had.

Tragedy.

At the time of Sir John Philipot's death Sir Nicholas Brembre held the office of Mayor. For him was reserved a tragic end. In 1388 as one of the late advisers of the king he was accused of treason, and, denied time to take counsel's advice, he claimed the right of proving his innocence by wager of battle, when there was instantly such a multitude of gages flung down by his enemies that they are said to have "seemed like snow on a winter's day." But the right of wager by battle was held not to apply, and his foes, in spite of the king's influence, succeeding in securing his conviction, he was ignominiously drawn on a hurdle through the city over whose administration he had presided, and barbarously done to death at Tyburn.

It was eight years after this, in 1396, that Richard Whittington, the last of these fourteenth-century Mayors, was for the first time called to the chair. Of him there will be much to say in later pages; here we need only recall the fact, brought to light by Dr. Reginald Sharpe, that in the City's records the four names which we have thus bracketed

FULHAM

SPECTEMUR
AGENDO
HAMMERSMITH

A Word about Whittington.

together are found in the same list on at least one occasion, for in the year 1378, when the City was anxious to replenish its empty coffers in order to win back the nobles by wholesale bribery, the list of subscribers was headed by Philipot, while among the other contributories appear the names of Brembre, Walworth, and Richard "Whytyngdon."

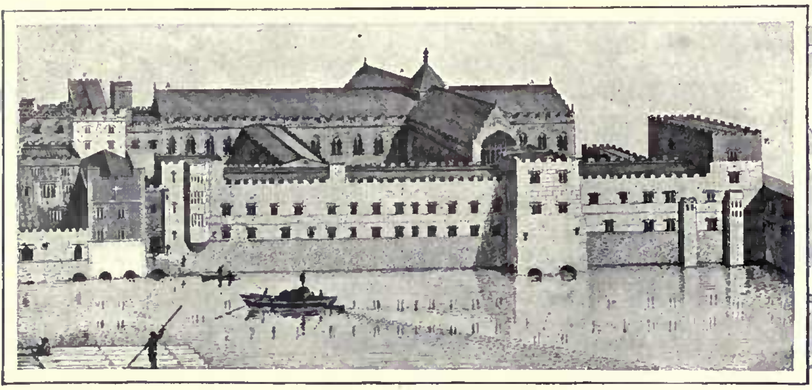
Pestilence.

In 1348-49 London suffered the first of the visitations known as the Black Death, now believed to have been a specially severe form of the Plague, which is a malignant kind of contagious fever, characterised by swellings and by carbuncles. Sometimes, also, dark spots or patches appear on the skin, and it was this symptom that led men to give to the visitation of 1348-49 the dreadful name of the Black Death. Starting from China, the scourge reached London in the winter of 1348, and Stow declares that 50,000 of its victims were buried in Spital Croft, afterwards the site of the Charterhouse. Until the epidemic of 1563 the mortality of the Plague is not known with numerical exactness, but from the figures taken in that and subsequent outbreaks, Dr. Creighton infers that, on an average, once in every generation during a period of three centuries, from the Black Death to the virtual extinction of the Plague in 1666, London "lost from a fourth to a sixth of its population at one stroke in a single season," besides suffering a more or less steady drain of its poorer classes from the same cause from year to year.

The Sweating Sickness.

In the year which witnessed the end of the Plantagenet and the beginning of the Tudor period (1485), the City was ravaged by another and even more deadly scourge, the Sweating Sickness, also a form of malignant fever, which came again in 1508, a third time in 1517, a fourth in 1528, a fifth in 1551. It began with "a burning sweat that invaded the body and vexed the blood, and with a most ardent heat infested the stomach and head grievously." In the first of these outbreaks, which occurred four weeks after Henry VII.'s triumphant entrance into London, the Sickness carried off the Mayor, Sir Thomas Hill, his successor, Sir William Stockes, who survived his election by but a few days, and six of the Aldermen. If the sufferer was able to withstand the fever and pain for twenty-four hours he usually recovered, but of those attacked ninety-nine out of a hundred succumbed. In the second outbreak, that of 1508, the Sickness was taken by Anne Boleyn, by her father and by her brother George, all of whom, in flat defiance of probability, recovered.

We must not leave the Plantagenet period without noting that the



SAVOY PALACE IN 1750.

Guilds.

same king (Edward I.) who in 1291 banished the Jews from his capital and kingdom, granted twelve years later a special charter to the foreign merchants, who had long had a footing in the city; and, thus privileged, they gradually acquired a virtual monopoly of London's foreign trade, which monopoly they maintained until they were expelled by Queen Elizabeth. In this same era, too, took place the rise of the City Guilds, which in return for large sums of money advanced to the national Exchequer received charters from Edward III. and later kings, reaching the pinnacle of their prosperity in the next century—the fifteenth—to be despoiled of much of their wealth when the Reformation came in the sixteenth century.

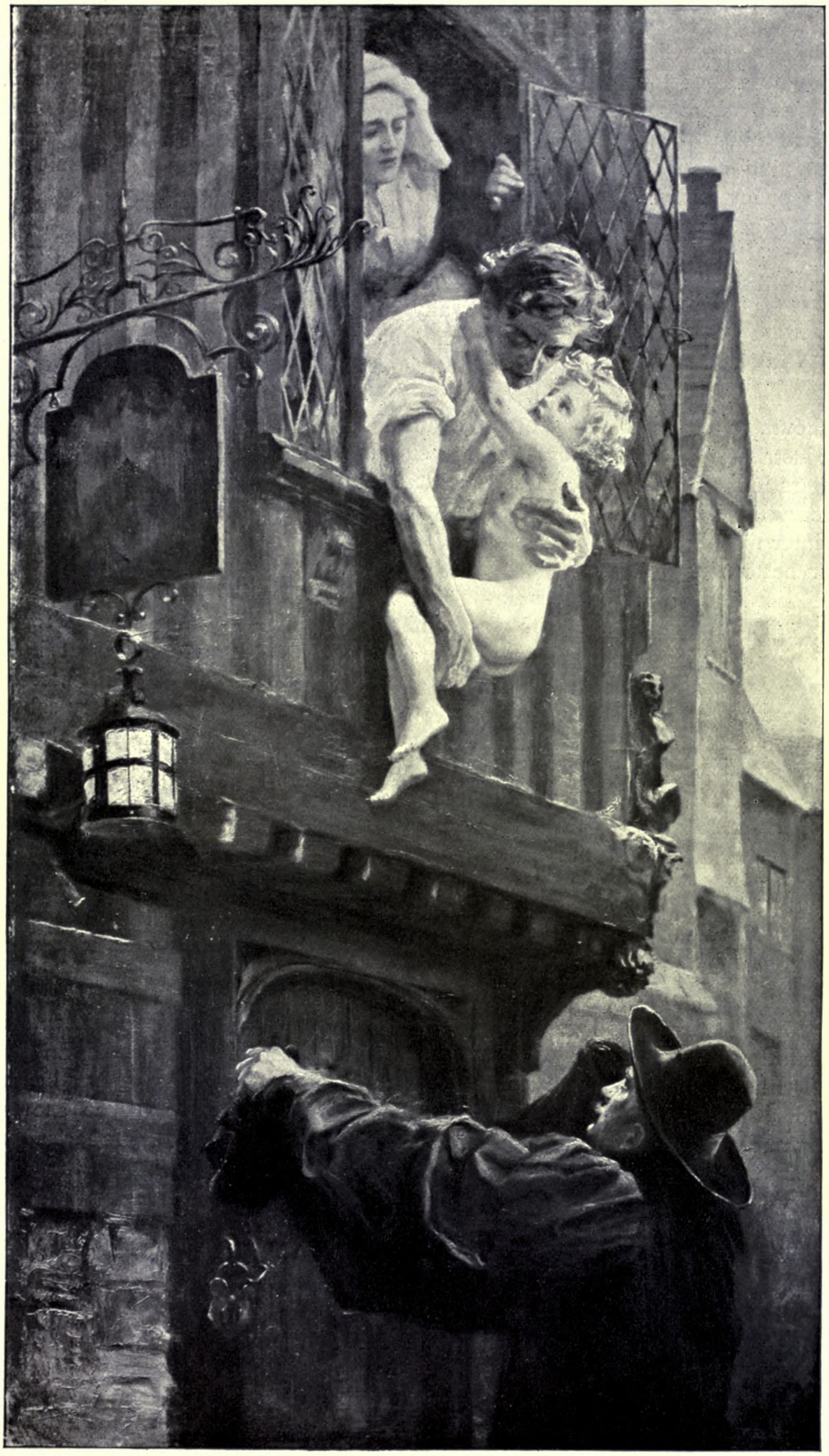
Tudor London.

Whatever else the Reformation meant, it certainly meant the spoiling of London. Henry VIII. laid his heavy hand on the religious houses as well as on the guilds and brotherhoods; the conventual buildings were pulled down, or degraded to secular uses and allowed to go to ruin; the glorious churches for the most part were ruthlessly destroyed. To this period, however, it owes its first Royal Exchange, while at Westminster Henry VII. added to the Abbey founded by Edward the Confessor his splendid chapel, and in the next reign York House was erected into the royal palace of Whitehall, though Westminster lost by fire its ancient royal palace, little of it surviving except Westminster Hall and St. Stephen's Chapel.

Enterprise.

Expansion.

But if the Tudor age was an age of destruction it was also a period of enterprise and expansion. In 1505 the Merchant Adventurers were incorporated, and soon were doing a busy trade with the Netherlands in wool. The eyes of the citizens were now in the ends of the earth, and later in the same century charters were granted to the Turkey Company and the East India Company. When the monasteries were dissolved, it is estimated that the monks, nuns, and friars formed somewhere about one-third of the whole population of London. The social dislocation caused by the extrusion of this vast multitude from the religious houses is hardly now to be realised; but in spite of it London continued to grow, and a large part of the population had to find accommodation outside the walls and gates, in the districts which, one after the other, were erected into liberties, under the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor. In 1580, at the instance of the Mayor and Aldermen, Queen Elizabeth signed an ordinance prohibiting the erection of further dwellings in the liberties and out-parishes, or within three



"COMPASSION": AN INCIDENT OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

From the Painting by Miss Florence Reason.

miles of the City gates, and forbidding also the sub-division of houses into numerous tenements. London, the authorities agreed, with a population of about 123,000—twice as many as at the dissolution of the monasteries, fifty years earlier—was big enough, and its further growth must be checked. But London thought differently, and the result of the policy of repression, persisted in for nearly a century, was that the city quadrupled its population.

John Stow.

His Reward.

It were unpardonable to leave the Tudor period without a word about the man whose name is, perhaps, dearer to every student of London's history than that of any other citizen. John Stow, who was born about 1525, and survived until 1605, was admitted a freeman of the Merchant Taylors' Company in 1547, but from about the year 1560 he gave himself up to the patient labours and sober joys of the antiquary. The story of this most industrious chronicler and most simple-minded man is not an exhilarating one. His researches cost him, in his own words, "many a weary mile's travel, many a hard-earned penny and pound, and many a cold winter night's study." His tailoring, had he stuck to it, would have paid him far better, for in his eightieth year he found himself compelled by poverty to petition James I. for a licence to beg. He died the year after this kingly favour was conferred upon him, "so that," as Strype drily remarks, "it is to be feared the poor man made but little progress in this collection." According to Edmond Howes, his literary executor, he was "of a pleasant and cheerful countenance . . . very sober, mild, and courteous to any that required his instructions. . . . He always protested never to have written anything either for malice, fear, or favour, nor to seek his own particular gain or vainglory; and that his only pains and care was to write truth." The spirit which his writings breathe makes it transparently clear that in these protestations the good old man claimed no more than his due. Riley and other modern students have convicted the "Survey of London" of errors, most of them false derivations; but when it is remembered that so much of his work was that of a pioneer the wonder is that his mistakes are so few; and even about his blunders there is an ingenuousness that helps to endear him to us.

The Stuart period began badly, as the Tudor period had done, with a visitation of the Plague. For the City it was on the whole an era of tribulation, both political and social, but it has among its bright spots the re-admission of the Jews, which, as has recently been shown, began, not under the Commonwealth, but in the reign of Charles I., though it was continued under Oliver Cromwell. Charles alienated the City

Stuart London.

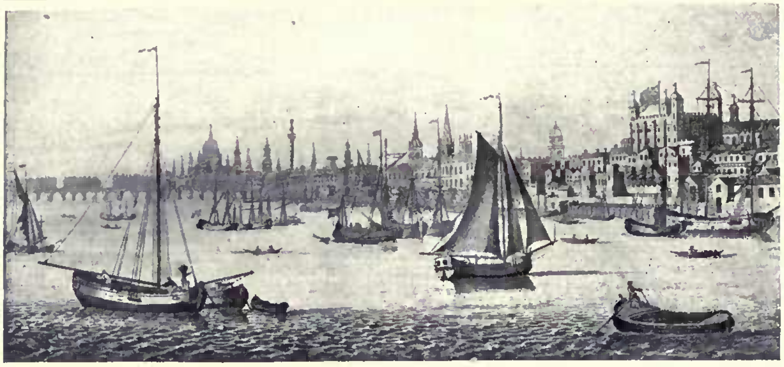
by confiscating the money which the goldsmiths had deposited at the Mint in the Tower; and it is probable that London, with its money and its men—its Trained Bands—had hardly less to do with his overthrow than had Cromwell's Ironsides. It groaned under the tyranny of the Army, and it welcomed Charles II. to his capital with immoderate joy. But it was soon in antagonism with him, and he scrupled not to lay hands on the bankers' money, as his father before him had done. Him it just managed to tolerate, but the cruel and petty tyranny of his brother it found intolerable, and when the Deliverer came from Holland, it loosed its purse-strings and invited him to assume the Crown.

The Great Plague.

The social calamities that befell London under the Stuarts reached their climax in the Great Plague and the Great Fire. The winter of 1664-65 was one of exceptional dryness—a frost which lasted almost continuously from before Christmas to March, and was followed by a cold dry spring and an almost intolerably hot summer—week after week of glaring sun, with never a breeze. The Pestilence therefore had every chance. It broke out at the end of 1664; soon it had the whole city, both within and without the walls, in its clutches, and it had hardly ceased its ravages in September of 1666, when the Fire came to burn it out. Its victims are believed to have numbered not less than 90,000.

The Great Fire.

Like the Plague, the Fire was no new thing to London. Again and again, from the seventh century downwards, had flame wrought havoc in its midst. In 1665 Charles II. had warned the City authorities of the danger arising from the narrowness of the streets, and the erection of houses mostly of wood with overhanging fronts, and had charged them in future to pull down all new buildings which did not conform to the regulations of the Act governing highways and sewers. But the Plague gave them other occupation, and the Fire found the City a ready prey. Beginning in the early hours of Sunday, the 2nd of September, in Pudding Lane, near where the Monument's flaming head now commemorates the catastrophe, it was borne westwards by a strong wind, devouring nearly all that lay between that point and the Temple. The Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Bludworth, cut a very poor figure in the emergency, for when Pepys brought him the King's command to pull down houses in every direction, that the fire might die of inanition, he could only helplessly cry, "Lord, what can I do? I am spent; people will not obey me." At the end of five days the flames had consumed St. Paul's Cathedral and nearly a hundred



"A PROSPECT" OF LONDON, 1751.

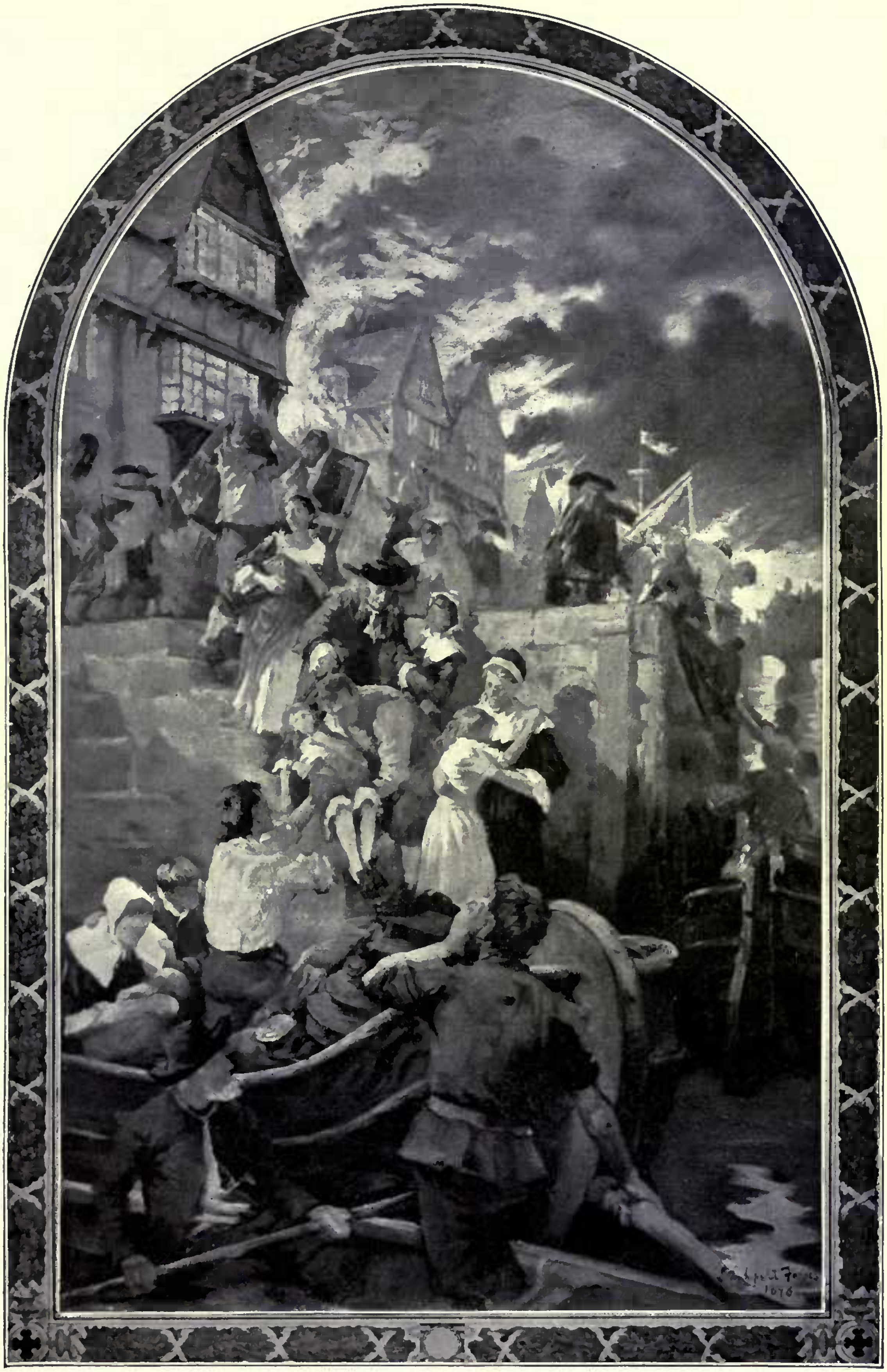
parish churches and consecrated chapels, four of the City gates, fifty of the Livery Companies' Halls, four prisons, and 13,200 houses. Four hundred streets were annihilated, about five-sixths of the City was devastated, and outside the walls an area about equal to the remaining sixth; and the loss sustained has been calculated at nearly £11,000,000 sterling. Though the citizens did their best to save their movable treasures by burying them or removing them to places of safety, many must have lost all they had. But the merchants contrived to meet their obligations to foreign customers, and almost before the ground had cooled, the homeless citizens, who had run up booths and huts at Moorfields and elsewhere, were busy identifying the sites of their houses and making preparations for clearing away the ruins. Four years afterwards (1670) Parliament, which does not usually give much heed to poetic justice, imposed a duty on sea-borne coal for the rebuilding of St. Paul's and of the parish churches, allocating one-fourth of the proceeds to the first object and three-fourths to the second.

The Citizens Undaunted.

By the time London had been rebuilt, or very shortly after, it had displaced Paris as the largest city in Europe. Yet it was still but a small place. As Macaulay says in his wonderful third chapter, describing it as it was in 1685, three years before the end of the Stuart period, St. James's Square was a receptacle for the noisome rubbish of Westminster. "He who then rambled to what is now the gayest and most crowded part of Regent Street found himself in a solitude, and was sometimes so fortunate as to have a shot at a woodcock. On the north, the Oxford Road ran between hedges. Three or four hundred yards to the south were the garden walls of a few great houses which were considered as quite out of town. On the west was a meadow renowned for a spring from which, long afterwards, Conduit Street, was named." As yet, Golden Square was not; and north of Piccadilly there were no houses save three or four isolated mansions. The people of fashion had not got much further westward than Covent Garden; the extension of London north-west and south-west had not begun, but the influx of Huguenot silk weavers, driven from their native land by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685), led to the formation of a new colony beyond the walls on the east.

Smallness of the Largest City in Europe.

Of Georgian London there is not much that is interesting to say. It was a time of rampant vulgarity and vice, not greatly exaggerated,



THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

From the Sketch for the Wall Painting by Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A., in the Royal Exchange. By permission of S. Hildesheimer & Co., Ltd., London and Manchester, owners of the copyright.

Georgian London.

perhaps, in Hogarth's plates; but London owes to it the Adelphi Terrace and Portland Place, the creation of the brothers Adam; Regent Street, the work of Nash during the Regency; and not a few public structures, such as Somerset House, the Bank, the Mansion House, the Custom House, the Mint, the older part of the General Post Office, London and Waterloo Bridges, and the York Column.

In the Nineteenth Century.

It was not until the first half of the nineteenth century was well advanced that, the long war with France at an end, and prosperity slowly following in the wake of peace, London began to advance with giant strides. In 1820 Mile End was regarded as a health resort for jaded Londoners; Woburn, Tavistock, and Gordon Squares were still laid out as market gardens. Ten years later Bow, Stratford, Clapham, Tottenham, and Canonbury were still but villages; even Chalk Farm and Kentish Town formed no part of continuous London; North Kensington was given up to grass farms, Brompton to nurseries. When the late Queen came to the throne in 1837, as Mr. Laurence Gomme records in "London in the Reign of Victoria," the population of London proper—the continuous occupied area—was less than a million and three-quarters (1,646,000), and even with the rural and semi-rural parishes around, it was only two millions. Yet Fenimore Cooper, who was in London nine years before Queen Victoria's accession, gravely records that "many think the place already too large for the kingdom," and he adds that "Mr. McAdam," the road contractor whose name is frequently on our lips as a common noun, considered the size of London an evil—as though that were final!

Leaps and Bounds.

It was now, in the later years of the first half of the nineteenth century, that London began to grow at such a marvellous rate. From 1801 to 1850 the population of what is now the Administrative County of London increased by well-nigh a million and a half—from rather less than a million to nearly two-and-a-half millions. Yet even this increase was exceeded in the second half of the century, when an addition of not far short of two millions and a quarter was made to the population, the inhabitants of London—not Greater London, the area of the City and Metropolitan Police, which has a population of over six-and-a-half-millions, but the Administrative County of London—numbering over four millions and a half in 1901. It is now about four millions and three-quarters.

Nor during the second half of the nineteenth century was there less progress made in all that composes a well-ordered city. In the mid-

POPLAR (SEAL)

PADDINGTON (SEAL)

Unification.

century London, though certainly not void, was, in a municipal sense, without form. There was the City of London, governed by its ancient Corporation, but when one spoke of London in the larger sense of the capital, one employed an expression which had no fixed meaning. London in this sense had no corporate existence. It was a mere welter of overlapping areas and of conflicting and for the most part irresponsible authorities ; and it is not too much to say that at that time London was one of the worst-governed cities in Europe. Water supply, sanitation, well-nigh all the primary needs of a civilised community, were grossly neglected. The Thames was a mere open sewer, its waters, as the *Lancet* vigorously wrote in July, 1855, " swollen with the feculence of the myriads of living beings that dwell upon the banks, and with the waste of every manufacture that is too foul for utilization. . . . The abominations, the corruptions, we pour into the Thames are not, as some falsely say, carried away into the sea. The sea rejects the loathsome tribute, and heaves it back again with every flow."

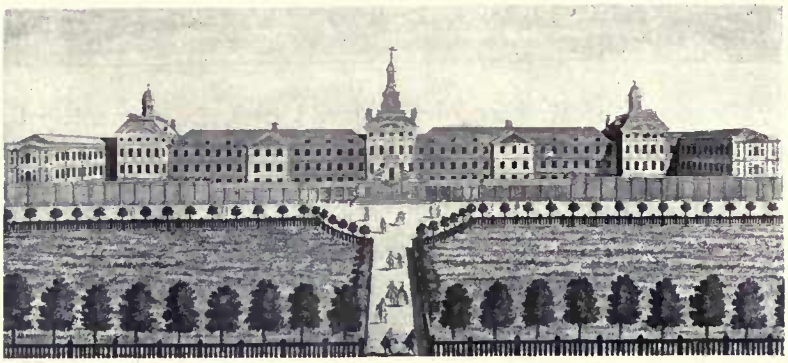
The Board of Works.

The London County Council.

Two years before the mid-century the Metropolitan Commission of Sewers was created by the welding together of a number of separate Commissions. But a much more important step in the unification of London was taken in 1855 by the creation of the Metropolitan Board of Works. It was brought into being primarily to provide main sewers for London, but as time went on it was entrusted with the duty of constructing new thoroughfares and vast public works, such as the Thames Embankments, and it also undertook the removal of insanitary dwellings, the creation and control of open spaces, the administration of the Fire Brigade, and so forth. This authority, though only responsible to the ratepayers indirectly, through the vestries and district boards which were created at the same time, did much memorable work. In 1867, by the Metropolitan Poor Act, the Metropolitan Asylums Board was constituted to provide hospitals for cases of infectious sickness, and asylums for those suffering from harmless forms of insanity. In 1889 the Metropolitan Board of Works was superseded by the London County Council, an authority which, with greatly extended powers but with much the same area as that of the old Board, is elected directly by the ratepayers of the metropolis, female as well as male. A further change in the government of London was made ten years later, when, by an Act which came into operation in the last year of the century, the vestries and district boards of the County of London were abolished, and their place was taken by twenty-eight Borough Councils, with larger powers than had

RESPICE
PROSPICE
STOKE NEWINGTON
SEAL

TURRIS NOSTRA JUSTITIA
HACKNEY
SEAL



BETHLEM HOSPITAL, ABOUT 1750.

been vested in the authorities which they superseded. In 1903 the London School Board was abolished, its functions being transferred to the London County Council. The year before was created the Metropolitan Water Board, to acquire the properties of the Water Companies and take into its own hands the water supply of the metropolis, and in 1908 Parliament addressed itself to the erection of a Port Authority, to administer the docks, from London Bridge to Tilbury.

The Boroughs.

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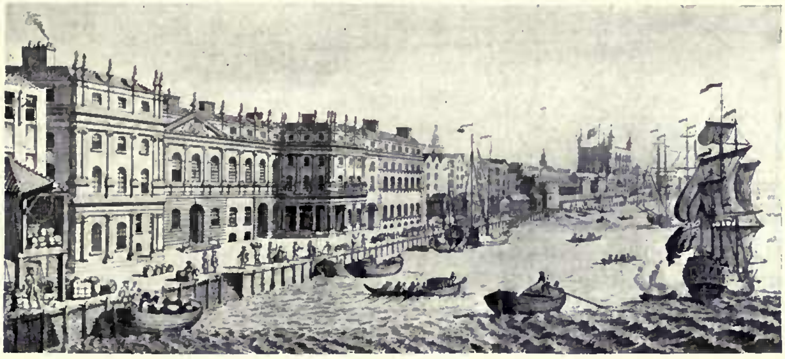
Magnitude.

When M. Taine, who had made several sojourns in London about the middle of the last century, in order to read in the British Museum, summed up his impressions of the capital, he was forced into the exclamatory mood. "Enormous, enormous!" he wrote. Everything was on a large scale—"the clubs are palaces, the hotels are monuments; the river is an arm of the sea." To say that London—we still speak of the Administrative County and not of Greater London—has nearly twice as many inhabitants as Paris, and almost as many as Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg combined; that its population is considerably larger than that of such States as Bulgaria, Saxony, and Switzerland, about double that of Denmark, of Greece, or of Servia, and more than double that of Norway, may be to give a rather vulgar reason for finding it interesting. Yet the magnitude of London—its vast area, its league upon league of streets, its millions of inhabitants—has after all to be taken into account if we would understand the impression it makes; for here magnitude connotes not merely bigness, but endless variety, the widest comprehensiveness, a mystery that whets the edge of curiosity and leaves ample scope for wonder and surmise. No man was ever vain enough to suppose that he knew London. Those who know most of it—the late Sir Walter Besant, for example, who studied it for many years with unflagging enthusiasm, and has made its dead past live again, or the Right Hon. Charles Booth, whose patient and disinterested investigations of its life and labour are beyond all praise—would be the last to make such a preposterous claim. Many know London in a few of its aspects; a few know it in many of its aspects; no one knows it in all its aspects. As it is without a staple industry, but comprises well-nigh every species and variety of industry and trade and commerce, so has it in other respects as well the same universality. Much more than an epitome of the country, it should rather, with its cosmopolitan population, be called a microcosm of the globe. As to its physical aspect, Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer justly says

Who Knows London?



THE CUSTOMS HOUSE, 1753.

in "The Soul of London" that the last thing that the provincial who comes to the capital will get "is any picture, any impression of London as a whole, any idea to carry about with him—of a city, in a plain dominated by a great building, bounded by a horizon, brought into composition by mists, great shadows, great clouds, or a bright and stippled foreground."

Atmosphere.

Yet mists, clouds, shadows London has in abundance, and rich and infinitely varied are the effects they produce. Darwin saw grandeur even in its fogs, and to M. Rodin they appealed by their vague suggestiveness, though for saying so he was told by one critic that this was but another proof that he ought to have been a painter rather than a sculptor! But the fogs which elicited this admiration are of course not the dense palls of mephitic vapour that make us grope like blind men and gasp for breath, but those which but half conceal the objects they envelope. Though London must confess to the grey and gloomy skies of which Mr. Lionel Johnson musically accuses her, yet, thanks to her smoke, colour is rarely absent from her atmosphere. Where else in these islands do turbid sunsets array themselves in such apocalyptic pomps, such sombre and wrathful reds and yellows and golds? And where else does stone take on such generous tints as St. Paul's or Bow Church or "the Abbey" borrow on a bright winter's day? Henley in his "London Voluntaries" sings with clamorous joy of the magic wrought by an October sun—how

" . . . Clement's, angular and cold and staid,
Glimmers in glamour's very stuffs arrayed;
And Bride's, her aëry, unsubstantial charm,
Through flight on flight of springing, soaring stone
Grown flushed and warm,
Laughs into life high-mooded and fresh-blown;
And the high majesty of Paul's
Uplifts a voice of living light, and calls—
Calls to her millions to behold and see
How goodly this his London Town can be!"

The visible memorials of distant days form the most obvious element of London's charm. M. Taine surmises that Napoleon III. demolished and rebuilt Paris because, familiar with London, he wished to give to his capital the same spaciousness and dignity. Voltaire had called for a statesman to "improve" Paris. "The centre of the town, obscure, confined, hideous," he wrote, "represents

NON NOBIS SED NON MIHI TIBI
BATTERSEA

WE SERVE
WANDSWORTH

a period of the most shameful barbarism." After many days, the statesman came in the person of Baron Haussmann, and, if M. Taine's conjecture is accurate, one can only rejoice that London, in turn, has not rivalled Paris in the wholesale destruction of its antiquities.

Ancient Things.

But we must not plume ourselves overmuch. Even in recent times a great deal that is most precious has been sacrificed, not a little of it quite needlessly. We still hear from time to time of schemes for doing away with another of Wren's churches, with some house memorable for its associations, with some quaint old street, and the year 1908 witnessed the destruction of Crosby Hall, the City's chief treasure in the way of domestic architecture. It is some consolation to know that the new buildings for which the old have to make way are many of them not without seemliness and dignity. In the City, especially, banks and assurance offices have been and still are springing up which will prove to future generations that in the early years of the twentieth century even joint-stock and limited liability companies were not unaffected by the growth of architectural taste.

Still more consoling is it to reflect that though we may have to part with yet more of London's ancient things, yet its associations, its memories of the great men who have dwelt within its borders, of the historic events of which it has been the theatre, remain, and that the passing years can do naught but add to the rich store. What a heritage it is! Of native Londoners of genius the name is legion. Naming but a few, we find among Churchmen Thomas Becket and Lancelot Andrewes; of bards there are Chaucer and Spenser, Milton, the City's greatest son, who shall be bracketed with no one,* Ben Jonson and Herrick, Cowley, Prior and Pope, Gray and Churchill, Blake and Rogers, Byron and Keats and Tom Hood, the Brownings and Rossettis and Swinburne; among prose-writers and philosophers, Sir Thomas More and Sir Francis Bacon, Defoe, Sir Thomas Browne and Charles Lamb, Ricardo and John Stuart Mill, John Henry Newman and Ruskin; among architects and painters, the great Inigo Jones, Hogarth and Gillray, Cruikshank and Leech, Turner and Landseer, Frederick Walker and G. F. Watts and Holman Hunt; among composers, Purcell and Arne and Sullivan; among actors, Edmund Kean; among statesmen — with apologies for putting them last — John Hampden and Sir William Temple, Chatham and Canning, Fox and Lord John Russell, Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. And of the illustrious dead who saw the light elsewhere, the great majority have become her sons by adoption. She has

August Associations.

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* "His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."—*Wordsworth.*

PROSUNT GENTIBUS ARTES
BERMONDSEY

TEMPORE UTIMUR
GREENWICH

drawn to herself those eager for fame equally with those avid of fortune, and few indeed are our great men of any period with whom she does not possess intimate associations.

Why Men Love London.

Widely different are the reasons men give when they try to put their sense of London's charm into words. Herrick, in the "Hesperides," praises her for her power "to please All nations, customs, kindreds, languages," but the filial sentiment comes out strongly in his lines. Cowper, in "The Sofa," rather aridly exalts her as a home of Science and Philosophy, and as a great Mart. But the poets have not been happy when they have taken London for their theme, as Mr. William Watson confesses when he invokes her as "City that waitest to be sung." Sydney Smith—to come to the prosemen—was not so much a lover of London as a hater of the country. To Dr. Johnson, London was attractive mainly as an intellectual centre, but he felt also the charm of its many-sided life—the stir and bustle, the clash and jar of its streets, the vitality with which it throbs. Lord Beaconsfield, a native of London, praises bits of the town ; but though he felt it to be overpowering in its vastness, he also found it monotonous—which is precisely the impression that his Oriental mind might have been expected to receive. His great rival was never tired of roaming its streets, but one does not know that Mr. Gladstone was interested in its better part, its history and associations, so much as in the London before his eyes. Carlyle was given to taking long solitary walks through its streets at night, but though he was not blind to the loveliness of Chelsea, he perhaps was too much occupied with the immensities to have much thought for a mere speck like London. Macaulay, whom he little liked, had a truer sense of London's charm. "London is the place for me," he writes to a friend. "Its smoky atmosphere and muddy river charm me more than the pure air of Hertfordshire and the crystal currents of the Rib. Nothing is equal to the splendid varieties of London life, the 'fine flow of London talk,' and the dazzling brilliancy of London spectacles." Still more enthusiastic was Dickens's delight in London. He speaks of it as his "magic lantern," and avows that if he was long away from its living pictures, his pen, like Pharaoh's chariot-wheels, drave heavily, and that he had to run up to town for a fresh draught of inspiration. Yet even Dickens has not glorified London as did Charles Lamb. Him we put first among lovers of London, past or present, prosemen or poets. "Enchanting London," he exclaims, "whose dirtiest, drab-frequented alley, and her lowest-bowing tradesman, I would not exchange for Skiddaw, Helvellyn!" And again—"O! her lamps of a night, her rich goldsmiths, toy shops, mercers, hardware

London's Most Ardent Lover.

men, pastry-cooks, St. Paul's Churchyard, the Strand, Exeter 'Change, Charing Cross, with the man upon a black horse! These are thy gods, O London!"

* * * * * * * * *

Such—and how much more!—is the London with which we have to do in these pages. We shall, of course, begin with the ancient City, giving the pride of place to St. Paul's Cathedral, and passing on, through thronged Cheapside, to Guildhall, where we shall pause to watch the evolution of ancient civic institutions from their dim beginnings, and to recount some of the City's determined struggles for its liberties against despotic kings. Having traversed the streets of "the one square mile," and given some account of its other institutions, we shall pass on to the neighbouring city of Westminster, and shall tell the story of its venerable Abbey, where our kings and queens have been hallowed and many of them have been buried; of its ancient royal palace, of the modern Houses of Parliament, of Westminster Hall and Whitehall, and of its many other features, old and new. After Westminster our pilgrimage will take us to the royal borough of Kensington, and then in turn to the other boroughs which, with Westminster and the City, make up the area over which the City Corporation and the London County Council wield authority. Finally, my collaborator, Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, will essay to lift a corner of the veil that shrouds the future of London.

In our wanderings through the streets of the metropolis we shall witness scenes of pomp and pageantry—royal progresses and civic processions, the houses draped with gorgeous hangings, the conduits spouting wine; shall often hear the clash of arms, and see the gutters running with something redder than wine; shall have enacted before our eyes many a deed that stirs the blood like a trumpet, many a tragedy that moves to pity. At every turn we shall meet with those whose names are familiar in our mouths as household words—kings and queens, warriors and legislators, poets and prosemen, artists and actors, orators and wits; and it will be our delightful task to recount great things that they have done, to recall memorable things that they have said.

But enough of prologue. Let us ring up the curtain for Act I.

A MODERN STOW.

Apr. 1922

THE SURVEY OF LONDON. By THE MEMBERS OF THE LONDON SURVEY COMMITTEE. (To be had at 27, Abingdon-street; the Survey Volumes one guinea each.)

The impetus to this great undertaking was the destruction in 1894 of the Old Palace of Bromley. From that act of vandalism originated the Committee for the Survey of the Memorials of Greater London, formed by some of those who were influential in saving portions of the wreckage for national purposes. They resolved to "appeal to the public with a view to compiling a register or survey of whatever was still left of interest in the eastern districts of London and in those parts, still but little touched, into which Greater London was spreading." Twenty parishes were scheduled in Middlesex, and fifty-six in Essex; they were apportioned to members of the Committee who visited them, made drawings, took photographs, and compiled a general description of the structures standing, with historical notes and bibliographical references. Thousands of drawings, sketches, and notes were thus assembled. In 1896 the London County Council, after conferring with various organizations interested in old London, amongst them the Survey Committee, agreed to print that portion of the work prepared by the Committee which related to London. The first-fruit of their labours was the volume on Bromley-by-Bow, published in 1900; since then six other volumes have appeared, dealing with Chelsea, St. Giles-in-the-Fields, and Hammersmith, together with half a score of monographs devoted to special buildings of interest in places so far apart as Acton and Barking, Blackheath and

lost, for they have not been heard of for ten years or more." Sir John instantly ran into the City to learn further particulars, when he found they were his own long-lost vessels. In the joy and gratitude of the moment he made a vow that he would build an asylum for decayed merchants that none might hereafter be reduced to the extreme penury which he had endured himself.

We now turn to Leyton to visit the Great House, built by Sir Fisher Tench in the early days of the eighteenth century. Sir Fisher was the son of Nathaniel Tench, one of the original directors of the Bank of England, "a very grave, intelligent, and worthy citizen and merchant." He traded, as Mr. Gunn tells us, with the Baltic, being a member of the Eastland Company, formerly known as the Merchants of Elbing. Here, also, we meet with John Strype, Vicar of Leyton, the antiquary and editor of Stow. Thence we return to Hackney, to Brooke House, where, in the latter days of Elizabeth, the Vaux family had a chapel with a "priests hole," said to be in the "space under a gable projection of the roof." The chapel has vanished and the "priests' hole" with it; but the main structure stands, a beautiful sixteenth-century building. In the words of Mr. Mann, the author of the monograph, "Much of its ancient glory remains, a precious heritage to those who revere and love the past."

Let us now enter London proper, passing by Bishopsgate and on to St. Giles-in-the-Fields. In Bishopsgate is the site of Crosby Place, built by Sir John Crosby in the fifteenth century. Mr. Philip Norman contributes a careful study of the architecture of this magnificent mansion, built, as Stow records, "of stone and timber, very large and beautiful, and the highest at that time in London." Later, Sir Thomas More was tenant here for

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described. After speaking of the sudden entry of forty men strangely disguised and calling each other by borrowed names, the narrative proceeds :—

> They sought at once for the person of the Duchess, and, having found her, one of them said to her :—" It is time to die."
>
> And without granting her a moment to make her peace with God, as she begged, he stabbed her with a narrow dagger under the left breast, and, twisting the dagger round and round, cruelly asked her several times to say whether it touched her heart; at last she yielded up her last sigh.

Compare the savagery of tone with Webster :—

LOD. : O thou glorious strumpet!
Could I divide thy breath from this pure air
When't leaves thy body, I would suck it up,
And breathe't upon some dunghill.
VIT. COR. : You my death's man!
Methinks thou dost not look horrid enough,
Thou hast too good a face to be a hangman;
If thou be, do thy office in right form;
Fall down upon thy knees, and ask forgiveness. . .

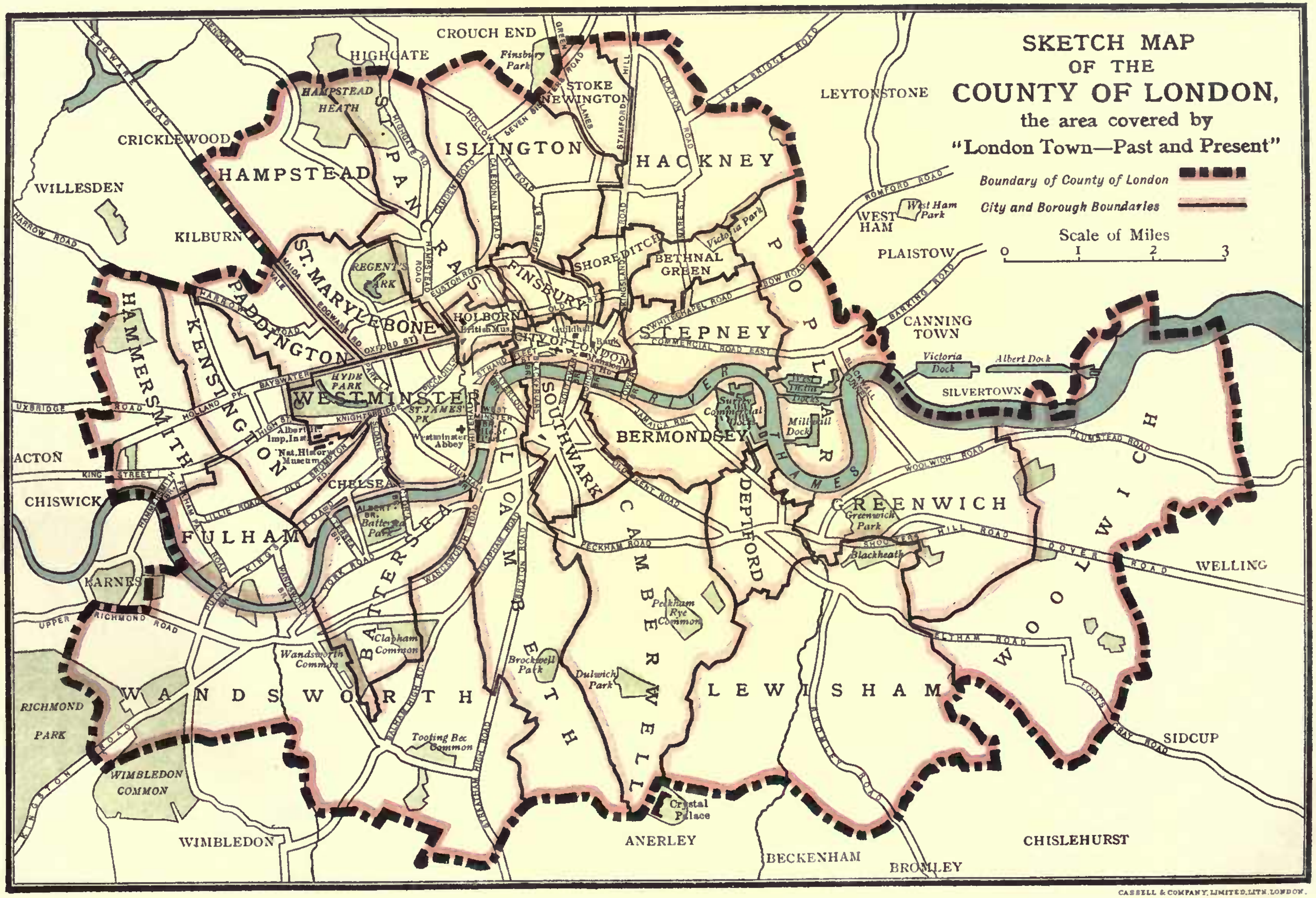
Now take the monk's deposition of the murder of the Duchess of Palliano in 1559 :—

> . . . Il [the husband] couvrit les yeux de la duchesse d'un mouchoir, et elle, d'un grand sang-froid, le faisait descendre d'avantage sur les yeux, pour ne pas le voir. Le comte lui mit la corde au cou; mais, comme elle n'allait pas bien, le comte la lui ôta et s'éloigna de quelques pas; la duchesse, l'entendant marcher, s'ôta le mouchoir de dessus les yeux et dit : " Eh bien, donc! que faisons-nous ?" Le comte répondit : " La corde n'allait pas bien, je vais en prendre une autre pour ne pas vous faire souffrir."
>
> Disant ces paroles, il sortit; peu après il rentra dans la chambre avec une autre corde, il lui arrangea de nouveau le mouchoir sur les yeux, il lui remit la corde au cou, et, faisant pénétrer la baguette dans la noeud, il la fit tourner et l'étrangla. La chose se passa, de la part de la duchesse, absolument sur le ton d'une conversation ordinaire.

Even more surprising than the coolness of the Duchess is the fact that two monks (one of whom made the above deposition) were present at the crime and make no effort to prevent it. Yet no one at the time expressed surprise or censure at their inaction. And there are some who judge the Renaissance by the ideas of to-day, on the plea that "human nature never changes!"

blot is that from want of familiarity with his subject he has distorted its proportions. There is a good deal of exaggeration in his description of what he calls the "Church Empire," and in regard to England in particular a certain confusion between the special claims, in the earlier period of our Christianity, of the Pope as founder, or as founder's representative, and the general demand of obedience to Rome. But this also is exaggerated, and we hear too much about Papal ambition and a policy whose aim was to promote the interests of the Holy See. The problems cannot be stated so simply; often enough the motive had been the encouragement of decent conduct, and the increase of Papal authority came as the reward of righteousness. But Mr. Foakes Jackson exaggerates this side of early medieval life, after the manner of enthusiasts who regard the rise of the Oxford Movement as the most important event in the reign of William IV.

He does not, in fact, bring sufficient knowledge to bear on a summary of the age or on generalizations about it. The evidence is not only general but specific. It is significant that he writes "John [of Salisbury] is described as one of the most correct Latin writers of the Middle Ages." John is one of the most important and most interesting authors of the period; he has been recently and admirably edited at Oxford. A knowledge of his writings is necessary for anyone who would pronounce an opinion on his age, yet Mr. Foakes Jackson confesses that his acquaintance is at second hand. On one important aspect of his subject, the penitential system, he gives an avowed *précis* of the work of Mr. O. D. Watkins—a work of great industry, but of many defects. We might reasonably claim that he should give us the benefit of his own judgment; and we could well dispense with a summary of the "Divina Commedia," which forms one of his chapters. The whole book, indeed, is a compilation, rendered interesting by the nature of its contents and by the author's skill. But we regret that he has forsaken the field in which he is at home.



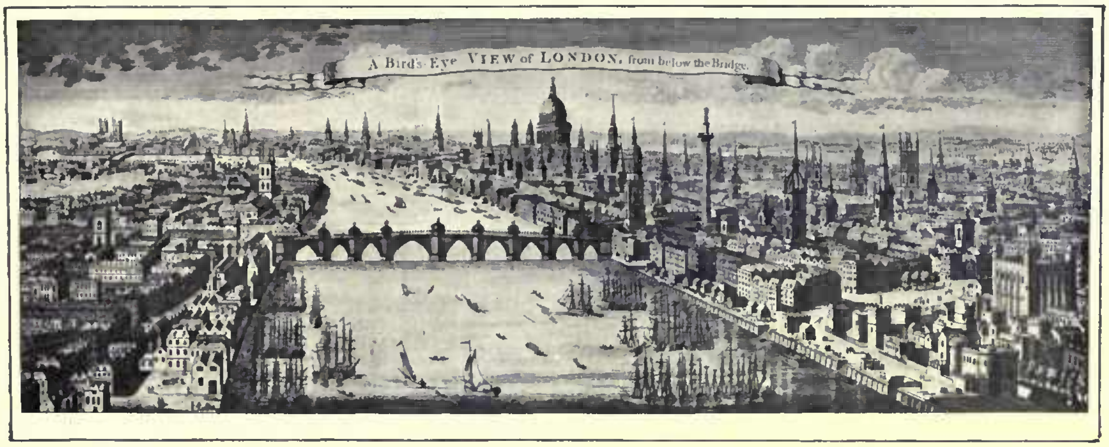
SKETCH MAP
OF THE
COUNTY OF LONDON,
the area covered by
"London Town—Past and Present"

Boundary of County of London ▬ ▬
City and Borough Boundaries ━

Scale of Miles 0 1 2 3

CROUCH END
HIGHGATE
Finsbury Park
STOKE NEWINGTON
HAMPSTEAD HEATH
CRICKLEWOOD
WILLESDEN
KILBURN
HAMPSTEAD
ST. PANCRAS
ISLINGTON
HACKNEY
LEYTONSTONE
WEST HAM
West Ham Park
PLAISTOW
CANNING TOWN
Victoria Dock
Albert Dock
SILVERTOWN
SHOREDITCH
BETHNAL GREEN
Victoria Park
POPLAR
STEPNEY
FINSBURY
HOLBORN
British Mus.
Guildhall
Bank
CITY OF LONDON
Mansion Ho.
ST. MARYLEBONE
REGENT'S PARK
PADDINGTON
HAMMERSMITH
KENSINGTON
HYDE PARK
WESTMINSTER
ST. JAMES' PK.
Westminster Abbey
Albert Hall
Imp. Inst.
Nat. History Museum
CHELSEA
Battersea Park
FULHAM
UXBRIDGE ROAD
ACTON
KING STREET
CHISWICK
BARNES
UPPER RICHMOND ROAD
RICHMOND PARK
WIMBLEDON COMMON
WIMBLEDON
WANDSWORTH
Wandsworth Common
Clapham Common
Tooting Bec Common
BATTERSEA
LAMBETH
Brockwell Park
SOUTHWARK
BERMONDSEY
Surrey Commercial Docks
West India Docks
Millwall Dock
RIVER THAMES
CAMBERWELL
Peckham Rye Common
Dulwich Park
DEPTFORD
GREENWICH
Greenwich Park
Blackheath
SHOOTERS HILL ROAD
LEWISHAM
WOOLWICH
PLUMSTEAD ROAD
WOOLWICH ROAD
DOVER ROAD
ELTHAM ROAD
WELLING
SIDCUP
Crystal Palace
ANERLEY
BECKENHAM
BROMLEY
CHISLEHURST
EDGWARE ROAD
HARROW ROAD
MAIDA VALE
OXFORD ST.
BAYSWATER
HOLLAND PK.
KENNINGTON ROAD
PECKHAM ROAD
OLD KENT ROAD
JAMAICA RD.
COMMERCIAL ROAD EAST
WHITECHAPEL ROAD
BOW ROAD
BARKING ROAD
ROMFORD ROAD
LEA BRIDGE ROAD
CLAPTON ROAD
STAMFORD HILL
SEVEN SISTERS ROAD
HOLLOWAY ROAD
CALEDONIAN ROAD
CAMDEN ROAD
HAMPSTEAD ROAD
EUSTON ROAD
KINGSLAND ROAD
BLACKWALL TUNNEL
STRAND
PICCADILLY
VAUXHALL
BRIXTON ROAD
CLAPHAM ROAD
WANDSWORTH ROAD
STREATHAM HIGH ROAD
BALHAM HIGH ROAD
KINGSTON ROAD
BROMLEY ROAD
FOOTS CRAY ROAD

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED, LITH. LONDON.


A Bird's Eye VIEW of LONDON, from below the Bridge.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CITY FROM BELOW BRIDGE, ABOUT 1759.
From the Engraving by F. Patton.

Book I.—THE CITY

CHAPTER I

THE FIRST AND SECOND CATHEDRALS OF ST. PAUL

Antiquity of St. Paul's—Its Situation—The Legend of a Temple to Diana—The First Christian Church on Ludgate Hill—St. Erkenwald—William the Norman—The Cathedral destroyed by Fire—The Second Cathedral—The Bishop of London Excommunicated—Dimensions of the Cathedral—The Bell Towers—St. Gregory's and St. Faith's—The Wall and Gate-houses—Jesus Chapel—Pardon Churchyard—The Interior—A Strange Ceremony—A Marriage "at the Top of Paul's"—Destruction of the Spire—Profaned to Base Uses—The Reformers—Renovation—The End

WHAT better starting-point can we have for our pilgrimage through the City than the gusty hill-top which is crowned with London's cathedral church? The Royal Exchange, the stately structure which focusses the City's commerce? Nay: it was not till late in the sixteenth century that the capital found herself provided with a Bourse, so that, as things go in the City, "the Exchange" is a mere stripling. The Guildhall? The claims of the Guildhall are not to be dismissed so summarily. The present Hall, though it was largely rebuilt after the Great Fire and took its present form in the last century, is close upon five hundred years old, and its predecessor—which, however, did not stand on quite the same site—carries us back a further three hundred years. But London has had her cathedral church on the top of the hill named after the Lud Gate not for eight hundred years merely, but for thirteen hundred years, and from the earliest days down to the Reformation it was the true centre of the City's life.

And as St. Paul's has the strongest claims to precedence in point of antiquity, so is it incomparably the City's finest ornament, its loftiest and noblest landmark. Not happy in its immediate surroundings, it is most fortunate in its situation on an eminence which falls rapidly away to the Thames and to the old bed of the Fleet; and for miles in every direction can its lovely peristyle, its soaring dome and gleaming cross, be seen, from the Surrey hills and the northern heights, from Shooter's Hill and the slopes of Greenwich Park. It was a distant view of London's crown, seen in a tremulous atmosphere, that inspired one of the most musical of Mr. John Davidson's stanzas:—

> "Oh sweetheart, see! how shadowy,
> Of some occult magician's rearing,
> Or swung in space of heaven's grace,
> Dissolving, dimly reappearing,
> Afloat upon ethereal tides
> St. Paul's above the city rides!"

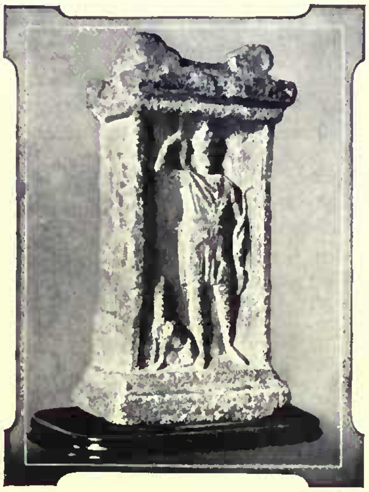
But it is not with the present St. Paul's that we are concerned in this chapter, but with the two cathedrals dedicated to the Apostle to the Gentiles that preceded it. And at the outset we have to ask whether we may believe the old tradition, which many writers on London, anxious to make a good start, have accepted without question, that this first cathedral of St. Paul was preceded by a temple to Diana, built during the Roman occupation.

A Temple to Diana?

The story rests mainly upon a report that in the reign of Edward III. a great quantity of bones of cattle and beasts of the chase, with instruments and vessels supposed to be sacrificial, were unearthed on this site. In Wren's time the tradition was defended by his friend Dr. Woodward, Pope's Martinus Scriblerus, who appealed in support of it to an image of Diana which had been found somewhere between the Deanery and Blackfriars. But Wren would have none of it. He had dug deep into the soil—had, to use his own words, "rummaged all the ground thereabouts, and being very desirous to find some footsteps of such a temple," could not "discover any."

Nor is this all. Though Wren had discovered no Roman masonry, he *had* found, many feet from the surface, that during the Roman occupation, and later, Ludgate Hill was used as a cemetery. But, as Dean Milman points out, in his "Annals of St. Paul's Cathedral," a Roman cemetery by no means implied a temple, but the contrary, for law and usage alike forbade burial within the city walls. Wren's discovery of the Roman graves must therefore have confirmed his disbelief of the legend of a heathen temple.

In the year 1830 the old myth found a new lease of life in the discovery, made in the course of excavations for the site of the Goldsmiths' Hall in Foster Lane, some two or three hundred yards from the cathedral, of a stone altar with an image of Diana, "in form and attitude closely resembling the Diana of the Louvre," says Milman. Now it may well be, as has been suggested, that this shrine was set up at or near where it was found—that is, at the point where the old British road led the hunter forth through the northern gates into the forest—and it is easy to conceive "the ancient votary of Diana to have made his oblation on going forth, or an offering of part of the spoils on returning, to the tutelary goddess of his sports." But from this to the Roman temple on the site of St. Paul's, what a jump! Had Sir Christopher Wren been living in 1830 he would, we may be sure, have been as proof against the image found in Foster Lane as he had been against the one found between the Deanery and Blackfriars. Neither of the relics was unearthed on the site of St. Paul's, and if both had been, how could they have proved a Roman temple?



THE ALTAR OF DIANA, AT GOLDSMITHS' HALL.

Milman, however, could not resist the temptation to toss a little pleasantry at the head of his "dear friend the Dean of Westminster." It so happens that this legend of a Roman temple to Diana on the site of St. Paul's has a precise analogue in the myth of a Roman temple to Apollo on the site of the Minster in the West, and the Dean of St. Paul's points out to his brother of Westminster that the latter "must produce an image of Apollo as like that of the Belvedere as this to the Diana of the Louvre before he can fairly compete with us for the antiquity of heathen worship!" How Dean Stanley must have enjoyed the sally!

So let us leave the old legend, dismissing it from our story in no spirit of churlish contempt. It has pleased many writers to record it, it has pleased many readers to believe it, as a shining mark of the triumph of their faith, and it has furnished occasion for a truly decanal jest.

The First Cathedral.

Coming to sober history, we find from the Venerable Bede that quite early in the seventh century a cathedral was built on this site by Ethelbert of Kent, attached to a monastery dedicated to St. Paul. At that time Mellitus, the companion of St. Augustine, was Bishop of London. He was not, perhaps, the first bishop who held this title, for at the Council of Arles in 314 were present three British prelates, of whom one, Restitutus—to us a name and nothing more—is styled Bishop of London. The king of the East Saxons, under Ethelbert, was that ruler's nephew, Sebert, and the sons who succeeded Sebert having relapsed into idolatry, Mellitus was banished. When he would have returned to his see he found London closed against him, and had to retire to Kent, where presently he became Archbishop of Canterbury.

St. Erkenwald.

The fourth successor of Mellitus, as Bishop of London, was St. Erkenwald, who is said to have done much to enlarge and beautify this first cathedral of St. Paul. Indirectly at any rate, if not directly, both this cathedral and its successor were much indebted to the bishop. Even during his life he "committed miracles," to use Gibbon's expression. At his death there were three sets of claimants of his mortal remains—the canons of St. Paul's, the brothers of a monastery he had founded at Chertsey, and the nuns of Barking, where, about the year 693, in a convent also founded by him and ruled by his sister, he drew his last breath. The canons of St. Paul's had the right of *force majeure*, for they were reinforced by a multitude of the citizens, and when the bier was seized and borne Londonwards the monks and nuns could only follow and tearfully appeal to Heaven for redress. It seemed as though the appeal would not be in vain. A great storm arose, and the River Lea became so swollen that it could not be forded. In this extremity the disputants were exhorted to refer the question to the decision of Heaven. No sooner had the canons begun to intone the litany than, as though to favour their pretensions, the flood abated, so that the procession was able to cross, not dryshod, it is true, but without danger or difficulty. At Stratford this interposition in their favour was confirmed by the sun bursting through the clouds, and, without further challenge, the rejoicing canons continued their journey and laid their precious freight in the bishop's own church. Small wonder that Erkenwald was in due course canonised, or that his shrine soon became an object of reverence and a copious source of revenue.

William the Norman.

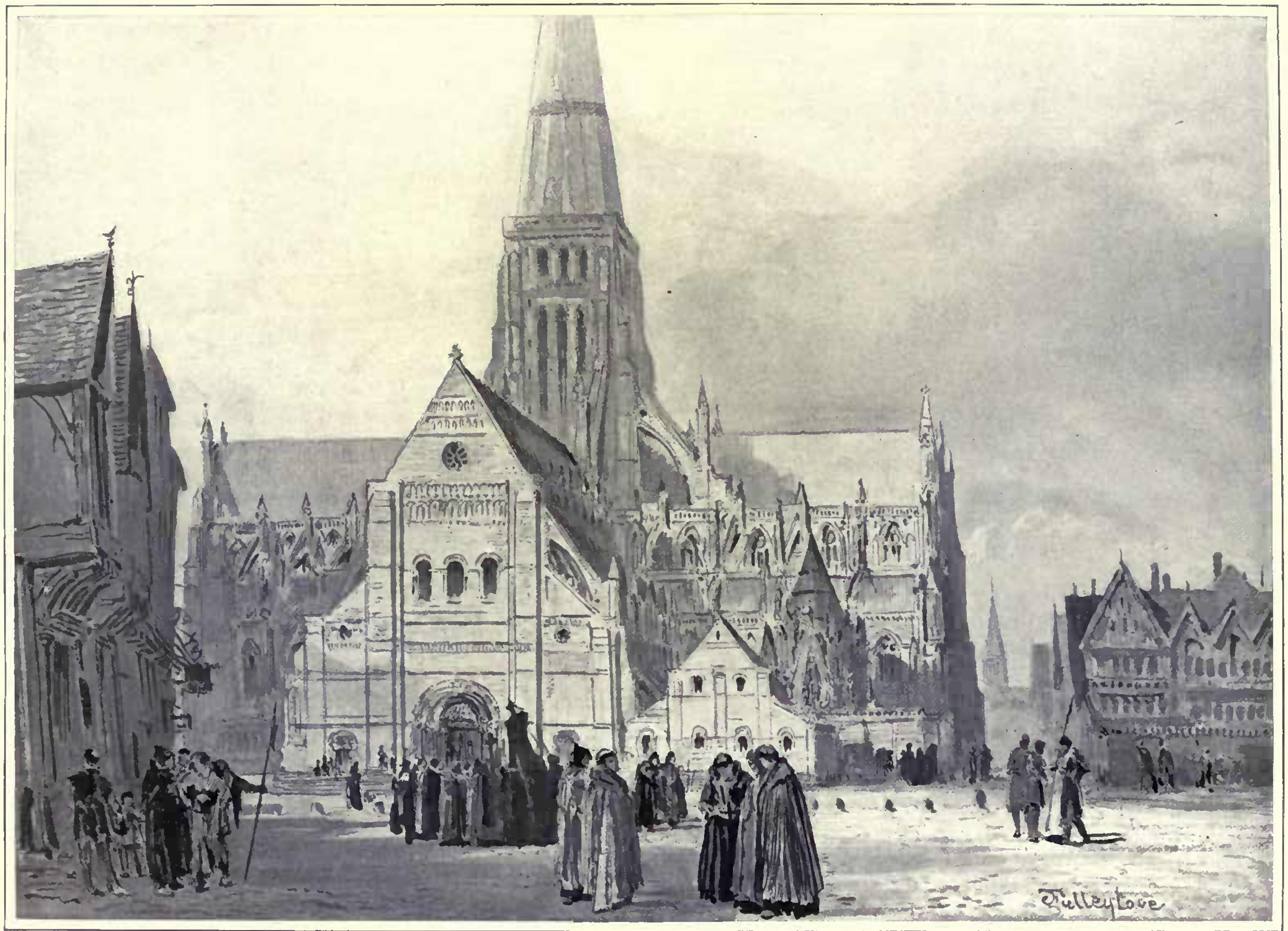
Of another Bishop of London whose chair stood in this first cathedral of St. Paul something must be said. At the Conquest the see was held not by a Saxon but by a member of the conquering race, whom we know as William the Norman, and who had been chaplain to Edward the Confessor. Like other ecclesiastics of the old *régime*, he was dispossessed and banished the country, but his piety pleaded for him, and he was allowed to return and resume his office. Between his fierce namesake on the throne and the citizens of London he played the part of mediator, and by obtaining for them a renewal of their privileges he won the gratitude of successive generations of citizens, whose wont it long was to go once a year to do homage at his tomb.

What the first St. Paul's was like we have no means of knowing; but, even after the additions and adornments of successive generations, it could have been but a comparatively small and simple structure. In the year 962 it had been greatly damaged by fire, and rather more than a hundred years later, in 1086 or 1087, it was utterly destroyed in a conflagration which ravaged the greater part of the city.

The Second Cathedral.

The building of the second St. Paul's was at once begun by Bishop Maurice, the style being, of course, the prevalent Norman. The cathedral was still unfinished when, in 1136, some fifty years after it was begun, it was assailed by the same ruthless enemy that had made an end of the first St. Paul's. When the scathe had been repaired, William of Malmesbury, who, no doubt, was acquainted with the glorious cathedrals at Rouen and Caen, was moved to write of it that "such is the stateliness of its beauty that it is worthy of being numbered amongst the most famous of buildings."

At this time, however, Old St. Paul's, as we call it, had much less than the magnificence to


Fulleylove

OLD ST. PAUL'S, ABOUT 1540.

which it ultimately attained. It had not long been finished when the admiration to which William of Malmesbury gave expression was turned into dissatisfaction. First, the tower was carried up into a lofty spire of timber covered with lead, which was completed in 1221, and then the short apsidal choir was prolonged until, like the nave, it consisted of twelve bays, the arches not round, however, like those of the nave, but pointed. Not until some 220 years after Bishop Maurice had made a beginning with it was the mighty work consummated.

The Bishop Excommunicated.

Long before this, in the year 1169, St. Paul's witnessed one of the most dramatic incidents ever enacted within its walls, when the Bishop of London was excommunicated in his own cathedral. Archbishop Becket, in his struggle with Henry II., had fled to the Continent, and in his absence the administration of the diocese of Canterbury devolved upon Foliot, Bishop of London, whose sympathies were strongly with the king. On Ascension Day in the year named, while Vitalis the priest was saying mass, a stranger, who turned out to be a young Frenchman of the name of Berengar, marched up to the altar and presented a paper. Thinking it was an offering, the priest took it. Then the stranger demanded that it should be read before mass was proceeded with, and no sooner had he opened the document than the daring Frenchman in a loud voice proclaimed: "Know all men that Gilbert, Bishop of London, is excommunicated by Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury!"

The consternation caused by this unexpected interruption quickly gave place to anger, and Becket's emissary narrowly escaped with a whole skin. Foliot, who was not present at the service, for a time defied the interdict, which was certainly irregular enough, and lacking in the very elements of justice, since he had been condemned without citation and without hearing; but afterwards he abstained from entering his church. Presently the excommunication was withdrawn by the Pope; but soon afterwards Foliot was again excommunicated for having with the Archbishop of York and other prelates crowned the king's son. It was the bishop's complaint of this fresh act of hostility that provoked the king to the outburst which prompted the murder of Becket by the graceless four; and when Henry did penance at Canterbury it was Foliot who preached the sermon. One would like to know whether he dealt with the king more gently than did the monks who administered the flagellation in the crypt below.

Dimensions.

Old St. Paul's was much the largest cathedral in England. The spire, far loftier than that of Salisbury, was probably 150 feet nearer the heavens than the golden cross of its successor. Its astonishing height, given by some authorities as 520 feet from the pavement, was proverbial, and the late Dr. Sparrow Simpson, in his "Chapters on the History of Old St. Paul's," quotes from Lodge's "Wounds of Civil War" an allusion, put into the mouth of a clown, to "Paul's steeple of honour," meaning the highest point that could be attained.

The Bell Towers.

At the west end of the cathedral were two bell-towers, additions, probably, to the original scheme, and probably, too, detached from the building. The one on the south side is the true Lollards' tower, and not that tower of Lambeth Palace which, from no sins of its own, has had to bear the name. This "Lowlardes' Tower," says Stow, "has been used as the bishop's prison, for such as were detected for opinions in religion contrary to the faith of the church." It seems indeed that the north tower also was used as a prison, for John Philpot, one of Bishop Bonner's victims, graphically describes his incarceration in it. He reaches his quarters through many narrow passages, and comforts himself with the thought of the strait gate and the narrow path. He finds himself in a room thirteen feet by eight, as high almost as the battlements of the cathedral, "having a window opening towards the east, by the which I may look over the tops of a great many houses, but see no man passing into them."

One curious feature of Old St. Paul's was that at its south-western angle, stuck on to the south-west tower and the western bays of the south aisle, was the little parish church of St. Gregory, originally, no doubt, Norman, but presently rebuilt in a later style. Another parish church, that of St. Faith, was in the cathedral itself, in the crypt beneath the choir. Hence the description of St. Paul's which we owe to that master of homely wit, Thomas Fuller, that she was truly "the mother-church, having one babe in her body—St. Faith's—and another in her arms—St. Gregory's." St. Faith's, however, was not always within the cathedral. Originally it stood at the eastern end of St. Paul's, and it had to be sacrificed when the choir was extended. To compensate the parishioners of St. Faith's, so much of the crypt as supported the extension of the choir was awarded to them, and this arrangement remained in force until the Great Fire. After that event the parish was attached to the church of St. Augustine-at-the-Gate, as it is to this day.

St. Faith's.

In the walls of the cathedral close were six gate-houses. The principal one opened upon Ludgate Hill, a second one was at St. Paul's Alley in Paternoster Row, a third at Canon Alley, the fourth gave entrance from Cheapside, of the fifth (St. Augustine's) we are reminded to this day by the church of that name, the sixth was over against the south porch. The wall was not finished till about the end of the thirteenth century, for at that time Edward I. issued a patent authorising the Dean and Canons to complete the cincture, and to close the gates and posterns at night, so as to shut out the bad characters whose evil deeds had scandalised the public conscience.

The Gate-houses.

Of Paul's Cross, the most famous feature of the Churchyard, something is said in a later chapter; but of the numerous chapels within the precincts two must be mentioned here. One, Jesus Chapel, was originally attached to the first St. Faith's Church, and it shared both St. Faith's fate and its compensation. Another of the chapels, in the part of the precincts known as Pardon Churchyard, on the north side of the cathedral, came to its end in the same age. Built by Thomas Becket's father, Gilbert, portreeve in the reign of King Stephen, it was presently rebuilt. The cloister which surrounded Pardon Churchyard was, to use Dugdale's expression, "artificially [artistically] and richly" painted, at the charges of John Carpenter, Town Clerk, with the famous series of pictures known as "The Dance of Death," showing a grisly skeleton conducting to the shades all sorts of unrejoicing mortals, from potentates and ecclesiastics to those of common degree. In 1549 the Protector Somerset made a clean sweep of everything, chapel, cloister, tombs, and monuments, in order to provide materials for the construction of his palace in the Strand; and it is said that more than a thousand cart-loads of bones were removed to Finsbury Fields.

Pardon Churchyard.

As to the interior of St. Paul's, Hollar's engravings, and other sources of information, leave us in no doubt that with its dwindling vista of lofty vaulting, its massive pillars, its wealth of stained glass, its richly embellished altars and shrines, its monuments and chantries, it presented a scene of quite exceptional magnificence and impressiveness. The nave, as we remember, was Norman, the choir was a lovely example of the Decorated, with a glorious rose window—no common feature in our English cathedrals—in the east wall. To reach the choir, raised upon the crypt, a flight of twelve steps had to be ascended; and its roof was slightly higher than that of the nave.

The Interior.

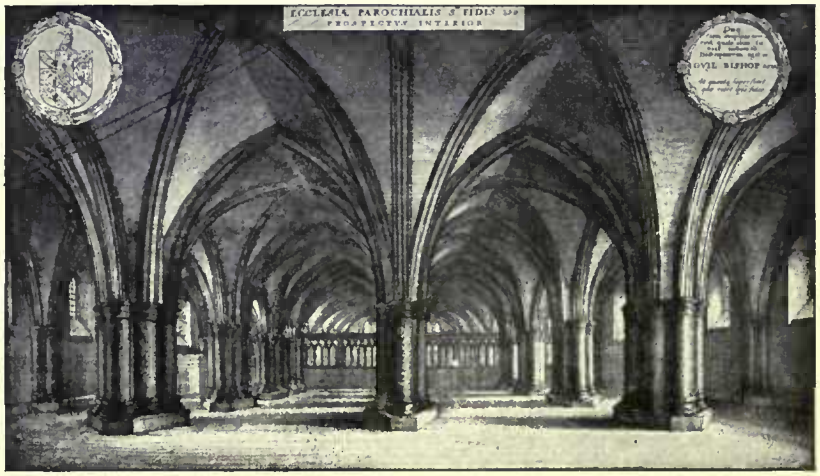
In the roof of the nave was a large aperture through which, on Whit Sunday, a white pigeon flew into the church to typify the descent of the Holy Ghost. Following the bird came a long silver censer which—in the words of Lambarde, who was present as a child one Whitsuntide, about the middle of the sixteenth century—descended almost to the ground, and "was swung up and down to such a length that it reached at one sweep almost to the west gate of the church, and with the other to the choir stairs of the same, breathing out over the whole church and company a most pleasant perfume of such sweet things as burned therein." The censer is described as being of solid silver, "with many windows and battlements."

A Curious Ceremony.

A massive censer swung from one end of the nave to the other! By what means could this extraordinary ceremony have been performed? It is as curious in its way as another circumstance brought to light by the same student of old St. Paul's, Dr. Sparrow Simpson. In his "St. Paul's and Old City Life" he quotes a letter, preserved in the Record Office, written in 1630 by a Sir Thomas Gardiner, presumably father of the Recorder

A Marriage at the Top of Paul's.

of this name, to Charles I., to excuse himself from appearing before the Council. Mentioning his youngest daughter, whom the king had once seen at his house, he relates how, without his consent or knowledge, she had "mounted up to the top of Paul's, the nearer to heaven, for to show God there how wise she was in her actions, and there she was married unto Sir Henry Mainwaring." He adds that she was "not there taken up into heaven," as he clearly considered she had deserved to be, but "came down again upon earth, here further to trouble me before I die." Dr. Simpson, naturally enough, was puzzled. The context forbids one to suppose that by "the top of Paul's" this father with a grievance meant the upper end of the choir. How, Simpson asks, could a couple be married at the top of old St Paul's, and where could they find a priest who would officiate? He drops the problem as insoluble. May not the explanation be that the writer of the letter was out of his wits, and that his letter was preserved through inadvertence, or as an epistolary curiosity?



ST. FAITH'S CHURCH, IN THE CRYPT OF OLD ST. PAUL'S.

From Hollar's Engraving (1651).

Assailed by Fire.

We have already seen how repeatedly St. Paul's was assailed by fire. Its custodians were particularly apprehensive that the glorious spire might be struck by lightning, and so fall a prey to the flames. Though of lightning conductors they knew nothing, they adopted other measures which no doubt, in their estimation, rendered any merely natural precautions superfluous. In the huge bowl on which the cross at the summit rested—Dugdale terms it a "pommel," and says it was large enough to contain ten bushels of corn—they deposited many precious relics, among the rest a piece of the True Cross. Their faith, alas, was little justified by the result, for twice the spire was assailed with fire from heaven itself. The first time was in 1444, when it was so seriously damaged that its restoration occupied eighteen years. The second occasion was in 1561, when, in a terrific storm that burst over London, the lightning was seen to flash into an aperture in the steeple of the cathedral. "The fire," says Milman, "burned downwards for four hours with irresistible force, the bells melted, the timber blazed, the stones crumbled and fell. The lead flowed down in sheets of flame, threatening, but happily not damaging, the organ. The fire ran along the roof, east, west, north, and south, which fell in, filling the whole church with a mass of ruin."

This was the beginning of the end of old St. Paul's. Queen Elizabeth, it is true, immediately set her subjects a good example by giving a thousand marks in gold out of her own purse towards the cost of repairing the ravages of the fire, and the Dean and Chapter, the citizens and others, made liberal contributions. The stone vaulting was repaired, and the outer roof, of timber covered with lead, was renewed; but the cloud-piercing spire was never rebuilt.

Profanation.

For many years before this, at least as early as the end of the fourteenth century, the cathedral had been degraded to base uses. The desecration seems to have been begun by the transepts, each of which had a grand entrance, being converted into a thoroughfare, as a short cut from one side of the churchyard to the other. Those who carried burdens would put them down to rest in the cool of the cathedral ; and from this to the displaying of goods for sale, the transition was only too easy. At last, when the old reverences had lost their hold upon the mind of the populace, the walls were profaned with advertisements, buying and selling were openly carried on, and St. Paul's became a market place, and worse —a "den of thieves," and a haunt for the wantons of the streets. One favourite lounging-place for gossips was the tomb, at the north-east end of the nave, which had come to be known as that of the good Duke Humphrey, but which was really that of a Sir John Beauchamp, the popular Duke of Gloucester having been buried in St. Albans Abbey ; and the impecunious who lingered here when more fortunate idlers had gone to their dinner were said "to dine with Duke Humphrey."

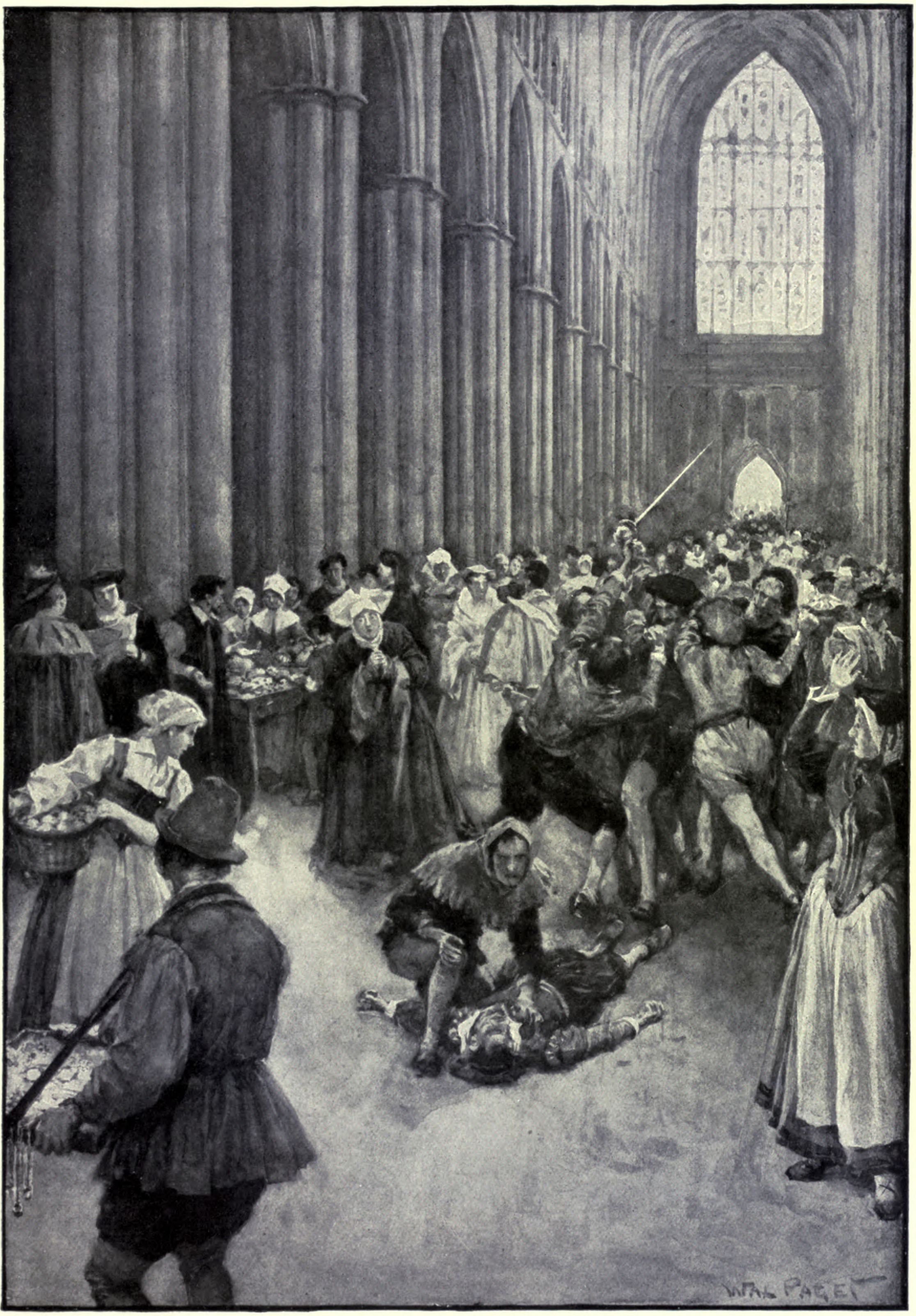
Again and again proclamations against brawling and the like in Paul's Walk, as the glorious nave came to be called, were issued, but they seem not to have been enforced, and St. Paul's continued to present a daily spectacle of flaunting vice and blatant vulgarity which could only be bettered at St. Bartholomew's Fair. The advertisements for things wanted were posted on a certain door, which on that account was known as the *Si quis* door ; and it is curious to find that among the most frequent of the announcements displayed here were those of parsons hungering after fat livings. Another learned profession, too, the law, turned the sacred building to its own account. St. Paul's was a regular meeting-place for the lawyer and his client, who would carry on their conference at one or other of the pillars. How it was that the custodians of the cathedral allowed it to be debased to such uses, who shall explain ? But surely there must have been many pious souls, both those who held to the old doctrines and those who leaned to the new, who viewed the desecration with pain and shame, and longed for the advent of a prophet with a whip of small cords—who never came.

The Reformers.

In due time the Reformers took up the work of destruction so well begun by the spire when it crashed through the roofs of the church. When the Great Rood, with its images of the Virgin and St. John, was taken down, it fell a little too soon and killed one of the workmen, an accident which was, of course, a convincing proof of the Divine displeasure. But the iconoclasts prosecuted their task undismayed. Altars and tombs were demolished, jewels, vestments, and other contents of the treasury were sold, and much gold and silver embroidery found its way to Spanish cathedrals. In Mary's reign the Great Rood was restored to its pride of place by Bonner on his release from prison ; but when Elizabeth came to the throne it was once more, and finally, taken down, and yet again was St. Paul's purged of relics and symbols.

One very ancient custom that came to an end at the Reformation was that of the visit paid by the Lord Mayor and Corporation to the tomb of old Bishop William, the Norman prelate who interceded for the City with the Conqueror. On the day of his inauguration the Mayor, with the Aldermen, all of them in their scarlet robes, would go forth to the church of St. Thomas Acon, whence they would make their way to St. Paul's and say a De Profundis at the good Bishop's tomb, and then proceed to the churchyard, where was buried Gilbert Becket, the father of St. Thomas. When the Reformation came in, this visit to Bishop William's tomb was abandoned, as savouring of superstition. This, by the way, was but one of several occasions on which the City dignitaries attended service at St. Paul's in state, the most splendid of the annual ceremonies being that of Whit Sunday, when the long procession, consisting of the Lord Mayor, the Recorder, the aldermen, the liverymen, the sheriffs, and the great City Companies, with the rectors of London parishes at its head, having been formed at St. Peter's, Cornhill, marched along Cheapside to the north-east corner of the Churchyard. Met at this point by the cathedral clergy, it made its way round the south side of the Churchyard to the great west door, where "Veni Creator" was sung antiphonally, the Mayor and Aldermen then advancing to the high altar to make their offering. At this service it was that the white pigeon descended from the roof, and that the silver censer was swung from end to end of the nave.

After the fall of the spire, Queen Elizabeth, as we have seen, placed herself at the head of the renovation movement. James I. made an

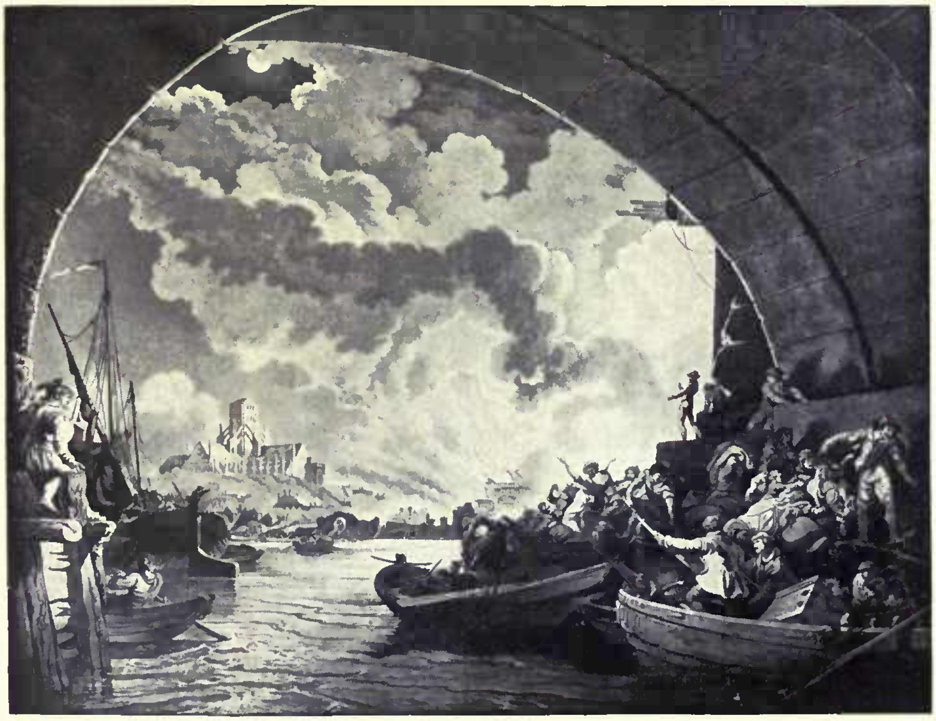


BRAWLING AND TRAFFICKING IN "PAUL'S" IN TUDOR TIMES.

effort to stimulate it, and Inigo Jones added to the west end a lovely but incongruous Renascence portico. He appears, also, to have patched up the walls, and was prepared to do a great deal that was extremely undesirable in the way of "restoring" the cathedral. But James's son and successor provided the nation with more urgent business than the restoration of cathedrals, and, happily, Wren's great predecessor was denied the opportunity of wasting his genius upon so unfitting a task. When the Puritans gained the upper hand there was no place in the nation's economy for St. Paul's. To pull it down would have been too difficult and too costly, but very thoroughly was it neglected, and hideously was it misused. In the beautiful new portico mean shops were installed, and the body of the church was turned into barracks for Parliamentary troopers.

Renovation.

At the Restoration one of the first things Charles II. did was to appoint a commission for the renovation of the cathedral, now little better than a dismal ruin. Inigo Jones, who had suffered for his devotion to the Royalist cause, had died in poverty and obscurity, and the brilliant young man who was known among men as Dr. Christopher Wren was called in to give advice. In 1666 he drew up a report in which he proposed to add to the cathedral features "after a good Roman manner," with a spacious dome and lantern to take the place of the old steeple. Fortune was too kind to permit of this misdirection of his genius, and a few days after the plans were accepted there broke out the Great Fire, which reduced their value to that of waste paper.



THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON, SHOWING OLD ST. PAUL'S IN THE DISTANCE.
After the Picture by P. de Loutherbourg, R.A.

CHAPTER II

THE BUILDER AND THE BUILDING OF THE THIRD ST. PAUL'S

A One-man Cathedral—Christopher Wren—His Successive Designs—Clearing the Ground—The Building Begun—The Story of William Wood the Carver—Wren's Enemies and their Petty Spite—His Glory

IN the present cathedral of St. Paul we have a fabric which, unlike almost any other that has come down to us from a more or less remote past, is the work of one man. The more ancient cathedrals are, for the most part, not associated predominantly with any one name. They were the growth of many decades, and their progress can be traced in the styles which were successively evolved as they slowly rose to their full stature. St. Paul's was not a growth, but a creation. It was not merely conceived in the brain of one man, but was reared, from base to lantern, under his personal supervision. No one has ever claimed to share his glory. Help he must, of course, have had, but it was a help limited to details, and as he gazed upon the completed structure he might have said, had he not been one of the most modest of men, " Alone I did it."

Sir Christopher.

Sir Christopher Wren was the Admirable Crichton of his age. To find a parallel to him in versatility we must go back to the great artists of the Renascence. Like them, he was no mere specialist. It was not till he was turned thirty that he began to apply himself mainly to architecture, and then, as Dean Milman says, he " suddenly breaks out, as it were, a consummate architect." From his achievements in other fields, it cannot be doubted that, had he not made Architecture his mistress, he would still have become famous as one of the half-dozen greatest Englishmen of that age. Born at East Knoyle, Wiltshire, on the 20th of October, 1632, he was at first educated at home, being a delicate child. At thirteen he entered Westminster School, then under the famous Dr. Busby. As a boy of fourteen, having already shown a brilliant faculty for mathematics, as well as for mechanical invention, he was admitted a gentleman commoner at Wadham College, Oxford. He graduated at the age of eighteen, at twenty-one was elected to a Fellowship of All Souls, and in 1657 was chosen Professor of Astronomy at Gresham College, London. In 1662, when he was just thirty, we find Isaac Barrow, on becoming Professor of Geometry at Gresham College, declaring him to be " one of whom it is doubtful whether he is most to be commended for the divine felicity of his genius, or for the sweet humanity of his disposition—formerly, as a boy, a prodigy ; now, as a man, a miracle, nay, even something superhuman." And Sir Isaac Newton, in the " Principia," refers to Wren and two others as " beyond comparison the leading geometers of this age." For him is claimed the credit of no less than fifty-two scientific inventions and discoveries, some of them of no small importance.

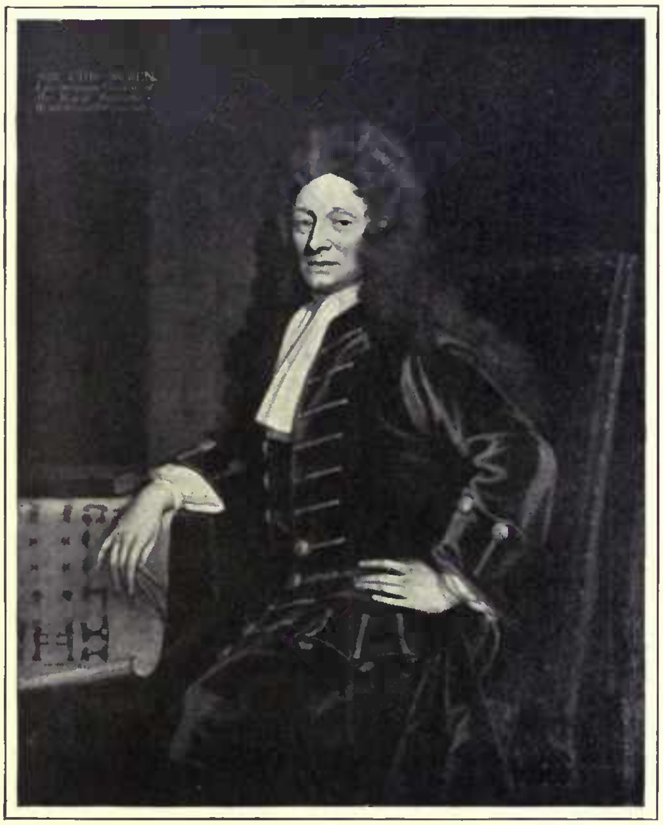
Having held his chair at Gresham College for three years, Wren resigned it and became Savilian Professor of Astronomy. A few months after this he was invited by Charles II. to become assistant to Sir John Denham, who with no qualifications for the post had been fortunate enough to get himself appointed Surveyor General of Public Works. The offer was accepted, and in 1669, at Denham's death, Wren was appointed Surveyor General himself.

The First Design.

From the first Wren was opposed to any attempt at patching up the old cathedral. His first design for a new church was in the form of a Greek cross. In this, to quote his own words, he sought to gratify " the taste of the Conoisseurs and Critics with something coloss and beautiful, conformable to the best stile of the Greek and Roman architecture," and in 1673 the King gave orders for this design to be carried out. A model of it was made which may now be seen in the Cathedral. The work of clearing the ground was begun, but while it was in progress the clergy agitated against the design because it was a departure from the usual cathedral type, the choir being circular, and there being neither nave nor aisles. Wren tried to pacify his critics by adding a second and smaller dome to the west of the other (*see* p. 37), but they were not to be appeased by any such modification, and he had to try his hand again. Several designs appear to have quickly sprung from his fertile brain, and by royal warrant dated May 14th, 1675, one of these, described as "very artificial [artistic], proper, and useful," was accepted.

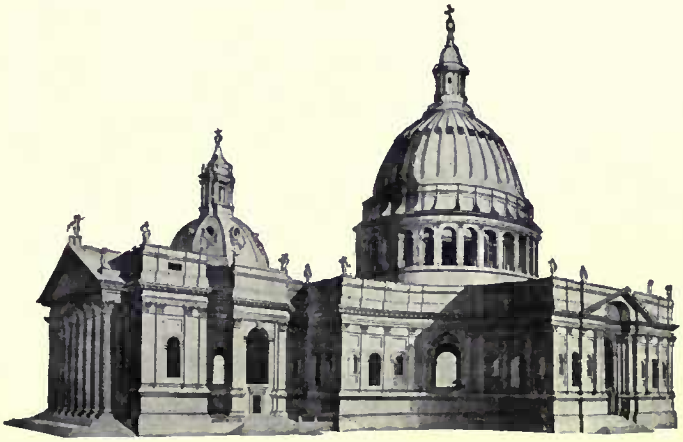
In the first design the dome was of about the same diameter as the present one, but it was not so lofty, and the lantern was less elaborate and less beautiful. The exterior of the church conformed to the Corinthian order, and was not in two storeys, like the existing cathedral, but consisted of one only, with an attic above. Wren appears to have considered that his first thoughts were best. That they were better than his final thoughts, embodied in the church as actually built, is a question about which good judges may differ. But that what we may call his second thoughts, represented by the design authorised by the warrant of May, 1675, were vastly inferior to his first, no one is likely to doubt. It is, in fact, utterly unworthy of him, and the probability is that the current of his genius was at this time turned awry by disappointment and disgust at the rejection of his favourite design. The western façade is tame and commonplace, and the imposition of a spire upon a small dome conveys an impression of mere lankiness. Happily the King had expressly given Wren the right to make alterations, and though it was stipulated that these were to be "rather ornamental than essential," he appears to have left his surveyor free to interpret this permission as he pleased. About Wren's interpretation there was certainly nothing pedantic. He ceased to make his plans and drawings public, and went his own way; and the result is a building which differs hardly less from the

The Second.



THE BUILDER OF ST. PAUL'S.
From the Painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller in the National Portrait Gallery.

authorised design, except in ground plan, than from the design of which the clerical party procured the rejection. The spire, rising in graduated stages from a small dome, not unlike the spire of St. Bride's, was soon abandoned, and the idea of *general* height adopted in its place.


WREN'S FIRST DESIGN AS AMENDED (*p.* 36).
From Schynvoet's Print, 1726.

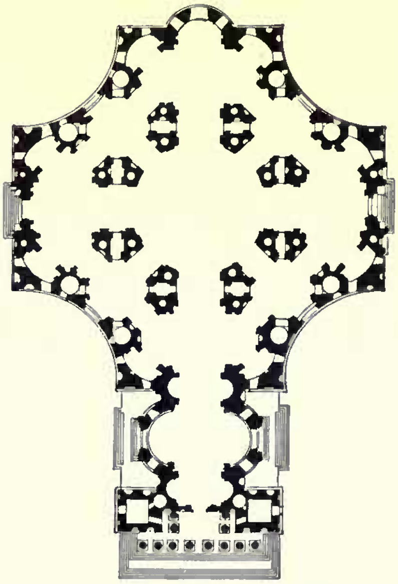
It was on May Day, in the year 1674, that Wren began to clear the ground. To demolish the walls, which were still standing to a height of eighty feet, was no easy task, so massive were they. Still more difficult was it to deal with the great central tower, which reached a height of about two hundred feet. Wren determined to blow this up with gunpowder, and his scientific knowledge enabled him to calculate to a nicety the force required. Exploding a charge of eighteen pounds level with the foundation at the centre of the north-west pillar, he brought down not only the tower itself with two great arches that rested upon it, but also two adjoining arches, the whole suddenly "jumping down without scattering." In his absence his second in command conducted a similar operation, but without the same nice calculation of forces, the result being that there was a terrific explosion which sent a stone flying across the churchyard and through an open window into a room where some women were sitting at work; and though no one was injured there was naturally a great outcry, and the use of gunpowder had to be abandoned in favour of the battering-ram.

The Work of Clearance.

Reference to the plans figured on page 40 will show at a glance that the new cathedral is considerably shorter than was old St. Paul's, though both nave and choir are broader. Nor is the direction of the two buildings quite the same, for the long axis of Wren's church inclines seven degrees more to the north. Wren, of course, was most desirous that his church should exactly face Ludgate, which old St. Paul's had failed to do, but the commissioners for rebuilding the City had staked out the streets before any decision had been come to about St. Paul's, and as soon as Parliament had confirmed their report the owners of the ground so marked out began to build, and in a short time, says the "Parentalia," had made such "incredible progress" as to render hopeless any effort to stop them.

The first stone of the new building was laid at the north-east corner of the choir by Strong, the master mason, on the 21st of June, 1675, some fourteen months after Wren had begun to clear the ground. The King placed the quarries in the Isle of Portland exclusively at the architect's disposition. In 1688, thirteen years after the first stone was laid, the choir was ready for roofing,

The Building Begun.


PLAN OF WREN'S FIRST DESIGN.

but nine years more were to pass before it could be opened for Divine Service. The actual date was the 2nd of December, 1697, and the service, attended by the Corporation in state, but not by King William, who was kept away by the fear that his procession would draw the whole population into the streets, so that the parish churches would be empty, was not only a consecration service of the new building, but a thanksgiving for the Peace of Ryswick. A special form of dedicatory prayer was introduced into the Communion office, and Bishop Compton preached from the words, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

Wren's Craftsmen.

Wren had been singularly fortunate in some of the craftsmen whose services were at his command for the stone and wood and iron work of the cathedral. One of these was Jean Tijou, who hammered into things of beauty the gates which now separate the choir from its aisles. Another was Grinling Gibbons, who lavished upon stalls and organ front, and other fittings, as well as upon the capitals of some of the piers, his inimitable skill as a carver.

How yet another artist in wood fell under Wren's notice is told by Miss Phillimore in her Life of the architect. A clever young carver had come to London from Sudbury in Suffolk in the hope of making enough money to marry his sweetheart. For a long time he could get no work, and at last he bethought him to see if they would take him on at St. Paul's. So he applied to one of the foremen, who contemptuously told him that they wanted no "carpenters" there. He continued, however, to haunt the cathedral, and one day Wren's quick eye fell upon him, and, finding out what it was that he wanted, he asked him what he could carve. The youth was so overwhelmed at finding himself in conversation with the great architect that he could only stammer out, "I have been used to carve troughs!" "Troughs!" was the rather derisive reply, "then carve me a sow and pigs and bring it to me this day week!"

At first young Wood was all for going back home in despair, for he feared he was being made mock of. But the woman whom he was lodging with advised him to take the great man at his word, and spending his last guinea in buying a large block of pear-wood, he set to work. Strenuously and patiently he carved and carved, and by the appointed day, having finished his task, he presented himself, carrying his handiwork under his craftsman's apron. Wren looked at the piece and engaged the young man on the spot; and a few minutes later he handed the astonished youth ten golden guineas, at which price a friend of his had bought the group, adding for his own part an apology for having been unduly sceptical of the artist's talent. For seven years Wood plied his craft in the cathedral, and it is pleasant to know that he made enough money to secure the desire of his heart.

Nine years after the opening of the choir, that is in 1708, the time had come to determine what material should be employed for covering the dome. Copper was at first decided upon, but this would have cost some £500 more than lead, and therefore the duller metal was substituted. Two years later, the architect being now in his seventy-eighth year, his son laid the top stone of the lantern that surmounts the dome, his father looking on, and so structurally the great architect saw the completion of his task.

His Enemies.

But Wren had outlived his influential friends in authority, and in 1696–7, some years before the date we have now reached, his enemies succeeded in introducing into an Act for completing and adorning the cathedral a clause keeping back half his modest salary of £200 a year until the church should be finished; "thereby," to quote the delightful reason assigned, "the better to encourage him to finish the same with the utmost diligence."* The commissioners who engineered this petty restriction had got the notion into their foolish heads that Wren was delaying progress in order that his salary might run on as long as possible! Wren protested against this insulting treatment again and again, but it was not until 1711 that the embargo was removed and the arrears were paid. 'Tis a pity the Duchess of Marlborough had no opportunity of bringing the commissioners to a more rational view of Wren's emoluments. In her quarrels with Vanbrugh over the building of Blenheim, she rates that architect

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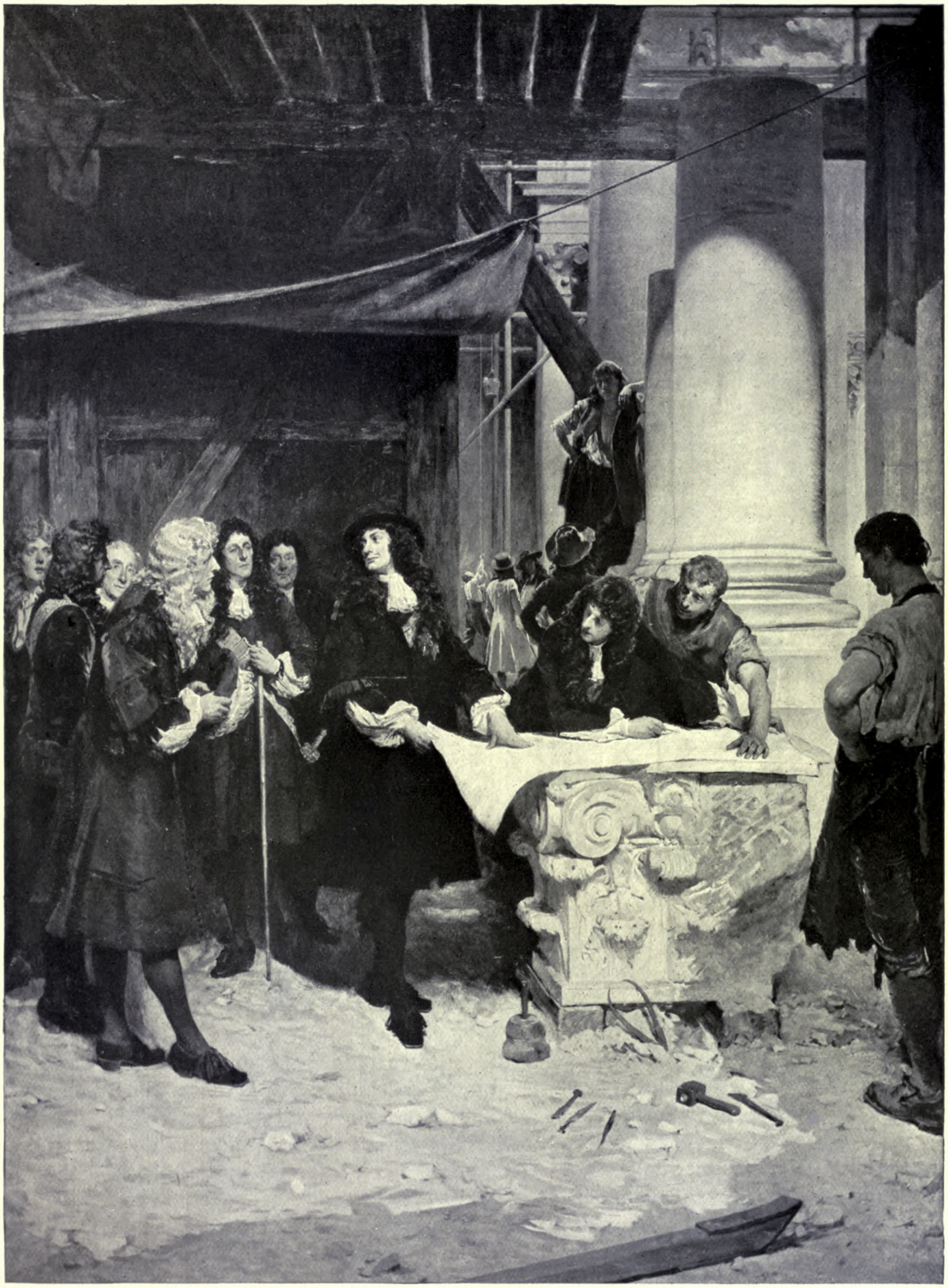
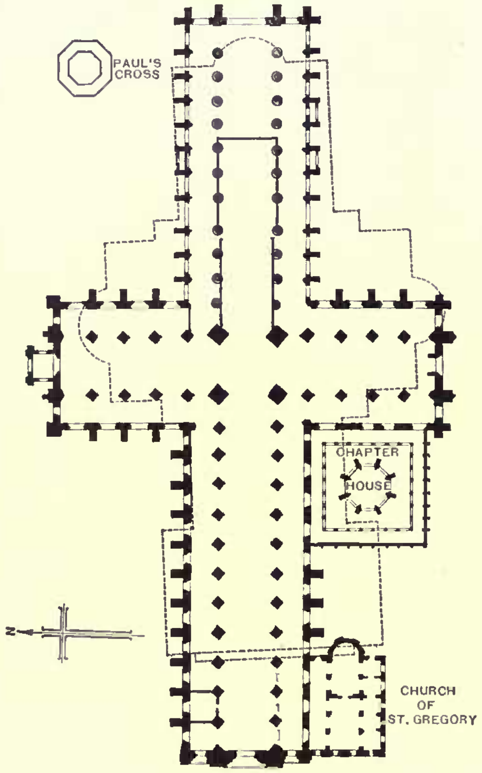
* Thus by more than half a century was Voltaire's famous witticism *à propos* of the execution of Admiral Byng anticipated.



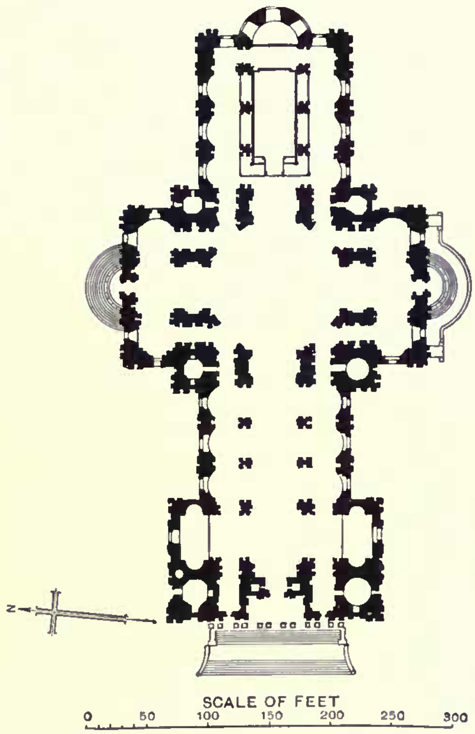
CHARLES II. VISITING WREN DURING THE BUILDING OF ST. PAUL'S.

From the Picture by Seymour Lucas, R.A., in the possession of Mrs. W. G. King, Billingshurst, Sussex.

for asking £300 a year for himself, besides a salary for his clerk, when it was well known "that Sir Christopher Wren was content to be dragged up in a basket three or four times a week to the top of St. Paul's, and at great hazard, for £200 a year."



PLAN OF OLD ST. PAUL'S, WITH DOTTED LINES SHOWING THE EXACT SITE AND RELATIVE ALIGNMENT OF THE PRESENT CATHEDRAL.



PLAN OF THE PRESENT ST. PAUL'S, DRAWN TO THE SAME SCALE AS THAT OF THE OLD CATHEDRAL.

Trouble with the Commissioners.

There were differences between Wren and the commissioners, too, on artistic grounds. He wished the cathedral to be enclosed by a low railing of wrought iron, that there might be nothing to interrupt the view of the great west front; they insisted upon cooping it up in a high fence of cast iron. His intention was that the surface of the inner dome—let us call it the cupola, to distinguish it from the exterior dome—should be adorned with mosaics, like the cupola of St. Peter's, and with this intent he wished to bring over four artists in mosaic work from Italy, the art being little understood in this country. Here again he was overruled, the work was taken out of his hands, and Thornhill was commissioned to paint the cupola in monochrome. Thus, as Milman says, the cupola, which ought to have "melted upwards into light," is brought down by dark and heavy figures."

Yet another dispute between Wren and the commissioners has to do with the balustrade which runs along the side walls of the building. He had intended that the entablature should have simply a plinth, relieved only by an ornament above each pilaster, and when peremptorily informed that a balustrade would be set up unless he declared in writing that such an addition would be contrary to the principles of architecture, he could not repress his contempt. "I take leave," he wrote to the commissioners, "first to declare I never designed a balustrade. Persons of little skill in architecture did expect, I believe, to see something they had been used to in Gothic structures, *and ladies think nothing well without an edging*." He then gave his reason for objecting to the balustrade, but on this point also he was overruled. Long familiarity has perhaps induced a feeling of toleration of this feature of the exterior, but who that sees a portion of the entablature figured with and without it, as in Longman's "History of the Three Cathedrals dedicated to St. Paul," can fail to see that the effect of it is to detract from the dignity and repose of the fabric?

But the worst part of the dismal tale has yet to be told. In 1718, a year after the dispute about the balustrade, Wren's foes succeeded in getting the great architect cashiered. George I. seems to have been ready enough to eject from the office of Surveyor of Public Works the man who may almost be said to have rebuilt his capital.* Thus, dismissed at the age of eighty-five, having held his office for forty-eight years, Wren soon retired with undisturbed serenity to Hampton Court, and gave himself up wholly to the study of philosophy and the sacred writings.

One thing neither his enemies nor the King who became their tool could do: they could not rob him of the glory of his great work. Once a year, now a feeble old man, but with a mind undimmed and a temper unsoured, he came to London and was carried beneath his majestic dome, that he might look once again upon the greatest of his works. He survived to enter his ninety-first birthday, passing away in his sleep on the 25th of February, 1723, and upon his tomb in the crypt was inscribed the noble epitaph, composed by his son, "*Lector, si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*" Some of the nation's greatest men, as we shall see, were afterwards laid to rest beneath the ponderous arches that uphold his mighty fabric; but it is Wren's shade that dominates the scene, and when we speak of the crypt of St. Paul's it is of the plain slab that covers his ashes, and not of the kingly sepulchre of a Wellington or of a Nelson, that the lover of London first thinks.

Wren's Glory.

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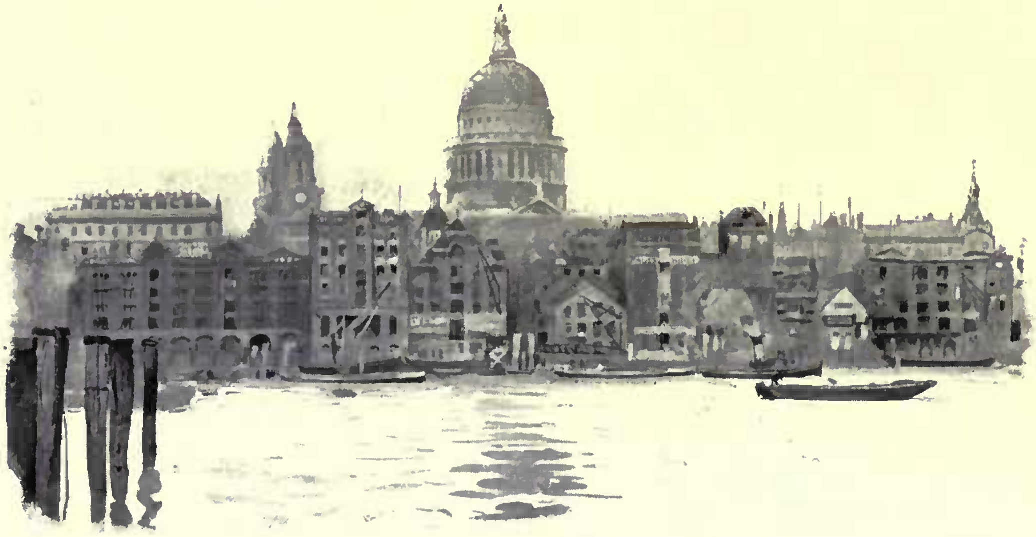
* In London alone, not to speak of private houses, Wren built or rebuilt upwards of fifty parish churches, and thirty-six halls of City Companies, besides the Customs House and the Monument.



ST. PAUL'S, FROM THE SOUTH.

St. Paul's Cathedral is insured for £300,000.

About 50 workmen are permanently employed in keeping St. Paul's Cathedral in repair.

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CHAPTER III

ST. PAUL'S—DESCRIPTIVE

The Domes and the Lantern—The Walls—The West Front—The Porticoes of the Transepts—The Bell Towers—The Railings—The Interior—Mosaics—The Reredos—The Organ—Monuments—The Crypt—The Ascent to the Golden Ball—The Future—Ceremonies

The Domes.

IT has already been hinted that the external dome and the internal dome or cupola of the cathedral are not one structure, as one might assume them to be, but two. Expected to provide an external dome of greater height than was consistent with a graceful interior, Wren, having built his cupola, or internal dome, constructed a strong cone of brick to support the stone lantern and its ornaments, masking this with another dome of timber and lead, which is supported by a network of wooden beams built up between it and the cone. Seen from the ground, the lantern looks light enough, but it is really a structure of enormous weight, computed at seven hundred tons. To say that it is 85 feet high and 21 feet in diameter may convey no real sense of its dimensions, but the mind can easily grasp them when it is pointed out that if it were placed on the floor of the church it would nearly reach the ceiling of the nave. It will be seen, therefore, that Wren had a problem of exceptional difficulty to solve. To give to his exterior the loftiness required of it, he had not merely to construct a double dome, but to find means of supporting a lantern heavier than the inner dome could sustain.

First, then, as a glance at the section on page 43 will show, there is at St. Paul's the cupola, which one sees from the interior, composed of brick, plastered inside to receive the painting, and banded together with iron. Outside this, and covering the whole of it, is a strong cone of brick 18 inches thick springing from the main walls and great arches of the cathedral, and bearing upon its apex the lantern. Built up on this cone is the network of beams which supports the much larger dome, of timber covered with lead, which one sees from the outside.

Fergusson, a very critical authority, though he considered the dome too high for its width, pronounced the introduction of a cone to support the lantern a master-stroke of mechanical skill. And who is there to dissent from the praise he gives to the peristyle—the lovely colonnade of two and thirty Corinthian columns that surrounds the base of the outer dome? Every fourth inter-columnar space is filled with masonry, which masks the buttresses that absorb the thrust of the cupola or inner dome. By this means, as Fergusson says, "not only is a great appearance of strength given, but a depth of shadow between, which gives it a richness and variety, combined with simplicity of outline, fulfilling every requisite of good architecture, and rendering this part of the design immensely superior to its rivals."

The Walls.

The most cursory observer, as he passes St. Paul's, must sometimes have wondered why in the upper stage there are niches instead of windows, reminding one of those blind windows which were built when the window-tax was in operation. The explanation is that only the lower of the two stages forms the wall of the church, the upper stage fulfilling the purpose of a buttress. "It is a mere empty show with nothing behind it," says one critic. This is very severe, and all who know anything of Wren will feel sure that there must be another side to the question. The truth is that he adopted this device because he disliked buttresses. The outer wall of the church, that is, the wall of the aisles, needed support, so also did the clerestory wall, which continues the inner or nave wall. Now, in the first place, this upper stage of the exterior renders unnecessary any buttresses for the wall of the aisles, or for the four great arches which span the nave, choir, and transepts; and, in the second place, it forms a screen to the flying buttresses which support the wall of the clerestory stage. The upper storey is something more, then, than "a mere empty show," for it serves an important structural purpose. And yet, if it should be urged that after all the upper storey is not a wall, but a make-weight and a mask, what answer could one make?

The West Front.

After the dome, the noblest feature of the exterior is the west front, with its broad flight of steps, its spacious portico where light and shade have ample space for play, its massive columns of the lower stage, its lofty pediment, and its flanking, cupola-crowned bell-towers. The sculpture in the tympanum of the portico, representing the Conversion of St. Paul, is, like the statues on the various pediments, the work of Francis Bird, and was done in Wren's day. The figure at the apex is, of course, that of the patron saint, supported on his right by St. Peter, at whose side (unkind reminder!) is the cock that crew, and on his left by St. James. Bird it is, too, who is primarily responsible for the undignified monument of Queen Anne in front of the cathedral, though what one now sees is a reproduction by Belt of the original.

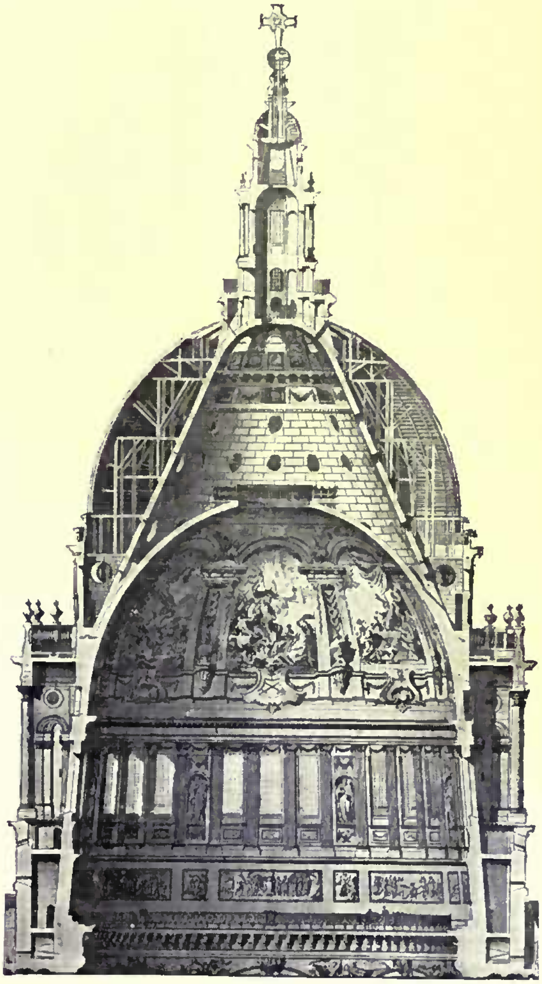
The Porticoes of the Transepts.

The semi-circular porticoes of the transepts also claim unstinted admiration. The pediment of the north transept contains the royal arms, that of the south a phœnix, with the inscription *Resurgam.* For this vigorous piece of work Cibber received a hundred pounds, and he can hardly have felt that he was overpaid, seeing that Bird was remunerated with £650 for his sculpture in the pediment of the west front. Each of the porticoes bears the figures of five of the Apostles, completing, with those of the west front, the series of twelve.

The bell-towers appear to much greater advantage at a little distance than close at hand. Viewed, for example, from the eastern end of Cannon Street, or from the southern half of Blackfriars Bridge, they present themselves not as a confused cluster of shafts but as models of airy grace.

The Bell-Towers.

The northern campanile contains, besides the old five-minute service bell, still in use, a peal of twelve bells presented to the cathedral in 1877 by the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts and certain of the City Companies. In the south tower are the three old bells on which the clock strikes; the largest of these, weighing 5 tons 4 cwt., on which the hours, as distinct from the quarters, are struck, is that which is tolled at the death of a member of the Royal Family, of the Archbishop of Canterbury, of the Bishop of London, of the Dean of St. Paul's, or of the Lord Mayor. But in point of weight it is quite insignificant compared with "Great Paul," on the storey beneath the hour-bell, weighing nearly seventeen tons, some three tons more than "Big Ben" of Westminster, and first rung on the 3rd of June, 1882. Its solemn, full-throated note it is that is heard for five minutes daily at one o'clock, as well as for services on Sundays and holy days.



SECTION THROUGH THE DOME, SHOWING INTERNAL STRUCTURE AND SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN'S SCHEME OF DECORATION.

The Railings. That part of the fence which obscured the west front has happily gone, together with the gates, and though the rest remains, it is now less obtrusive than before, for in 1878-9, when the space around the cathedral on the north, south, and east sides was converted into a public garden, at the expense of the City Corporation, the wall upon which it rests was lowered. One cannot help regretting, however, that it was not abolished instead of being merely reduced in height, so that the walls of the cathedral might be seen, as they should be seen, rising sheer from the ground.

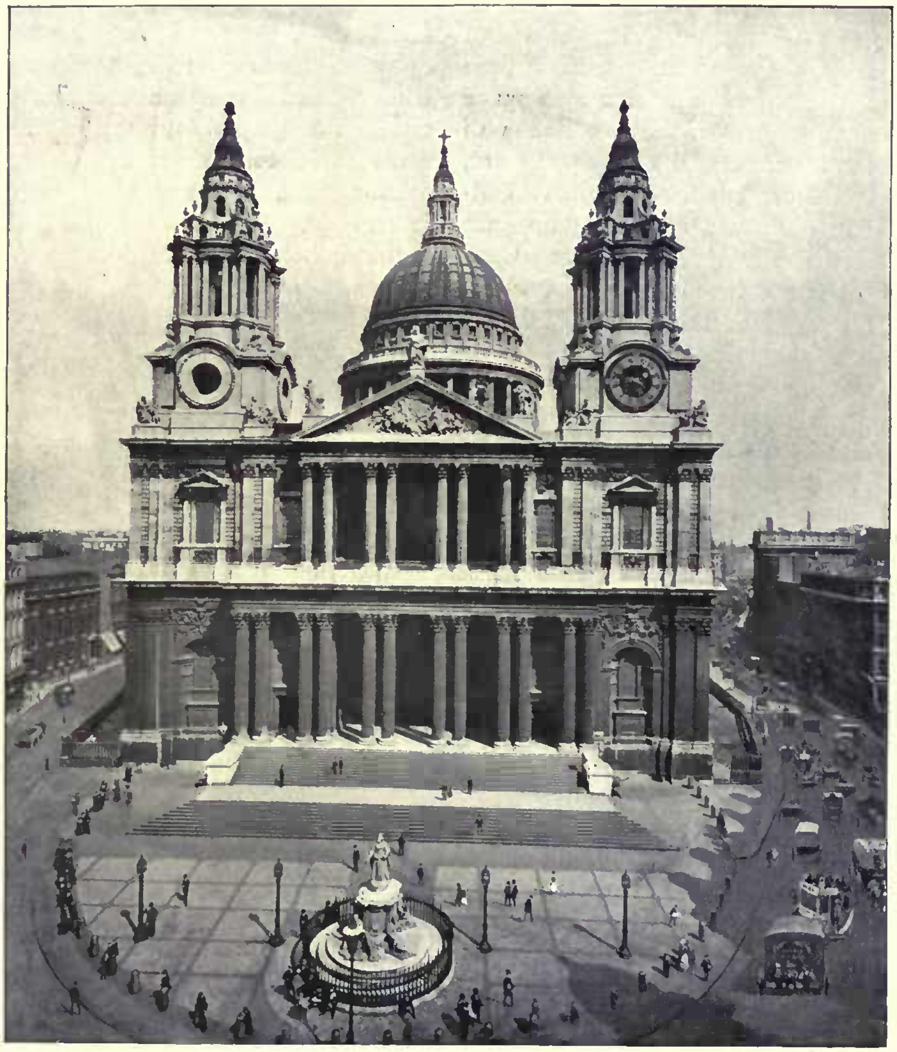


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE WEST FRONT.

Interior. As of the exterior, so of the interior, the dome is the finest feature, supplying that element of mystery and impressiveness which in Gothic churches is furnished by lofty vaulting and dim, religious light. Here, as in the matter of the railings, Wren is coming by his own. Thornhill's pictures, it is true, are still where he left them, though there is usually too much mist for them to be made out clearly. But the eight spandrels are now filled with mosaics representing the four Evangelists and the four major Prophets, designed by Alfred Stevens, by G. F. Watts, R.A., and by Mr. A. Brittan, and executed by Dr. Salviati, of Venice, who completed his task in 1894; and in the eight niches of the drum or wall of the cupola, corresponding with the inter-columnar spaces of the peristyle, which are

Mosaics.

occupied with the buttresses of the cupola (*see* p. 42), stand stone figures of the four great Eastern and the four great Western Doctors of the Church. Better still, the quarter-domes are now resplendent with the mosaic work of Sir William Richmond, R.A., setting forth with an effect of solemn richness the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, the Entombment, and the Ascension.

The superiority of this mosaic work to that of Dr. Salviati is obvious at the merest glance. In the latter, the effect aimed at was the smoothness and finish which characterise modern mosaic work. Sir William Richmond, before he began his decorative work in St. Paul's, had made a close study of the methods of early workers in mosaic, especially of those at Ravenna, and, determining to revert to their bolder style, he adopted their plan of glass tesseræ, of four shapes, the cube, the double cube, the equilateral triangle, and a longer form with sharp points. Instead of applying the design to the wall surface in blocks, he has had each individual cube inserted in its place on the wall itself, and the tesseræ, which are in eight to ten different tones of colour, are so disposed in the mastic cement that their facets may better reflect the light. The advantages of this method are, in the first place, enhanced brilliancy of reflection, rendered desirable by the distance from which the work has to be viewed; and in the second place greater durability, so that the surface can be cleaned without injury.

But it is in the choir and apse that most of Sir William Richmond's work has so far been done. As one walks up the nave the eye is soon caught by the grave splendour of this part of the church. The little cupolas of the roof and the pendentives, the clerestory, the triforium, the spandrels, the arches and mouldings glow with colour and gilding, the colours blending into harmony and distributed into forms which, no matter what the difficulties of the surface, are majestic and lovely. Into this exquisite colour scheme the great reredos—the design of Messrs. Bodley and Garner—of white Parian marble, enriched with other stones of divers hues and with gilt, fits admirably. The beautiful sculptures, by Guillemin, set forth the chief events in the life of the Redeemer, from the Nativity to the Resurrection; and besides the Saviour on the cross, which forms the centre of the design, there are figures of St. Peter and St. Paul, the Virgin and Child, and the risen Lord. When the reredos, which rises to a height of nearly seventy feet, was first erected, in 1888, it seemed to be too large, blocking as it does the windows of the apse; and even long familiarity, and a growing sense of the chaste beauty of the structure, have not sufficed entirely to dispel this feeling. The baldachino which Wren intended for this position, and the design of which is recalled by the twisted pillars that flank the centrepiece of the structure, would have been of much smaller dimensions. The great candlesticks before the high altar are reproductions of those which, according to an unauthenticated tradition, were removed to Ghent after their ejection from old St. Paul's.

The Reredos.

The Organ.

The organ was built by Father Schmidt, about the year 1695, and, contrary to Wren's wishes, was placed on the screen at the entrance to the choir. Here it remained, spoiling the view of the choir from the nave, until 1858–9, when it was removed to the central northern arch of the choir, a part of the screen being erected inside the portico of the north transept door. In 1870 the organ was reconstructed and disposed on both sides of the choir at the west end, over the stalls, and it was further improved in 1897. The platform over the porch of the south transept is a reminder of an organ which was built by Hills when services were first held under the dome. When Father Schmidt's organ was removed to its present position at the west end of the choir this second instrument was no longer needed, and it was sold and re-erected in the Victoria Rooms at Bristol, the platform, however, being left behind to disfigure the porch.

It was not until services began to be held under the dome, in the sixth decade of the last century, that the cathedral as a whole was warmed. The authorities were not deterred from the enterprise by the famous *mot* of Canon Sydney Smith, who, when the scheme was broached in his day, exclaimed, "Warm St. Paul's! They might as well set about warming Salisbury Plain."

The apse, now that it is separated from

the choir by the reredos, is known as the Jesus chapel, after the chapel of that name in old St. Paul's. The altar-piece, which contains a copy of Cima's "Doubting of St. Thomas," in the National Gallery, was designed by Messrs. Bodley and Garner, and both it and the cenotaph with recumbent statue of Canon Liddon form a memorial of that great preacher.

Monuments.

Of the monuments in the body of the church little need be said. The four first to be erected were those which stand against the great piers of the dome, and they commemorate John Howard the philanthropist, Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Sir William Jones the Orientalist. The Reynolds was the work of Flaxman, the other three were by John Bacon, who has very imperfectly draped the figures of Dr. Johnson and Sir William Jones in Roman togas. The majority of the monuments are to warriors, for St. Paul's has become the Valhalla of the heroes of battle. The lovely Wellington monument of white marble and bronze, by Alfred Stephens, formerly relegated to the south-west chapel, now the chapel of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, is in these days more fittingly placed under the central arch on the north side of the nave; but it is still without the equestrian figure with which the sculptor intended it to be surmounted. It must be admitted that with this dignified and exquisitely proportioned memorial, Flaxman's theatrical monument in the south transept to Wellington's great compeer Nelson can only be compared to the disadvantage of the latter. The figure of Nelson is a redeeming feature, but of the effigies in bas-relief that represent the Frozen Ocean, the German Ocean, the Nile, and the Mediterranean, the less said the better. Flaxman did himself more justice in his statue in the north transept of Sir Joshua, wearing his robes of a Doctor of Laws.

In the north aisle is a fine cenotaph, with a recumbent figure in bronze, by Boehm, of the most chivalrous figure of these later days, Charles Gordon, whose ashes are "blown about the desert dust" in the Soudan. Behind it is a mural tablet, also by Boehm, commemorating Sir Herbert Stewart, who, leading one of the columns that attempted to relieve Gordon, won a brilliant victory at Abu-Klea (January 17, 1885), but died a few days later of wounds received at Gubat. In the next bay westwards is the imposing cenotaph with recumbent figure—the finest monument in the cathedral after that of the Duke—of Lord Leighton, most accomplished of the Presidents of the Royal Academy, erected by "his many friends and admirers." It is the work of Thomas Brock, R.A., who has placed at the head and the foot bronze figures representing Painting and Sculpture, the latter holding a miniature of the artist's celebrated "Sluggard." In the bay next to Gordon on the east is Marochetti's much criticised monument to Lords Frederick and William Melbourne, showing in black marble the gates of death with two slumbering angels of white marble, the Angel of Death leaning upon a sword, and the Angel of the Resurrection with a trumpet.

Close to the statue of Dr. Johnson, at the north-east pier, is a medallion, by Pegram, of Sir John Stainer, who from 1872 to 1888 was organist of the cathedral, and did much to raise its music to the high standard to which it has ever since conformed. Under the same arch is a bronze medallion to another gifted musician, Sir Arthur Sullivan. In the south aisle of the choir are some of the best sculptures in the cathedral — Hamo Thornycroft's statue of Bishop Creighton, a replica of Pomeroy's memorial of Archbishop Temple in Canterbury Cathedral, George Richmond's monument of Bishop Blomfield, Thomas Woolner's of Bishop Jackson, and, above all, Chantrey's kneeling figure of Reginald Heber, the missionary bishop, leaning upon a large Bible, so that the posture is not felt to be fatiguing. Here, too, is commemorated Dean Milman, historian and poet as well as divine, who died in 1868, just before completing his "Annals" of the cathedral of which he had been dean for nineteen years. Close by stands, upright, the shrouded figure of a much earlier dean who also was a man of letters, the eccentric Dr. Donne. This is the only monument that was left intact by the Fire, which, however, made its mark upon the stone. In the south transept is a bronze memorial by the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, to the Colonials who fell in the South African War.

The crypt extends beneath the whole area

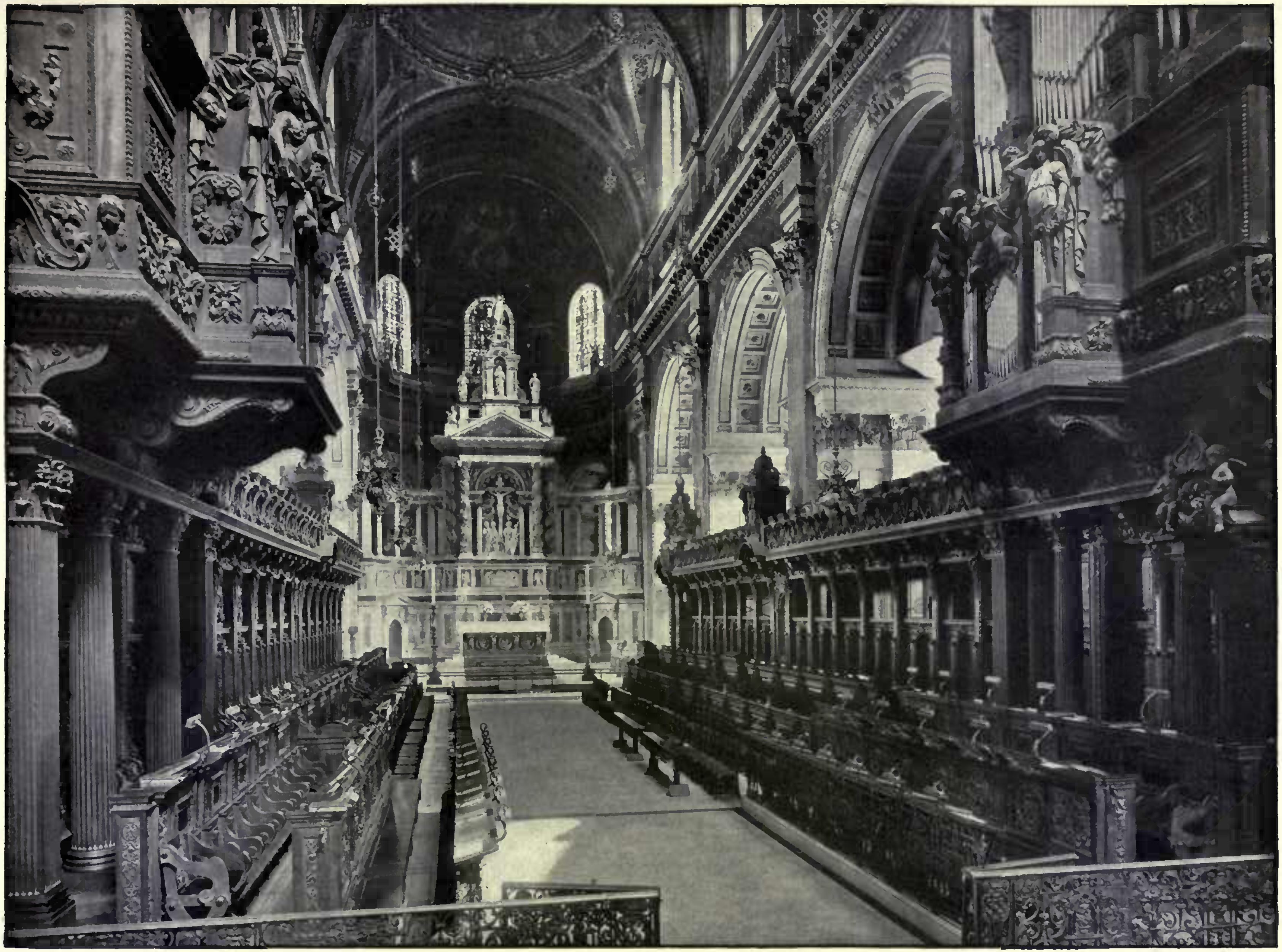


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE CHOIR OF ST. PAUL'S.

The Crypt.

of the church, and the piers which support its vaulting answer to those above, though, with all the weight of the church resting upon them, they are, of course, more massive. In the eastern part of the south aisle is Wren's plain tomb, and hard by, in what is known as the Painters' Corner, lie other artists—Reynolds and Turner and James Barry, Boehm and Lord Leighton, and Leighton's successor in the presidency, Sir John Millais, who followed him to this majestic resting-place within a few short months. In the chapel of the crypt, where service is held at eight o'clock every week-day morning, are the graves of Dean Milman, Canon Liddon and Bishop Creighton, and near the altar, on either side, may be seen fragments of the few memorials in old St. Paul's that escaped total destruction at the Fire.

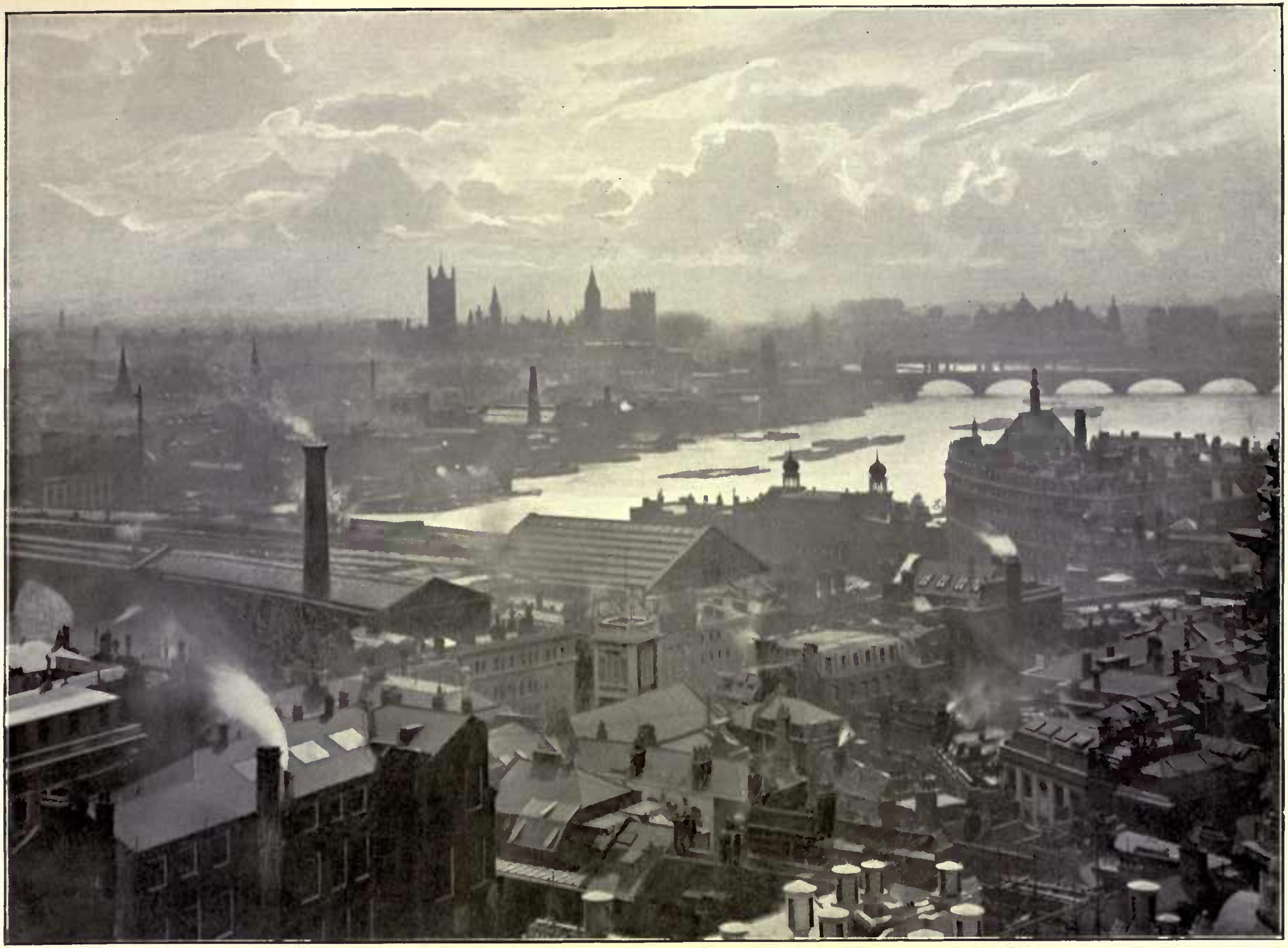
The place of honour, beneath the very centre of the dome, is held by Nelson. His remains, as all the world knows, were enclosed in a coffin made of the mainmast of *L'Orient*, one of the French ships destroyed at the Battle of the Nile, and it was presented to him just after the battle by Captain Hallowell, of the *Swiftsure*—as strange a memento of the victory as can be imagined. The black marble sarcophagus also has a story. It was executed by Benedetto da Rovezzano, a Florentine artist, for Cardinal Wolsey, and was to have been placed in Wolsey's memorial chapel in St. George's, Windsor, now the royal vault. But the Cardinal was destined to humbler sepulture, and this magnificent tomb remained at Windsor without a tenant until it was brought here to be occupied by "the greatest sailor since our world began." It was found, however, to be too small to receive the coffin, which was therefore deposited in the masonry at its base.

When seven and forty years later Wellington died, it was proposed that he should rest side by side with the man who was great by sea as he by land. But Collingwood and Lord Northcote, the commanders of the vanguard and rearguard at Trafalgar, lay on either side, and so a chamber to the east was allocated to Wellington. Here he rests in a magnificent sarcophagus sculptured from a rare British rock known as luxulyanite, purple-black in colour, finely spotted with large crystals of red felspar. At the west end of the crypt is the enormous car upon which he was "to glorious burial slowly borne," designed by Alfred Stevens, and cast from guns captured by the Duke.

Hard by Wellington rests one of his generals, Sir Thomas Picton, slain at Waterloo; and elsewhere lies Lord Napier of Magdala, who died in 1890. And among men, eminent in other walks of life, who are sleeping their long sleep in the crypt, are Cruikshank, the artist, Lord Mayor Nottage, who died during his mayoralty in 1886, and is commemorated by a large brass let into the floor by the Corporation, Sir Bartle Frere, who died in 1884, and Sir George Williams, the founder of the Young Men's Christian Association, who died in 1905. Some who rest elsewhere are commemorated by tablets, such as Randolph Caldecott and Frank Holl, Lord Mayo, slain by a fanatic during his Viceroyalty of India, Sir John Macdonald, the Canadian statesman, Dalley and Parkes, the Australian statesmen, Archibald Forbes and other war correspondents, W. E. Henley, Sir Walter Besant, whose enthusiasm for London was ample justification for the honour thus done to his memory, and whose bust comes between a memorial of Charles Reade, the novelist, and one of Mr. George Smith, the publisher to whom the public owes the great Dictionary of National Biography.

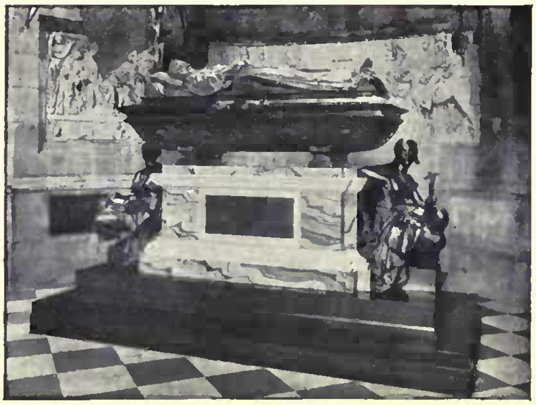
Up to the Golden Ball.

Many who make the descent to the crypt do not care to undertake the toilsome ascent to the Stone Gallery, which surmounts the peristyle of the dome, but those who do are amply rewarded. After mounting 143 steps one comes to the triforium, at the end of which, over the south-west chapel, is the Cathedral Library, founded by Bishop Compton, who occupied the see in the reign of James II., and was one of those who invited the Prince of Orange to deliver the nation from Stuart tyranny. Another flight of steps, about 120, brings one to the Whispering Gallery, which runs round the foot of the cupola. After this 118 more steps have to be climbed, and then one reaches the Stone Gallery, and, if not merely a fine but a clear day has been chosen, one is regaled with a glorious view of London—the flowing river with its bridges and wharves, its barges and its shipping, the spires and towers of a hundred churches, the public buildings, the

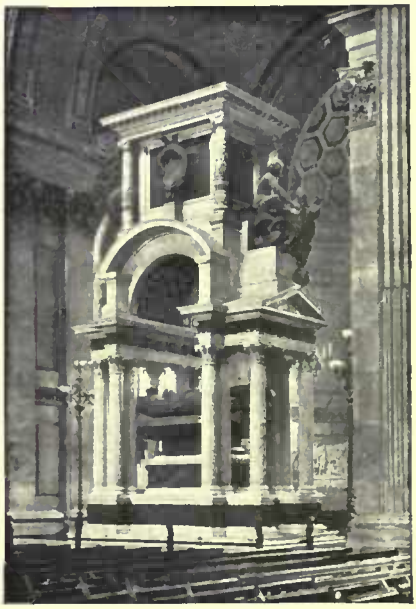


VIEW FROM THE GOLDEN GALLERY OF ST. PAUL'S, LOOKING SOUTH-WEST

THE GORDON MONUMENT.

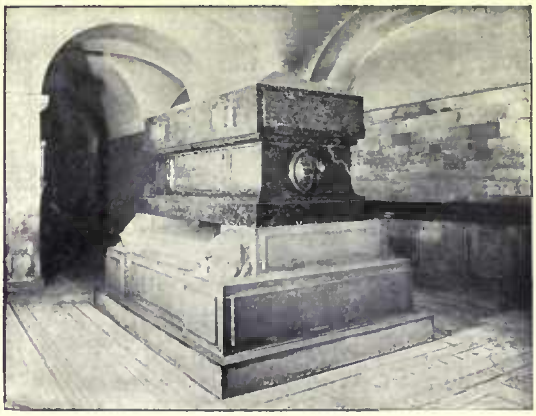

THE LEIGHTON MONUMENT.

THE STAINER TABLET.


THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT.

THE SULLIVAN TABLET.

NELSON'S TOMB.


WELLINGTON'S TOMB.

Photos: Pictorial Agency.

SOME FAMOUS MEMORIALS IN ST. PAUL'S.

miles of crowded streets. If your breath is unspent and you sigh for more heights to conquer you may climb to the Golden Gallery, which runs round the base of the lantern, and even to the Golden Ball which bears the Cross, and enjoy the yet more expansive views which lie spread out before you from those dizzy heights.

The Future.

We cannot close our account of Wren's cathedral without a glance at the future. The work of decoration is going on. The stained glass is gradually being added to, and much may yet be done in this direction without unduly obscuring the light. The decoration with Sir William Richmond's mosaics is still proceeding. From the north-east pier of the nave there now hangs G. F. Watts's fine allegorical picture of "Time, Death, Judgment"; close by is to be seen his "Peace and Goodwill"; and in the south aisle is Mr. Holman Hunt's "Light of the World," the gift of the Right Hon. Charles Booth. The electric light, with handsome fittings designed by Mr. Somers Clarke, formerly the surveyor of the cathedral, has been installed throughout the fabric at the charges of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, more than twenty miles of cable being laid down; and Mr. Somers Clarke has himself presented a gilt-iron balustrade which runs round the cornice of the nave. So the good work goes on. Already one cannot think without some feeling of compassion of those who only knew St. Paul's in the days of its nakedness, and before the things done in opposition to Wren's wishes were undone. But in distant days to come, when further decoration has been bestowed upon the dome, and the nave and its aisles gleam with mosaic and gold as does now the eastern limb of the church, and more of the windows are radiant with chastened splendour, we shall merit a glance of the same pity that we bestow upon our predecessors. Not till then will Wren's masterpiece have been finished.

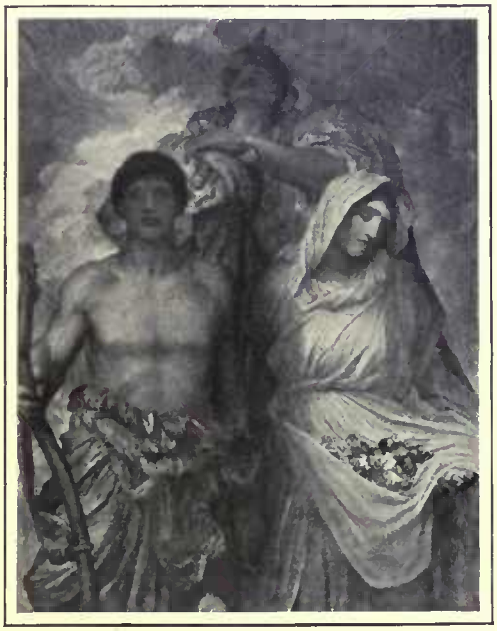


Photo: F. Hollyer.

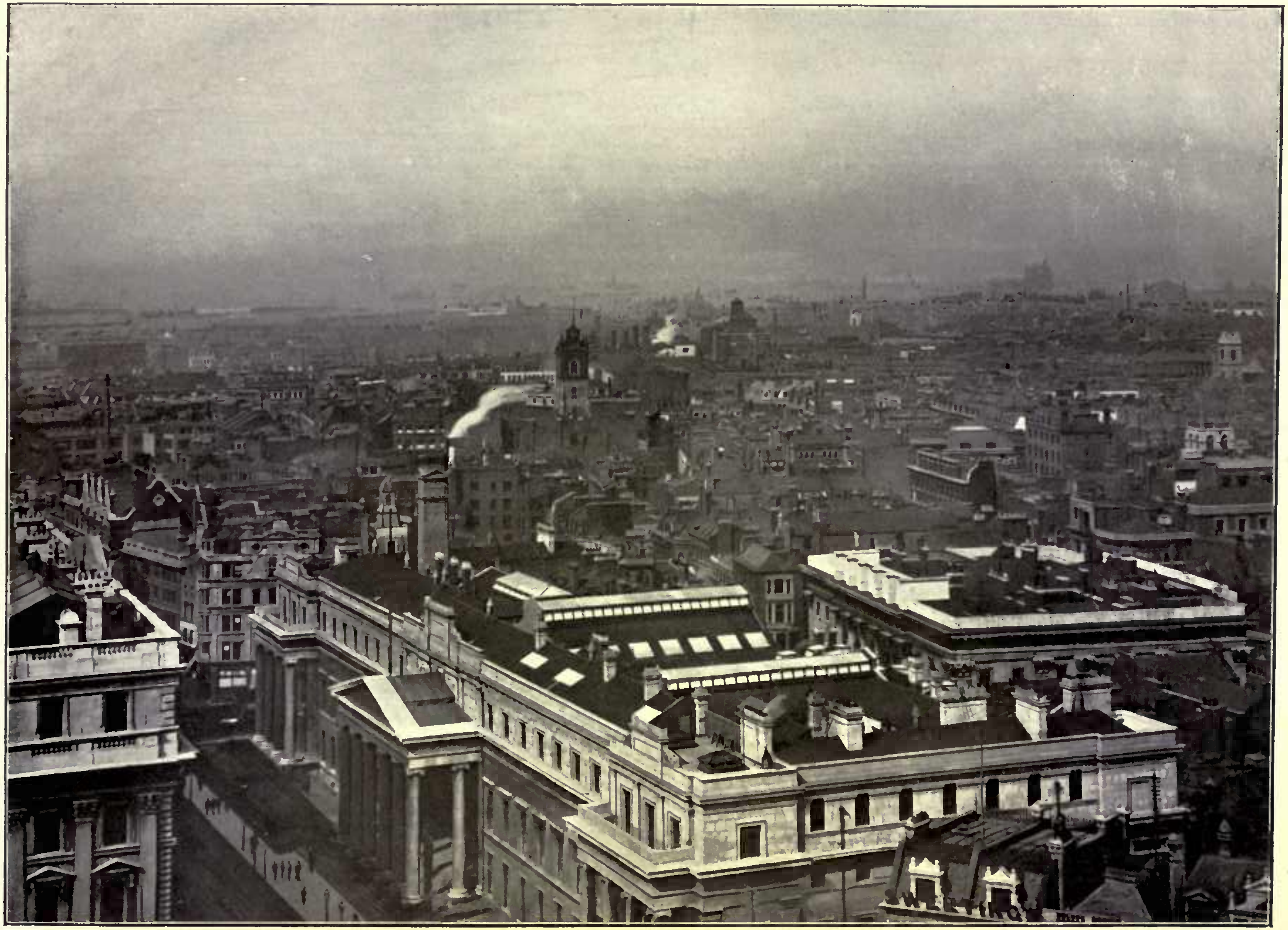
TIME, DEATH, JUDGMENT.

From the Painting by G. F. Watts, R.A., in St. Paul's.

Ceremonies.

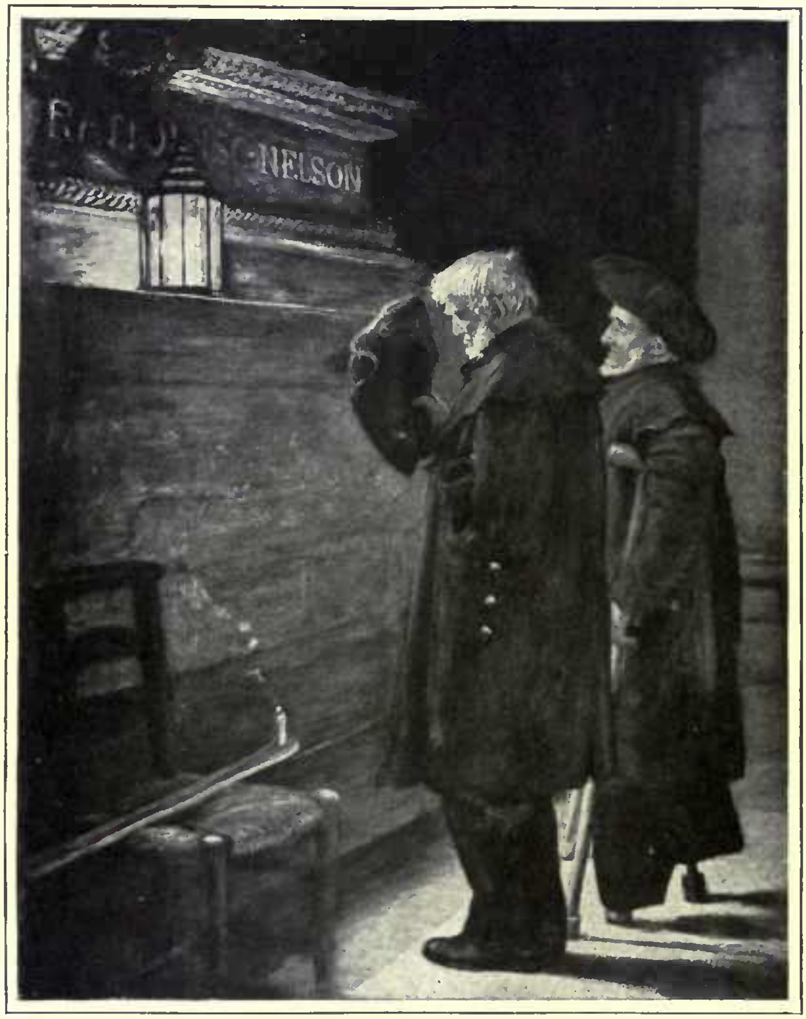
Many a ceremony of national significance has been enacted at St. Paul's. Seven times did Queen Anne go in solemn procession to render thanks for victories won by Marlborough and other generals. The accession of the House of Brunswick was celebrated by a service attended by the king himself and the princes and princesses. There was no other royal visit to the cathedral till, in 1789, the third of the Hanoverian kings returned thanks for his escape from the cloud which had darkened his mind. A second time the king gave thanks, eight years later, this time for victories achieved by his sailors, when French, Spanish, and Dutch flags were borne into the cathedral, among others by the Nelson—at this time Sir Horatio—who was presently to outshine all rivals, and to win for himself the chief place of sepulture in the crypt.

In recent times St. Paul's has been the scene of the thanksgiving for the recovery of King Edward, when Prince of Wales, from all but mortal illness in 1872. In the Jubilee celebrations of 1897 the chief services of praise were held not at Westminster Abbey but at St. Paul's. Memorable, and indeed unique was the Thanksgiving Service held before the west front on the day of the procession, "Diamond Jubilee Day." In her passage through the streets of the City Queen Victoria's carriage was halted at the foot of the steps, on the spot now marked by an inscription deeply cut into the granite paving. The steps and the sides of the portico were occupied by a throng which represented all



VIEW FROM THE GOLDEN GALLERY OF ST. PAUL'S, LOOKING NORTH-EAST

that was most distinguished in the nation. Tiers of benches erected within the portico up to the very top of the Corinthian columns, and even in the recess of the upper stage, were also thronged. The royal carriages, as they arrived, drew up outside the temporary railing, with their horses' heads towards the spot reserved for the Queen's carriage, and the foreign princes on horseback ranged themselves inside the enclosure. When at last the Queen's carriage, drawn by the eight cream-coloured Hanoverian horses, gay in their golden harness and purple mane-ribbons, had taken its appointed place, the five hundred choristers began the chanting of the Te Deum of Sir George Martin, their conductor, supported by a powerful band. Then the Bishop of London (Dr. Creighton) intoned the special prayer for the occasion, the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Temple) in his mighty voice pronounced the Benediction, and the whole assembly joined in the Old Hundredth. Here the service was to have ended, but the deeply stirred feelings of the multitude needed some further expression, and spontaneously they broke out into the National Anthem. Nor was this all. Moved by an irresistible impulse, the Archbishop of Canterbury, most unconventional of Primates, called for "three cheers for the Queen," and there burst forth such a volume of sound as might almost have startled "Great Paul" in his dark chamber in the southern campanile.



GREENWICH PENSIONERS AT THE TOMB OF NELSON.
From the Painting by Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A.

CHAPTER IV

ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD

The Cathedral Gardens — Paul's Cross — Stirring Scenes — Chapter-house and Deanery—The Choir School—The Monastic Buildings—St. Paul's School—The "Goose and Gridiron"—Publishers in the Churchyard

ST. PAUL'S is now surrounded, except on the western side, by comely gardens, which are under the control of the City Corporation, and are provided with seats that form pleasant resting-places in the heat of summer for passers-by. In these gardens the cathedral pigeons disport themselves. It is said that they form two distinct colonies, one belonging to the east end and the other to the west end, and that the groups carefully abstain from intermixture. Let us hope that the difference between them is merely tribal and not ecclesiastical! However this may be, it is evident from their fat and sleek condition that they find many to feed them, and one suspects that the sparrows profit from their abundance, for they seem to be, for sparrows, quite portly and dignified. Or is it that they have learnt to adjust their deportment to their august environment?

In the garden between the west end and the south porch may be seen a few fragments of the Chapter-house and cloisters of old St. Paul's. These adjuncts of the cathedral were not built till about the middle of the fourteenth century, and the Chapter-house was never commensurate with the dignity of the cathedral.

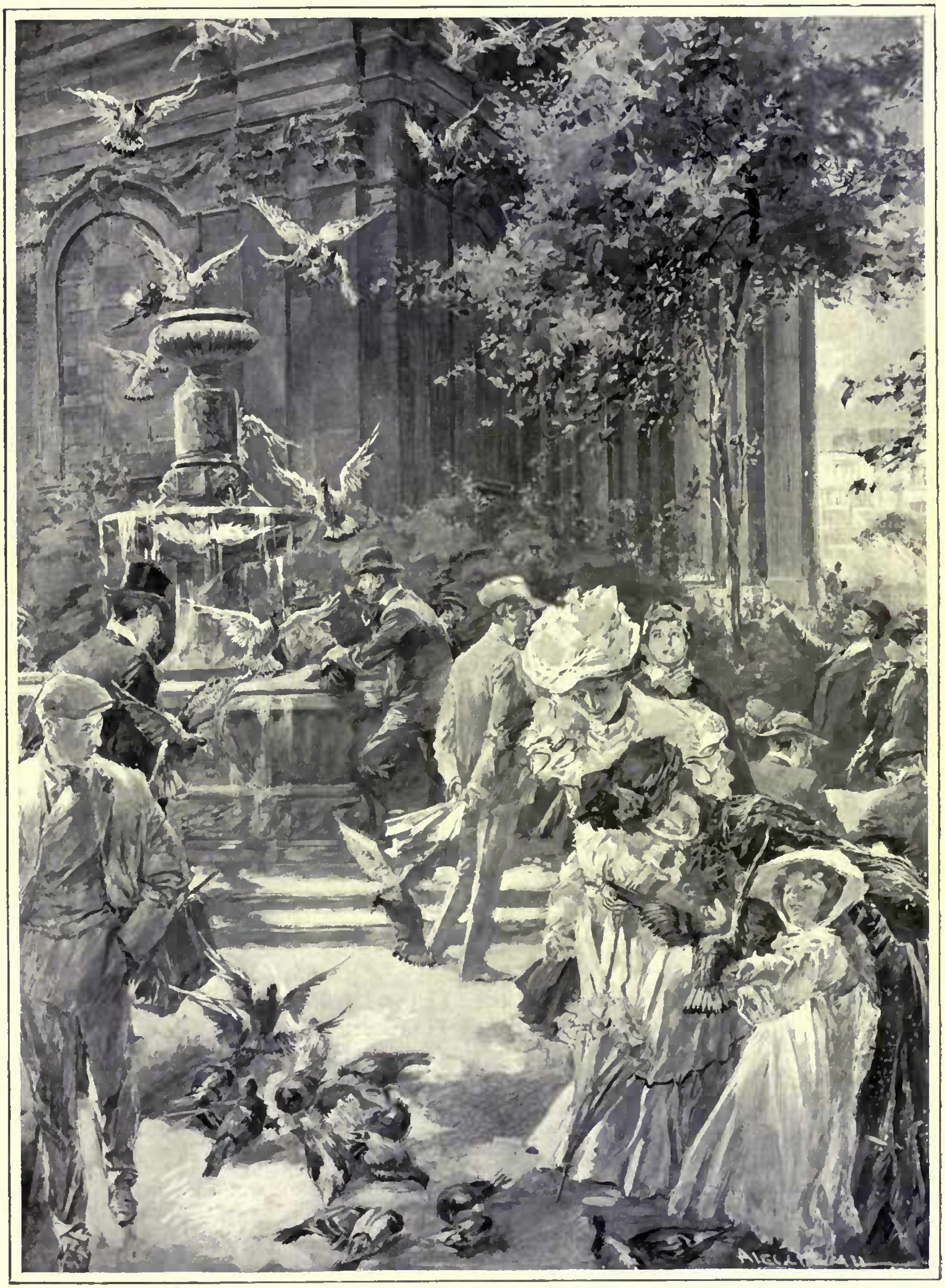
A much more notable feature of the Churchyard in olden time was Paul's Cross, of which some account must now be given.

Paul's Cross.

From very early days it was pre-eminently London's pulpit. Here also it was that edicts were proclaimed, that Papal Bulls were promulgated, that dolorous penances were performed, and that at the sound of a bell the old City folkmotes once were held. It is described by Stow as "a pulpit-cross of timber, mounted upon steps of stone and covered with lead, in which were sermons preached by learned divines every Sunday in the forenoon." To Stow it was of unknown antiquity. It was certainly in existence in the year 1241. Towards the end of the fifteenth century it was rebuilt in a more beautiful style by Bishop Kemp, and a hundred years later it was surrounded by a low brick wall with a gate, at which a verger was stationed.

It was at Paul's Cross that the Reformation was fought out in London. At one time, when neither party was decidedly uppermost, the rival theologians had their say here in turn. Bishop Latimer was no stranger to the Lollards' Tower, but he was much better acquainted with Paul's Cross, and mightily more comfortable there. One day he would be here denouncing the corruptions of the clergy; another day a champion of the old faith would be delivering a counterblast. During the years when the Royal divorce was the burning question of the day, it was canvassed here in the most outspoken way, but not always without unpleasant consequences to the preacher, as in the case of one John Scott, who after having with the utmost candour denounced the divorce and its promoter, was flung into prison, where, so the faithful believed, he lived for a hundred and six days without food or drink.

Under the Puritan *régime* Paul's Cross, though it had been, so to speak, the sounding-board of the Reformation in London, was not spared. It was surmounted by a Popish symbol, it bore a Popish name, so it must go the way of the Holy Rood. As Thomas Fuller says, it had been "guilty of no other superstition save accommodating the preacher and some about him with convenient places." And Thomas Carlyle, quoting, in connection with Paul's Cross, Queen Elizabeth's remark that she used to "tune her pulpits" when there was a great thing on hand, adds, "as governing



IN THE CATHEDRAL GARDENS.

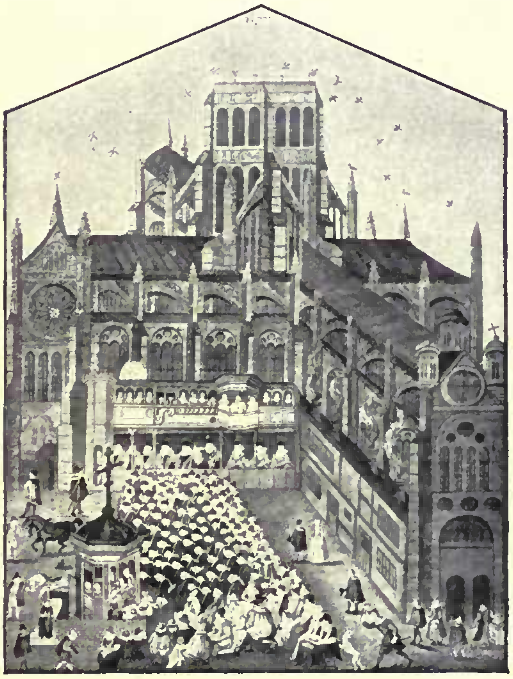
persons now strive to tune the morning newspapers." Paul's Cross, he adds, "a kind of *Times* newspaper, but edited partly by Heaven itself, was then a most important entity."

Until our own day the precise situation of Paul's Cross was not known; but in excavations made a few years ago, Mr. F. C. Penrose, at that time surveyor of the cathedral, discovered its foundations—which show it to have been about 18 feet in diameter—just at the north-east corner of the present choir (*see* the first plan on page 40), and now any one who cares to step in to that part of the Churchyard—which, by the way, was opened as a public garden by the Lord Mayor in 1879—may see tablets which mark its site. A sum of money has been bequeathed by an enthusiastic Churchman for the rebuilding of the Cross, but one need not be over-anxious that the pious scheme should be carried out.

The Bishops' Palace, which was destroyed by the Great Fire, stood on the north side of the nave, near its western end, and is commemorated to this day by London-house Yard, just as Canon Alley, on the same side, but more to the east, is reminiscent of the college of the minor canons. The present Chapter-house, with a quite plain and even dingy exterior, of red brick, stands between these two openings out of the Churchyard. In 1885 a part of it was fitted up for the residence of the Archdeacon of London.

The Deanery.

The Deanery, a more shapely building than the Chapter-house, is in Dean's Court, on the south-west side of the cathedral, and as it is screened from the court by a wall it is noticed by few who visit the cathedral. It was originally built by De Diceto, the historian, who was Dean of St. Paul's from 1181 to 1210, and was rebuilt on the same site after the Fire by Sancroft, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, from Wren's designs. It has about it a look of solid comfort, and though it is within twenty paces of the busy street that skirts the cathedral on the south, its wall and courtyard give it an air of leisured seclusion, while in summer the plane-trees that overhang its sloping roof and dormer windows make it appear a little oasis in an arid desert. Adjoining it is the Choir School, built by Dean Church in 1874, in the seventeenth century Renascence style, from designs by Mr. F. C. Penrose, and provided with a flat roof, which is used by the choristers as a playground, the balls being prevented from flying into space by a wire netting. Much more secluded than the Deanery are the canons' residences, which hide themselves, within a stone's-throw of busy Ludgate Hill, in Amen Court, with one entrance from Amen Corner, the continuation of Paternoster Row, and another from Warwick Lane, but shut off by gates from both those narrow but busy thoroughfares.



PAUL'S CROSS EARLY IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

On the same south side of the cathedral as the Deanery, in olden days, were Paul's Brewhouse and Paul's Bakehouse and other domestic buildings, which supplied the wants of the cathedral staff—the thirty prebendaries, the twelve petty canons, the fifty chantry priests, the vicars choral, the twelve scribes who sat in the cathedral to write letters for the illiterate public, and the rest. St. Paul's, by the way, was a cathedral of the old foundation; its canons were secular, and not bound by monastic vows, and until the reign of Henry III. they could marry if they pleased. Of Paul's Bakehouse a reminder still exists to this day in Bakehouse Court, on the east side of Godliman Street, the road which runs steeply down from

St. Paul's Churchyard to Queen Victoria Street.

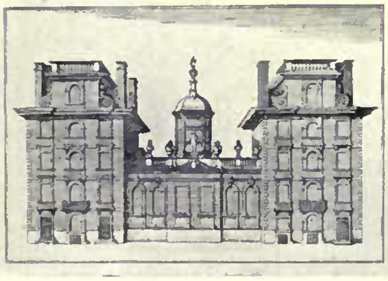
St. Paul's School.

An historic feature of the Churchyard which is now no longer to be seen was St. Paul's School. This famous school is of immemorial antiquity—it was already in existence at the Norman Conquest, but it was refounded in 1512 by Dean Colet, the friend of the New Learning and of Erasmus. Rebuilt after the Fire, and again in the nineteenth century, it remained in St. Paul's Churchyard, facing the eastern end of the cathedral, until 1884, when it was transferred to Hammersmith and its place taken by warehouses. It was a poor building, and its disappearance from its ancient site need not be immoderately regretted.

Many of the shops and warehouses in St. Paul's Churchyard have now been rebuilt, and the Chapter-house is almost the only building which has any look of even a moderate antiquity. But at the corner of Canon Alley, on the side of the shop numbered 63, St. Paul's Churchyard, high up, where it is not likely to be seen except by those who seek it, is a sculptured sign of the Prince of Wales's Feathers, with the familiar motto, and the date 1670. The property to which it is attached, says Mr. Philip Norman in his "London Signs and Inscriptions," belonged to the Dean and Chapter, but is now vested in the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. And until 1895, when it was pulled down, there stood in London-house Yard the "Goose and Gridiron," the home of the St. Paul's Freemasons' Lodge. Sir Christopher Wren, who, as became so great a builder, was a devoted Freemason, presided regularly at the meetings of the lodge for eighteen years, and presented it with the trowel and mallet which he used in laying the first stone of the cathedral. The house which occupied this site before the Fire bore the sign of "The Mitre," indicating that it was the property or was attached to the see of London. Or perhaps, as Mr. Norman suggests, it may have been known by this name because it was near the residence of the Bishops of London.

Publishers.

At the present time St. Paul's Churchyard is mainly occupied on the south and east with tall warehouses, and on the north side with drapers' and milliners' shops. In past days it was affected by publishers, and here were first given to the world Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece," and quite a number of his plays. Here, too, in a later age, John Newbery, who carried on business at the north-west corner of the Churchyard, published "The Traveller" for Oliver Goldsmith, who, in "The Vicar of Wakefield," has immortalised him as "the friend of all mankind." Another bookseller here—to use the old term—was Joseph Johnson, the publisher of "The Task" and of others of Cowper's works, who, sentenced to a term of imprisonment for selling the political writings of Gilbert Wakefield, made the best of the situation by renting the marshal's house and giving dinners to his literary friends.



ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, AS REBUILT AFTER THE GREAT FIRE.

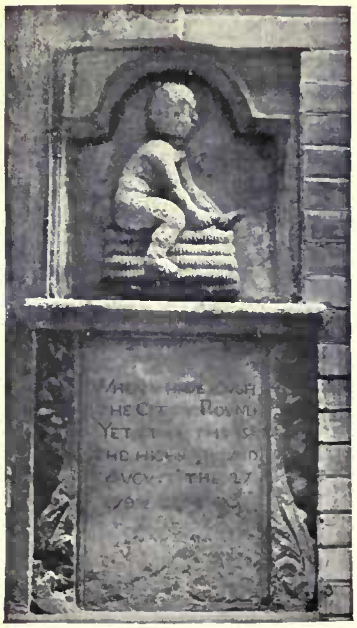
CHAPTER V

PATERNOSTER ROW

The Name—Old Associations—The Chapter Coffee-house and Charlotte Brontë—St. Michael-le-Querne and John Leland—Panyer Alley and its Boy—Mrs. Turner the Sorceress—Stationers' Hall Court—The Livery Companies—The Stationers and Their Hall.

The Name.

According to Stow, the Elizabethan antiquary, the straight and narrow street which runs parallel with St. Paul's Churchyard on the north side, and has long been the haunt of publishers and booksellers, was called Paternoster Row "because of stationers or text-writers that dwelt there, who wrote and sold all sorts of books then in use." This looks very much like a *non sequitur*, and suggests that Stow, who knew so much about ancient London, did not know precisely what a stationer was. According to Riley, to whose "Memorials of London and London Life" every student of London is under the deepest obligation, stationers were originally those who dealt in small wares at the "stations" or stands around the two crosses in Cheapside, and who on being turned out of Chepe, in the fifteenth century, probably took refuge in Paternoster Row. Long before they came here, two centuries before at the least, this street bore its present name, except, indeed, that originally it was Paternoster Lane; and it was no doubt, says Riley, named Paternoster because it was the haunt of the paternostrers, that is, makers of "paternosters" or prayer-beads, specially, no doubt, for the use of worshippers at St. Paul's.



THE BOY OF PANYER ALLEY.

Old Associations.

In modern times the publishing trade has followed the sun in his motions, but "the Row" is still almost entirely devoted to the trade in books and music, and here the great house of Longmans, founded about the year 1724 by a native of Bristol of this name, still has its headquarters. Paternoster Row no longer, alas, has any savour of antiquity, for most of the houses have in recent days been rebuilt, some of them after a great fire in 1884, which did damage estimated at a quarter of a million. But it has no lack of ancient memories. Here, until the Great Fire, was the "Castle," an ordinary which was once kept by Richard Tarleton, the low comedian for whom Shakespeare wrote such songs as that in *All's Well that Ends Well*, "When that I was a little tiny boy," and who danced them to the music of a pipe and tabor played by himself. Near the "Castle," which was rebuilt after the Fire, was "Dolly's Tavern," with a coffee-room dating from the time of Queen Anne, whose head, painted on one of the windows, gave name to Queen's-head Passage, which still leads from Paternoster Row to Newgate Street. This tavern, named, or more likely re-named, after a favourite cook whose portrait Gainsborough painted, has now, like the "Castle," disappeared.

Another old coffee-house, however, the "Chapter," at the corner of Chapter-house Court, which runs from the Row into St. Paul's Churchyard, has not wholly vanished, for, though it has been rebuilt and is now a winehouse, it retains some of the fittings of the old house. The "Chapter" was long a favourite rendezvous of publishers, and here, too, came authors, among the number Oliver Goldsmith, whose usual seat, long after he had been buried in the Temple, was an attraction to visitors. Poor Chatterton, in one of the letters he wrote to his mother at Bristol, boasted, with perhaps little warrant, "I am quite familiar at the 'Chapter coffee-house' and know all the geniuses there." A certain corner box in the coffee-room was the meeting-place of an informal society of good fellows who were known as "The Witenagemot." Of this coterie Dr. Buchan, author of a popular work on "Domestic Medicine," was moderator, and among its members were Dr. Gower, of the Middlesex Hospital; Walker, the dictionary-maker; Dr. Busby, the musician; and Alderman Waithman. Dr. Buchan had a faith in the virtues of alcohol which in these days few of the faculty would share with him. If any member of the company appeared out of sorts, he would call to the waiter to bring a glass of punch, unless the sufferer liked brandy-and-water better. "Now take that, sir," he would prescribe, "and I'll warrant you'll soon be well. You're a peg too low; you want stimulus; and if one glass won't do, call for a second."

A Famous Coffee-House.

But, to many, a more interesting memory of the "Chapter" coffee-house than this of the Witenagemot is to be found in the sojourn within its hospitable walls of Charlotte Brontë. How it came about that, with her sister Anne, she spent a few nights here in the year 1848 is set out by Mrs. Gaskell in her "Life" of Charlotte. Up to this time the anonymity of the three sister novelists had been strictly preserved, and they were still only known by their pretty pseudonyms of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell. This anonymity had led to a complication in the arrangements made for publishing their novels in America, and one morning a letter was received at Haworth from Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., the publishers of "Jane Eyre," which determined Charlotte and Anne to start off that very day to assure Mr. Smith of their separate identity. The trouble had arisen out of an assumption on the part of Anne's publisher that Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell were but different names for the same writer, and the letter from Mr. Smith made them eager to unravel the tangle. So after early tea Charlotte and Anne set out to walk to Keighley, encountering on the way a thunderstorm from which they had no time to seek shelter. At Keighley they just caught the night train, and arrived at the "Chapter" coffee-house about eight o'clock the next morning.

Charlotte Brontë.

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

PATERNOSTER ROW.

Having breakfasted, they sat down to lay their plans. The day before, they had decided to take a cab from their inn to Messrs. Smith and Elder's offices, then at Cornhill; but now so excited were they at their unaccustomed surroundings that they forgot all about hiring a conveyance, and sallied forth to make their way through the crowded streets on foot. The throng and the bustle were too much for their nerves, and it took them an hour to walk the few hundred yards they had to go. "On reaching Mr. Smith's," says Mrs. Gaskell, "Charlotte put his own letter into his hands; the same letter which had excited so much disturbance at Haworth Parsonage only twenty-four hours before. 'Where did you get this?' said he—as if he could not believe that the two young ladies dressed in black, of slight figures but diminutive stature, looking pleased yet agitated, could be the embodied Currer and Acton Bell for whom curiosity had been hunting so eagerly in vain." Explanation followed, and Mr. Smith at once set himself to make the visit of the sisters from the Yorkshire moorlands as pleasant as possible. But they were bent upon preserving their secret, and they refused to meet the literary friends to whom he was eager to introduce them, or to leave their inn to stay with him.

What the "Chapter" coffee-house was like about this time we learn from Mrs. Gaskell, who visited it in 1856, the year before she wrote the "Life." She found it unoccupied. "It had the appearance of a dwelling-house, two hundred years old or so, such as are sometimes seen in ancient country towns; the ceilings of the small rooms were low, and had heavy beams running across them; the walls were wainscotted breast high; the staircase was shallow, broad, and dark, taking up much space in the centre of the house." In Mr. Brontë's visits to town he had stayed here, and here his daughters had come because they knew not where else to go. It was a place frequented solely by men, and little used as an hotel. The old grey-haired waiter, says Mrs. Gaskell, "seems to have been touched from the very first with the quiet simplicity of the two ladies, and he tried to make them feel comfortable and at home in the long, low, dingy room upstairs."

A Scholar's Tragedy.

Paternoster Row has associations also with Johnson, and with Richardson, but we shall meet with more intimate memories of these great figures elsewhere. Let us therefore pass on to recall the fact that until the Great Fire Paternoster Row had its church, that of St. Michael-le-Querne, St. Michael-at-the-Corne, so called, says Stow, because of the corn-market which was held close by. After the Fire the parish was united with that of St. Vedast, Foster Lane. St. Michael's, which stood at the east end of the Row, is mainly of interest to us in these days as being the burial-place of John Leland the antiquary, who was born about the year 1502, and died in 1552. Educated at St. Paul's School, he was one of the first in this country to become proficient in Greek, and was also versed in Saxon and Welsh. Henry VIII. became his patron, and commissioned him to go about the country to inquire into the records of collegiate and cathedral libraries. After a search that extended over six years, he came back home to St. Michael's parish to study his acquisitions, but the vast mass of material he had accumulated was too heavy a weight for his mind to sustain, and the poor man died insane. His "Itinerary of Great Britain" was published after his death, but his collections relating to London antiquities were lost. Leland's monument perished with the church in the Great Fire. Another association of St. Michael-le-Querne was with Sir Thomas Browne, author of the "Religio Medici," who was baptised here, his father being a merchant in the parish.

Panyer Alley.

Not far from the site of St. Michael's, and near the north-east corner of Paternoster Row, is Panyer Alley, a narrow passage communicating with Newgate Street, and here, let into the wall of a modern building, is an ancient piece of sculpture showing a boy *au naturel*, sitting upon a panyer. When Strype wrote about him, a century and a half ago, he could be seen holding between hand and foot what that writer believed to be a bunch of grapes—"in token, perhaps, of plenty," as the worthy antiquary suggested. But since then the tooth of time has gnawed out of all similitude the object so held, and the features, also, have been completely obliterated. Beneath it is an inscription which has evidently been renewed in recent times, and which runs thus:—

"WHEN Y$^{\text{Y}}$ HAVE SOVGH$^{\text{T}}$
THE CITY ROVND
YET STILL THS IS
THE HIGHS$^{\text{T}}$ GROVND.
AVGVST THE 27
1688."

Pity it is that so venerable a piece of topography should not have the more commonplace merit of accuracy. Panyer Alley is not quite the highest ground in the City, for the more exact measurements of recent times, as Mr. Loftie has pointed out, have shown that it is about a foot lower than the highest point of Cornhill.

Stow, writing at the end of the sixteenth century, seems to suggest, though his language is vague, that Panyer Alley was so called from this sign; and Mr. Charles Welch, formerly the Guildhall librarian, has discovered among the documents of the Brewers' Company a reference to a Panyer Tavern existing in Paternoster Row about the year 1430. The "Liber Albus," the book compiled from the City archives by John Carpenter, the Town Clerk, early in the fifteenth century, shows that in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries bread could only be bought in the market, not at the bakers' houses; and it was usually sold in panyers or bread-baskets. Panyer Alley was at one time, no doubt, the resort of those who made these bakers' baskets, for here they would be conveniently near to Bread Street, the bakers' quarter in Chepe; and it may be that the relief was put up as a sign for the street, the inscription being added at some later date, when the Alley was in the mood to exalt its horn on account of its elevated situation. Strype was probably mistaken in fancying that the boy is shown handling a bunch of grapes. Riley's opinion that the object is a loaf of bread is much more likely to be correct.

A Sorceress.

In Paternoster Row lived, early in the sixteenth century, Anne Turner, the sorceress, who was accused of complicity in the wicked plot by which Sir Thomas Overbury, statesman and poet, was done to death while a prisoner in the Tower. King James I. had been foolish enough to elevate to the position, virtually though not officially, of chief Minister his favourite, Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset. Though a man of parts, Somerset was unequal to such high responsibilities, and was glad to instal Overbury as his counsellor and prompter. When Somerset became infatuated with the Countess of Essex, whom he used to meet at Anne Turner's house in Paternoster Row, and entered into her scheme of obtaining a divorce from her husband, that she might marry him, Overbury strongly opposed the scheme and stigmatised Lady Essex as "a base woman." To her Somerset was ill-advised enough to repeat the contemptuous expression, and she at once conceived towards Overbury a malignant hatred which nothing but his death could appease.

Presently Overbury offended the king, and was flung into the Tower, and here, a few days before Lady Essex obtained the divorce that set her free to marry Somerset, he died in circumstances that pointed clearly to poison. But three years passed by before Somerset's enemies thought it safe to accuse him of having compassed Overbury's death. The king consented to an investigation, and the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Edward Coke, reported that the Countess, in order to estrange the affections of her husband and gain those of Somerset, had resorted to the arts of sorcery, as practised by the woman Turner and others; that through Turner she had obtained from an apothecary poison, which was mixed with Overbury's food and was no doubt the cause of his death.

The woman was brought to trial at the Guildhall about the end of October, 1615. She had undoubtedly practised the arts of sorcery, and the jury had no difficulty in finding her guilty of murder. Asked what she had to urge why judgment should not be pronounced against her, she tried to plead for mercy, but was choked with tears. It is said that the ferocious Lord Chief Justice, who, though he had an abundance of fulsome compliments for the king, did not spare the unhappy woman who implored his mercy, ordered her to be hanged at Tyburn in a ruff stiffened with a fashionable yellow starch of her own invention; and though this story finds no confirmation in the official reports, it is stated by Howell, a contemporary writer, that at her execution she did, in fact, wear a ruff so starched, and that, as a consequence, yellow starch at once went out of vogue.

The rest of this gruesome story has nothing to do with Paternoster Row, but having told so much of it here, we may give the sequel and have done with it. Weston, the gaoler, who administered the poison, and who had formerly been in Anne Turner's service, had already been convicted. Justice was next done upon Sir Gervase Helwys, Lieutenant of the Tower, who before suffering at Tyburn made full confession. Franklin, the apothecary who supplied the poison, was also convicted and executed. Then came the turn of the chief culprit, the Countess of Essex, now Countess of Somerset. Brought to trial before her peers in Westminster Hall, she pleaded guilty, and, since the law is no respecter of persons, was pardoned by the king. Somerset himself also, though the evidence against him was by no means strong, was found guilty, but he stoutly maintained his innocence and refused the royal pardon, and it was not till he had endured several years' incarceration, that, abandoning all hope of securing a reversal of judgment, he brought himself to accept the king's clemency.

Livery Companies.

In Stationers' Hall Court, at the west end of Paternoster Row, is the habitation of one of the ancient City Companies. The origin of these Livery Companies, as they are called from the distinctive dress adopted by most of them, is involved in a good deal of obscurity. Such vexed questions as their evolution from or the precise nature of their connexion with the ancient religious guilds of the City, which were abolished in the sixteenth century, cannot in these pages be entered upon ; but it is certain that they came gradually to be entrusted with the administration of a great deal of property by the guilds, whose members had more confidence in them than in their priests. By the end of the fourteenth century many of the Companies had secured charters. They were already invested with the right of prescribing the conditions both of admission to the various crafts and of the way in which these should be exercised, and they were not long in acquiring a predominant influence in the government of the City. To be a member of a Livery Company was to enjoy full rights of citizenship, and ever since the later years of the fifteenth century the liverymen have in effect elected the Lord Mayor—that is to say, they have nominated for the office two Aldermen, one of whom is chosen by the aldermanic body and the outgoing Lord Mayor.

Many of the Companies received charters from Edward III. and Richard II., in return for large sums of money advanced to the National Exchequer ; and it was at this period that they began to assume their distinctive costumes. The Companies reached the height of their prosperity in the next century, the fifteenth. They were not usually engaged in trade in their corporate capacity, as Mr. Ditchfield shows in the handsome volume which recites their good works*; they were voluntary associations of persons many of whom were engaged in a particular trade, but the Company itself seldom traded, one of the most familiar exceptions to this rule being the Stationers' Company. The members of a Company would assemble daily in their hall "to drink their guild" and to transact their business. "The Court of the Company had great power ; in addition to the management of the large charitable schemes, the regulation of the industry was assigned to it. No one was allowed to trade unless he was a member of the Company. He must only ply his trade in the particular part of the City where that industry was carried on. The quality of his goods must satisfy the requirements of the Court, and also the wages he paid to his servants and apprentices. The price of commodities was taxed by the Court, and not left to the regulation of the law of supply and demand."

So things remained until the extension of the various trades made it impossible for the Companies effectively to regulate them. Then came the Reformation, which deprived them of all the property which had been bequeathed to them for what were now regarded as "superstitious" purposes, and though out of their funds they bought back the estates of which they were dispossessed, they were still, of course, so much the poorer. Finally, the Great Fire wrought havoc among their halls and almshouse and house

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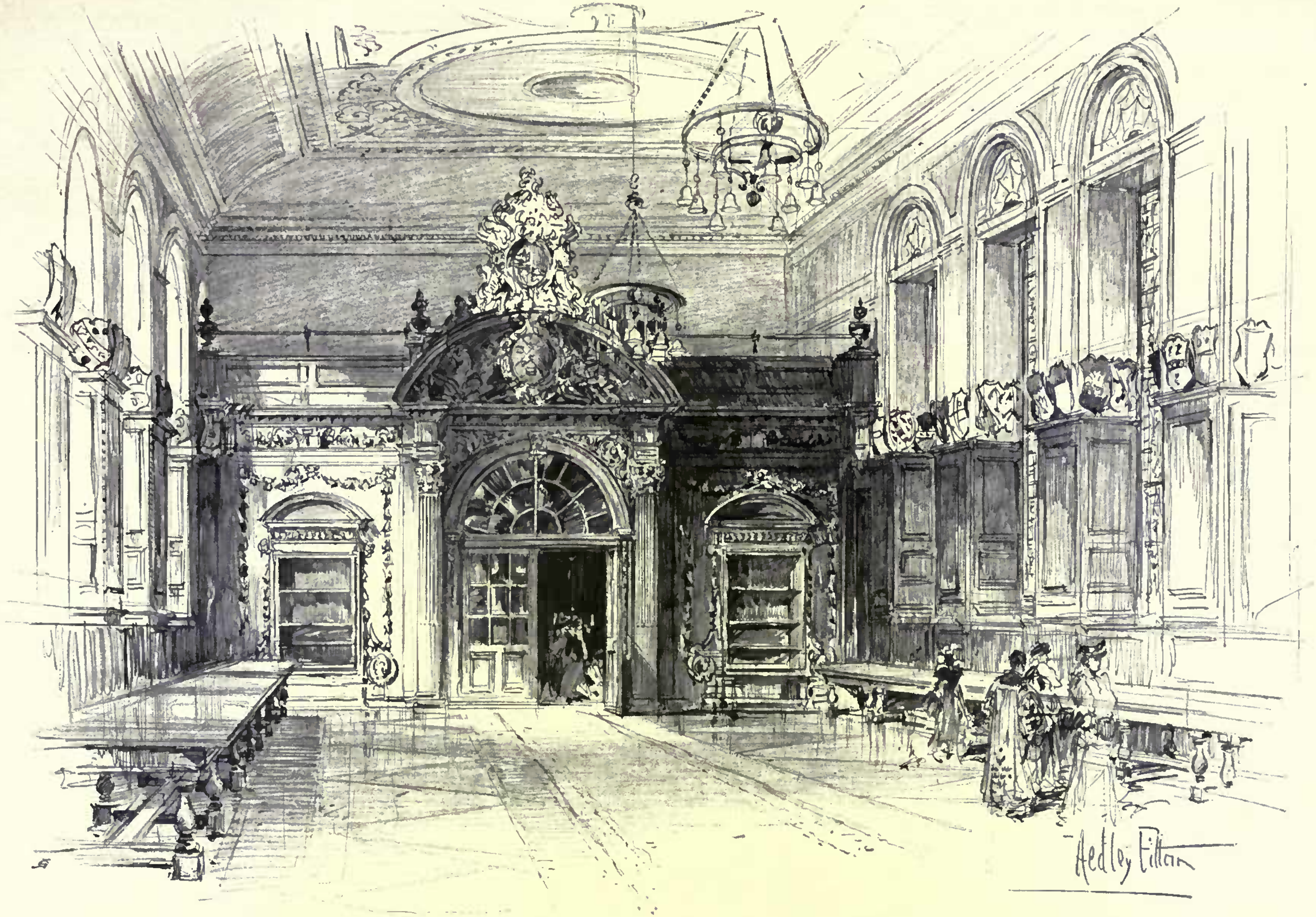
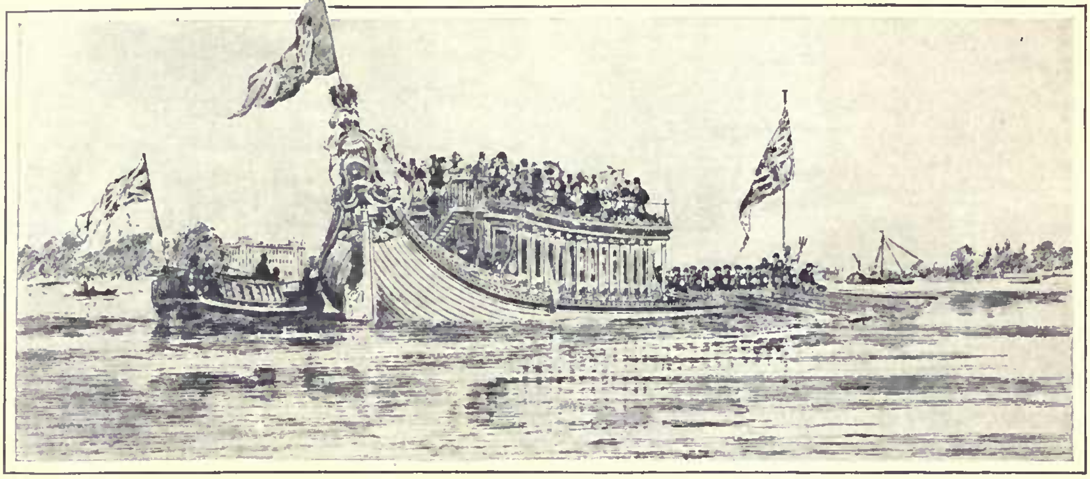
* "The City Companies of London." By P. H. Ditchfield. 1904. (J. M. Dent & Co.)



STATIONERS' HALL.

From a Drawing by Hedley Fitton.



BARGE OF THE STATIONERS' COMPANY.

property, and more or less crippled their resources until the great rise in house and land values in the nineteenth century brought them a return of prosperity and affluence.

By the Royal Commission of 1880 the total income of the Companies was calculated at from £750,000 to £800,000, but this estimate includes the annual value of their halls and almshouses and schools, as well as of their plate and furniture, and the interest on incurred debts, and if allowance be made for this, the figures would be reduced, according to Mr. Ditchfield's calculation, to between £625,000 and £675,000. The income is partly corporate revenue, which is at the absolute discretion of each Company, and partly trust income, which the Company is obliged to use for the objects specified in the wills of the testators, or by Acts of Parliament, or the decrees of the Law Courts or of the Charity Commissioners.

The Stationers.

Though not ranking among the twelve great Companies, the Stationers' Company is one of the most important of these bodies, incorporated by Philip and Mary in 1557, but it was founded much earlier, in 1403, when the Corporation of the City gave authority "to the text writers, limners and others who bind and sell books, to appoint two wardens to govern the said trades." Few of the Companies, as we have seen, ever traded as corporations, and of those which did the Stationers' is almost the only one which has not ceased to do so. Its shares have been regularly transmitted since 1605, like those of any ordinary company. The Stationers' trading operations are now, however, carried on upon a much smaller scale than formerly. Its once extensive business in Almanacs and Primers, in Bibles and Psalters and other religious works, has dwindled to the publication of a Latin Gradus, and various almanacs, among them the British Almanac and Moore's Almanac, the latter of which in 1908 reached its 211th year of publication. But the great function which the Stationers still fulfil is that of registering publications for copyright purposes. The copyright registry was established early in the 16th century, and in the series of works entered for publication, extending from 1557 downwards, they possess a treasure of unique value. The registration of these days is governed by the Copyright Act of 1842, which, though it does not compel publishers to enter their books in the register, makes registration a necessary preliminary to proceedings to protect copyright. In 1861 the Stationers established a Commercial School in Bolt Court, Fleet Street, for the sons of liverymen and freemen of the Company, but the institution was afterwards removed to Ridge Road, Hornsey, and thrown open to all boys of the middle class, subject to the payment of very moderate fees.

Copyright.

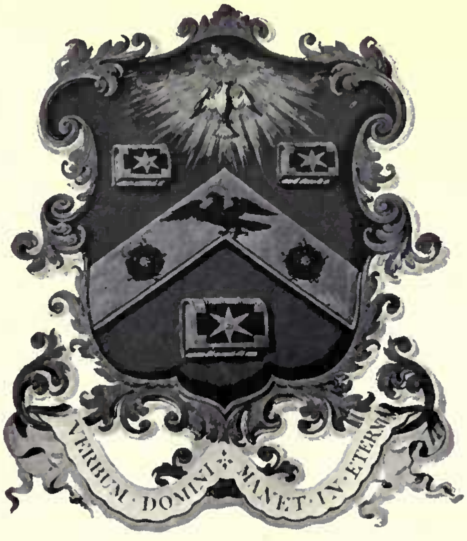
The Stationers first settled, in a corporate sense, in Milk Street, Cheapside, whence in 1553 they removed to the north side of St. Paul's Churchyard. In 1611 they purchased Abergavenny House, the mansion,

The Present Hall.

in the reign of Edward III., of John Duke of Bretagne and Earl of Richmond, afterwards of the Earls of Pembroke and Abergavenny, on the site of the present Hall. Enlarged and adapted to the requirements of the Company, it was destroyed by the Great Fire, which was otherwise a terrible disaster to the Company, for its members, according to Evelyn, lost stock, much of it deposited for safety in churches, of a value not far short of two hundred thousand pounds. The present Hall was built of brick in 1670, but in 1800 it was cased with Portland stone by Robert Mylne, who was Surveyor of St. Paul's. In 1828 the octagonal card-room was added by his son, William Chadwell Mylne. The flood of publications in these later days made the provision of further accommodation a necessity, and in 1887 a new north-eastern wing was added by Robert Mylne's grandson, Robert William Mylne. Here it is, on the ground floor, that copyrights are registered, while on the upper floor is the new stock-room, which is used also for receptions. On the west side of the hall is a small garden with a fine plane tree, which casts its shadow over the spot where in past times bonfires were made of books which did not meet with the approval of the ecclesiastical authorities.

At Stationers' Hall, in past days, lotteries were drawn, and many splendid funerals were marshalled, and here was held (May 28, 1612) the funeral feast of good old Thomas Sutton, the founder of the Charterhouse. But of all the ceremonies associated with the Hall the most markworthy was the annual musical festival instituted towards the end of the seventeenth century, and held on the 22nd of November, in commemoration of St. Cecilia, the patron saint of music. A sumptuous feast was preceded by a concert, of which the chief feature was the rendering of an ode to St. Cecilia, set to music by one of the leading composers of the day, and it was for these festivals that Pope and Dryden wrote their glorious odes in praise of the saint who from the skies "drew an angel down."

The Hall was wainscotted in 1674 by Stephen Colledge, an eminent joiner of those days, and the screen at the south end of the room is also his handiwork. Besides some interesting portraits, the Company possesses a curious and valuable collection of plate, chiefly of the period of Charles I. In its arms appear clasped Bibles and a Holy Dove, with an eagle rising within a nimbus and holding a penner and inkhorn; the motto is, *Verbum Domini Manet in Æternum.* The Stationers have found their historian in their Clerk, Mr. C. R. Rivington, whose "Records of the Worshipful Company of Stationers" appeared in 1903 as a memorial of the five hundredth year of their corporate foundation. The clerkship of the Company, by the way, has been held by members of the family to which Mr. Rivington belongs since the year 1800.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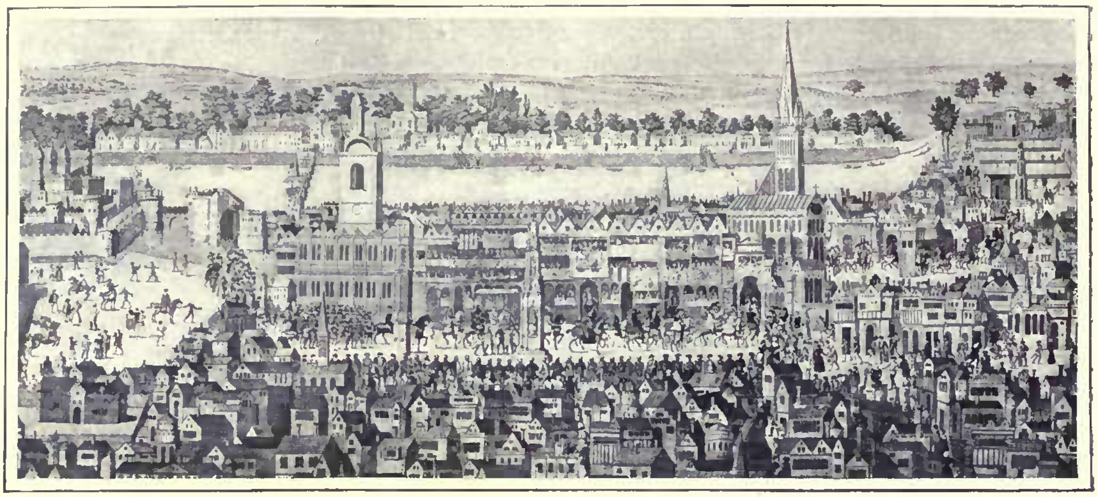
ARMS OF THE STATIONERS' COMPANY.



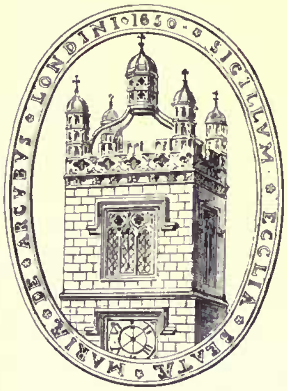
CORONATION PROCESSION OF EDWARD VI. THROUGH CHEAPSIDE.

From a print of the Fresco of about 1550, destroyed with Cowdray House in 1793.

CHAPTER VI

CHEAPSIDE

An Open-air Market—The Roman Causeway—Cheapside Cross—The Standard and the Conduits—Mob Violence—Hostility towards Aliens—Old Bow Church—Burning out Fitzosbert—A Murder in the Church—The Present Steeple—The "Seldam"—Old Houses in Cheapside—Simpson's—The Wood Street Corner and its Myths—Alderman Boydell—Saddlers' and Mercers' Halls—Pageants in Cheapside


LONDINI · 1650 · SIGILLVM · ECCLIA · BEATÆ · MARIÆ · DE · ARCVBVS

SEAL OF BOW CHURCH, SHOWING THE LANTERNS OF THE OLD TOWER.

IN the beginning Chepe, or West Chepe as it was often called, to distinguish it from East Chepe, was a spacious open-air market, not altogether unlike those which are still carried on in some provincial towns, and the purveyors who frequented the place found shelter in movable booths or sheds. The open space where the booths were run up was bordered by one of the main roads of the City. Chepe itself no longer exists, but the main road we still have with us, under the name of Cheapside, one of the most crowded of our City streets.

Some writers on early London have concluded that when first Chepe became a market, and for long afterwards, there was no street skirting the open space. But when Wren excavated the foundations of old Bow Church, he discovered, after digging to a depth of eighteen feet, a Roman causeway four feet thick, and it was upon this solid basis that he reared the steeple of the present Bow Church. He believed that this causeway followed the northern boundary of Roman London, and that between it and the Thames ran Watling Street, "the principal middle street or Prætorian way." For this hypothesis Mr. Lethaby, whose work* is the fruit of much independent research, has found support in two deeds given by Dugdale under Barnstaple, recording the gift, in the early years of the twelfth century (1110-1115), of a new house and land in "*foro*" or "*magno vico Londoniæ quam habuit Odone Bajocensi.*" This reference to the property of Odo of Bayeux, in the "market-place" or "great street of London," as he says, carries Cheapside the thoroughfare back to Conquest days, and he adds that "there is no doubt Chepe was the Saxon High Street and the official meeting-place of the citizens from the earliest days of the English settlement."

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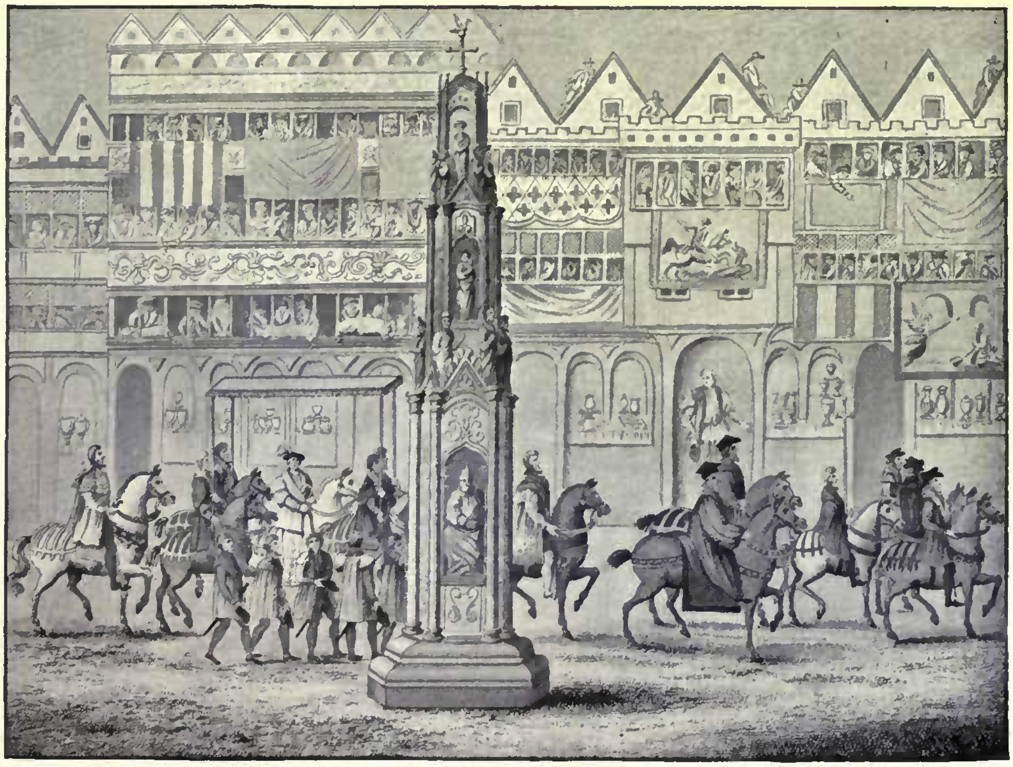
* "London before the Conquest." By W. R. Lethaby. 1902. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)

However this may be, it is beyond question that from the earliest times Chepe was one of the two great markets and trading places of the City, and the names borne by the streets leading out of Cheapside—on the north, for example, Wood Street, Milk Street, Honey Lane Market; on the south, Bread Street, Sopers' (Soapers') Lane (now Queen Street), Old Change—indicate roughly the places where the various trades were carried on. Then there was Goldsmiths' Row, on the south side of Chepe, extending from the west end to Bread Street, built in 1491 by Thomas Wood, goldsmith, and Sheriff of London, and described by Stow in 1598 as "the most beautiful frame of fair houses and shops that be within the walls of London, or elsewhere in England." It contained, he goes on to say, "ten fair dwelling-houses and fourteen shops, all in one frame, uniformly builded four stories high, beautified towards the street with the Goldsmith arms, and the likeness of Woodmen (in memory of the founder's name) riding on monstrous beasts, all of which is cast in lead, richly painted over and gilt." Afterwards the row seems to have been extended eastwards to Bucklersbury. Until the Great Fire the majority of the goldsmiths lived in Chepe, but after that calamity they migrated to Lombard Street.

Cheapside Cross.

One great feature of old Cheapside was its cross. There were indeed two, of which one, at the west end, was demolished in 1390 to make way for the Little Conduit. But *the* cross was that which, commemorating Queen Eleanor, stood in the middle of the road facing Wood Street. Originally built in 1290, in three octangular stages which reached to a height, probably, of some forty feet, it was rebuilt or enlarged in the fifteenth century, and was further beautified on the accession of Edward VI. But this was the beginning of evil days for the splendid memorial of



CHEAPSIDE CROSS IN 1547, WITH PART OF THE CORONATION PROCESSION OF EDWARD VI. ON ITS WAY TO WESTMINSTER.

From an old Print after a contemporary painting.

Edward I.'s grief. The Reformers began to inveigh against it, several times it was the object of violence, and finally, on the 2nd of May, 1643, by order of Parliament, it was utterly demolished. As the cross on the summit fell there was great beating of drums and blaring of trumpets and ringing of bells, and the multitude raised a joyful shout. Among the spectators was one who shouted not. John Evelyn, who had to see so much else that grieved him, tells us in his Diary that he saw "the furious and zelous people demolish the stately crosse in Cheapside."

The Conduits.

Other ancient features of Cheapside were its Standard and its Conduits. The Standard, which stood opposite the narrow opening styled Honey Lane Market, not far from Bow Church, and also served the purposes of a fountain, was a structure of great antiquity, and in the reign of Henry VI. it had to be rebuilt. The Little Conduit, succeeding the old Cross, stood in the middle of the street at the west end, between Foster Lane on the north and Old Change on the south; the Great Conduit, also in the middle of the road, at the eastern end of Cheap, near its junction with the Poultry, was "castellated with stone and cisterned in lead about the year 1285," says Stow, and rebuilt and enlarged by one of the sheriffs in 1479. It brought a supply of sweet water to the City from the Tye-burn at Paddington.

Mob Violence.

The Little Conduit reminds us of some of those scenes of mob violence which blot the pages of the history of the City. In the conflict between Edward II. and his wife Isabella, the "she-wolf of France," the citizens favoured the Queen. As soon as he heard that she had landed at Harwich (September 24, 1326) Edward left his capital and fled to the west. Isabella addressed to the City two letters, and at the exhibition of the first of these on the cross in Chepe, on the 15th of October, the City rose. The Mayor, Chigwell, and other leading men repaired to the house of the Black Friars to meet the Bishops of London and Exeter, who were both king's men, but the mob, hastening after them, brought them back to the Guildhall, Chigwell "crying mercy with clasped hands," and offering to yield all their demands. The first to fall victim to the fury of the populace was one John le Marshall, who was suspected of being a spy. Him they beheaded at the Little Conduit here in Chepe. Then they made for the house of Stapledon, Bishop of Exeter, in the Strand, for he, as Edward's treasurer, had confiscated Isabel's property. The bishop at this very time was on his way to the City to dine at his house in what is now Warwick Lane, before going to the Tower, and divining from the signs of tumult that something was wrong, he galloped towards St. Paul's to take sanctuary. He was too late, however. Before he could enter the north door, he was seized, pulled from his horse, and dragged to the Little Conduit, and there his head also was smitten off. Stapledon's two esquires shared their master's fate, and the bodies lay stark naked all that day in Chepe, while the bishop's head was sent to the queen at Gloucester, as another head was once sent to another queen.

Evil May Day.

Yet another tumult of which Cheapside has been the scene was that known as the Evil May Day riot, in the reign of Henry VIII. London has seldom been without its aliens question, though in past times its grievance against the foreigners has usually been that they throve too well, and not that they were "undesirables" on account of their poverty. In Henry VIII.'s day it was the Lombard merchants who were the special objects of popular resentment, and in the year 1513, as May Day approached, it was rumoured that there was to be a general massacre of foreigners. Before nine o'clock, Sir Thomas More, a member of the King's Privy Council, with the Recorder of the City, came to Guildhall and desired the aldermen to send to the wards forbidding citizens' servants to be abroad after seven o'clock that evening. "After this command had been given," says Holinshed, graphically enough, "in the evening, as Sir John Mundie, an alderman, came from his ward, and two young men in Chepe, playing at the bucklers, and a great many others looking on, for the command was then scarce known, he commanded them to leave off; and when one of them asked why, he would have had him to the compter. Then all the young prentices resisted the alderman, taking the young fellow from him, and

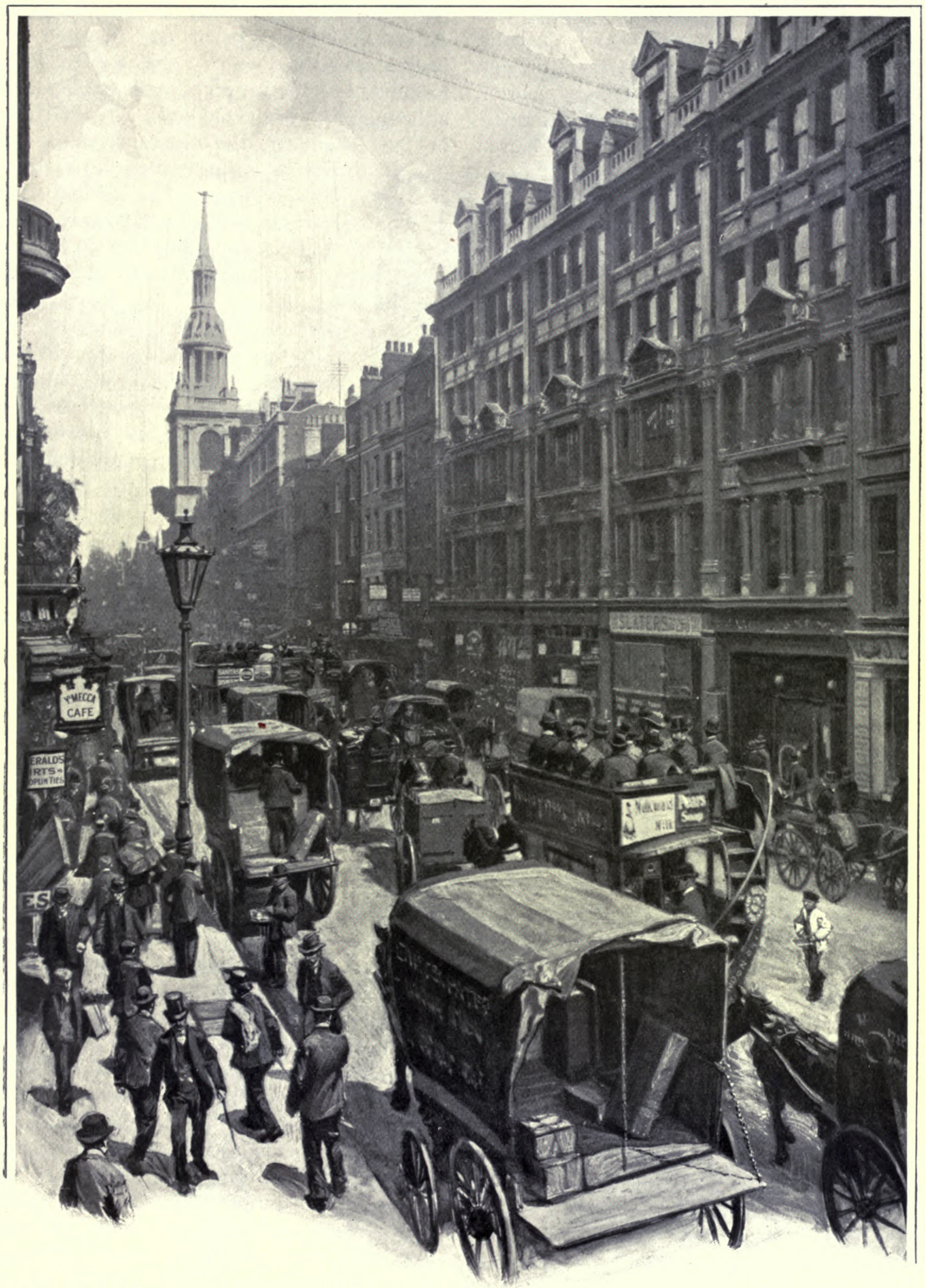

Ye MECCA CAFE
SLATERS

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

MODERN CHEAPSIDE.

crying, 'Prentices and Clubs.' Then out of every door came clubs and weapons. The alderman fled, and was in great danger. Then more people arose out of every quarter, and forth came serving men, watermen, courtiers, and others; so that by eleven o'clock there were in Chepe six or seven hundred; and out of Paul's Churchyard came three hundred, which knew not of the other. So out of all places they gathered, and broke up the compters, and took out the prisoners that the Mayor had committed for hurting the strangers." The disorder which thus began lasted until three o'clock the next morning, and the houses of many of the hated foreigners in various parts of the City were attacked, and some of the king's men were injured, though it does not appear from Holinshed's account that anyone was killed.

Dire was the retribution which waited upon the riot. Some three hundred arrests were made, most of them apprentices, and of the 278 persons who, bound with ropes, were marched to the Guildhall to take their trial, thirteen were condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, the sentences being carried out on eleven pairs of gallows erected at various points in the City, and in the presence, says our sympathetic chronicler, "of the Lord Edward Howard, son to the Duke of Norfolke, a knight marshal, who showed no mercie, but extreme crueltie, to the poore yonglings in their execution; and likewise the duke's servants spake many opprobrious words."

Bow Church.

The most famous feature of Chepe in mediæval days was neither the Cross nor the Standard, nor the Conduits, but old Bow Church. It was the bells of the old church which Whittington contrived to hear from the foot of Highgate Hill; and no one may claim to be a true cockney who is not born within sound of the present peal. But what has Bow to do with Central London? There is a Bow at the East End, beyond Bethnal Green, but between that parish and Bow Church in Cheapside there is no connexion whatever. Stow, hitting the nail on the head at the second stroke, tells us that it came to bear this name from the stone "bows" or arches upon which the church was built. So we get the name St. Mary-le-Bow, or, in Latin, Sancta Maria de Arcubus. When Wren came to rebuild the church after the Fire he found these arches, forming a Norman crypt, still intact, and although much of the old work was concealed in the rebuilding, the present church still has beneath it a crypt formed by massive columns. This crypt gave its name to the Court of *Arches*, an ecclesiastical court which before the Fire used to hold its sessions in the vestry, Bow Church being chosen for the purpose because it was one of the thirteen "peculiars" of the Archbishop of Canterbury in the City of London. After the Fire the Court of Arches never returned to Bow Church; but the ceremony of confirmation of the bishops of the province of Canterbury continued to be performed here until a few years ago, when, owing to "scenes" created by anti-Ritualists, it was transferred—only temporarily, let us hope—to the Church House, Westminster.

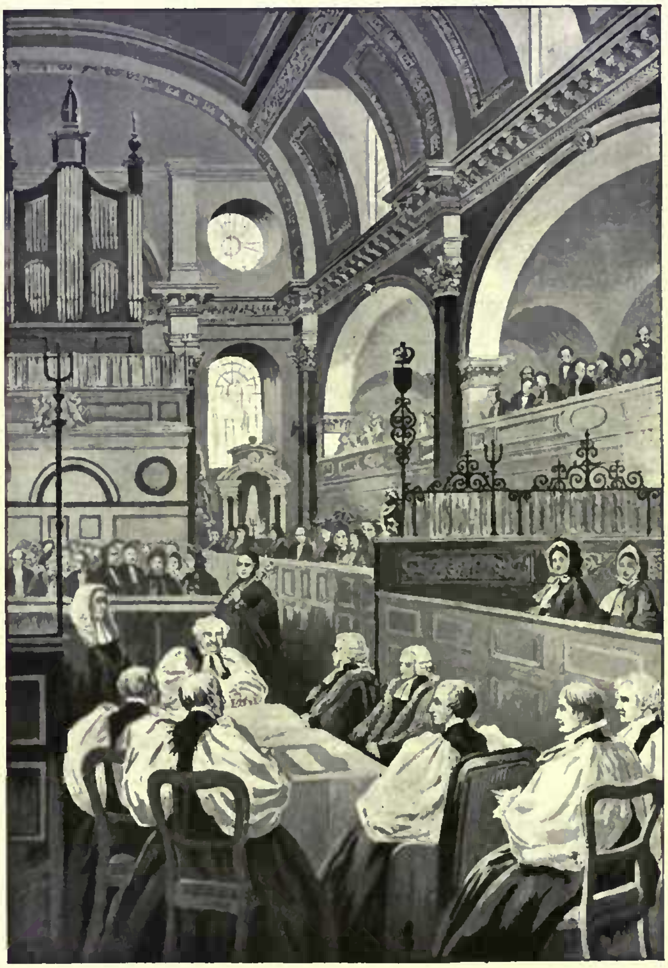
In the year 1091 London was visited by a terrific storm, which lifted the roof of Bow Church clean off, and flung it down into the midst of Chepe, and it is recorded that some of the great rafters were driven twenty-two feet into the ground. Stow explains the statement by telling us that the ground was of "a moorish nature," as indeed it must have been! In 1271, apparently without any storm to supply it with a reason, a great part of the tower fell, slaying many people, both men and women. The work of rebuilding went on so slowly that the tower was not completed until the early years of the sixteenth century, when it received its crown in the form of five stone "lanthorns," one at each corner and one in the centre, raised above the rest on arches. These lanterns, Stow tells us, were not mere architectural ornaments, but were intended to be glazed so that lights might be placed in them "whereby travellers to the City might have the better sight thereof, and not to miss of their ways." It does not appear, however, that Bow Church tower was ever thus used as a beacon for the guidance of benighted travellers.

Long before the fall of the tower, Bow Church was set on fire, in violation of its right of sanctuary, by order of an Archbishop. In the reign of Richard I., William Fitzosbert, otherwise William with the

Sanctuary Violated at Bow Church.

Longbeard, gave the authorities of the City a good deal of trouble by his fiery harangues at the folkmoot in St. Paul's Churchyard, his object being to stir up the commonalty to resist the exactions of the Mayor and rich aldermen. At first he seems to have been in favour with the king, for he was careful in his orations to profess to be zealous for the king's interest, but at last, in 1196, his enemies were able to get orders issued for his arrest. But Fitzosbert was not a man tamely to allow himself to be taken captive, and having slain one of those who sought to arrest him, he with some friends fled to Bow Church for sanctuary, barring the door and taking refuge in the tower. As they were well supplied with food, Archbishop Hubert scrupled not to order the church to be fired, and the refugees were smoked out. They were now secured—for the thousands who had been moved by Fitzosbert's declamation seem to have raised scarcely a hand in his defence—and a son of the man whom Fitzosbert had slain stabbed him, though not mortally, with a dagger. Then they were hurried to the Tower, where Hubert was waiting to pronounce sentence, and this formality completed, Longbeard himself and nine of his adherents were dragged by the heels to Smithfield and there hanged.

Of the character of this "seditious tailor," as Stow calls him, the most opposite views are taken by the chroniclers. Thus Matthew Paris speaks of him as "dying a shameful death for upholding the cause of truth and of the poor"; while William of Newburgh writes that he "perished, according to justice, as the instigator and contriver of troubles." That early in his career he brought a charge of treason against his elder brother, who is said to have refused to supply him with money wherewith to gratify his extravagant tastes, appears to be probable; and Dr. Stubbs, referring to this incident, sums him up as a disreputable man who, having failed to obtain the king's consent to a piece of private spite, made political capital out of a real grievance of the people.



CONFIRMATION OF ARCHBISHOP LONGLEY IN BOW CHURCH (1862): THE ARCHBISHOP-ELECT TAKING THE OATHS.

That he was a demagogue of extraordinary power is certain. Of commanding stature and of great strength, he had a wonderful gift of speech and some knowledge of law. "Addressing the people on every occasion, especially at their folkmoot in St. Paul's Churchyard," says Mr. Round in "The Dictionary of National Biography," "he roused them by stinging invective against the mayor and aldermen. . . . The craftsmen and the populace flocked to hear him, and he was said to have had a following of more than fifty thousand men." A dangerous man, no doubt, in those times, and Hubert probably found little difficulty in persuading himself that it was expedient "that one man should die for the people."

This was not the only occasion upon which sanctuary was violated at Bow Church. In the year 1284 a goldsmith named Laurence Duckett, who in a quarrel had wounded Ralph Creppin, M.P. for the City and clerk to the mayor, took refuge in the tower, and during the night was murdered by a party of his antagonist's friends, instigated by Creppin's mistress, Alice atte Bowe, the body being then hung by the neck to a mullion of one of the windows, so as to suggest suicide. This wicked and cowardly assassination must have been carefully planned, for it is not likely that wounds inflicted in the course of a fight would have lent themselves to the theory of self-destruction. For the time no suspicion of foul play was entertained, but presently a boy who had been with Duckett in the church and had hid himself, so that he saw them do their devilish work, proclaimed what he had seen. This time, the culprits not having acted under archiepiscopal instigation, the sacrilege was avenged, sixteen persons being hanged, while the woman was burnt alive. Nor did Creppin escape scot-free: he, with two other clerks and the sheriff, was sent to the Tower, and they were only, after a time, enlarged on payment of certain fines. The church also was punished, interdiction being laid upon it, and the doors and windows being "stopped up with thorns."

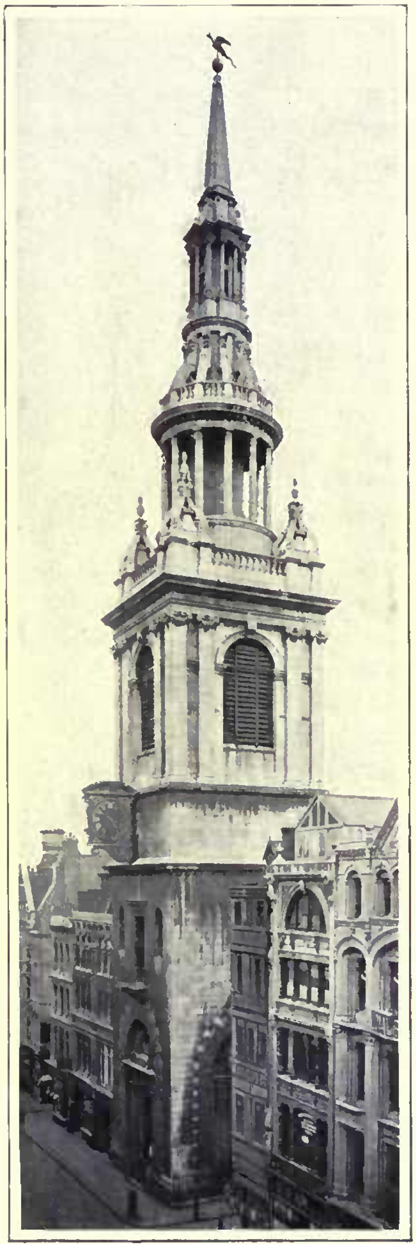


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

WREN'S LOVELIEST STEEPLE (BOW CHURCH).

By the Great Fire not only was St. Mary-le-Bow destroyed, but with it two other Cheapside churches, St. Pancras', Soper Lane (now Queen Street), and All Hallows', Honey Lane, almost opposite Bow Church. These two churches were never rebuilt, the parishes to which they belonged being joined to that of St. Mary-le-Bow.

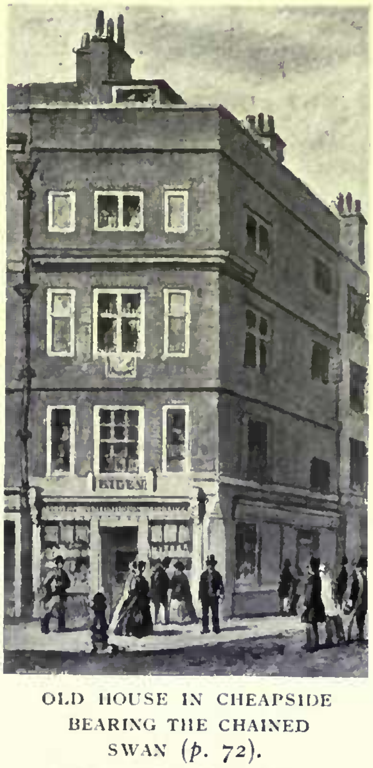
Upon the present Bow Church, the crowning glory of Cheapside, Wren expended £15,400, more by at least £3,000 than he spent upon any other of the parish churches which he rebuilt, and £7,388, or close upon half the total, was absorbed by the steeple. And who will say that this exquisite tower and spire were not cheap at the price? Fergusson deemed the steeple "beyond all doubt the most elegant building of its class erected since the Reformation"; and to most lovers of London, we suspect — we speak here of the City, as distinct from London in any of the larger senses— there is no building, after St. Paul's, which they would regret so poignantly, were it by some maleficent mischance destroyed, as this lovely structure. Its lower part is a square tower in three stages, the highest of them forming the belfry, which is relieved with Ionic pilasters, and has at each corner a prominent finial supporting a vase, the object of these finials being to break the transition from the square to the round. The belfry sustains a stone cylinder encircled by a lovely peristyle of twelve Corinthian columns; upon this rests a small lantern, supported also by the same number—twelve—of radiating flying buttresses springing from the entablature of the peristyle, and so curved as to present in the aggregate the outline of a ribbed cupola, with an effect hardly less lovely than that of the peristyle itself. Above the lantern comes the spire, topped by a vane in the form of a dragon. This dragon was the subject of a curious prophecy. It was predicted of old, says Swift, "that when the dragon on Bow Church kisses the cock behind the Exchange, great changes will take place in England." Well, in the year 1832, as Haydon the painter noted, these ornaments were both taken down to be repaired, and were placed side by side in the same yard. And before the year was out the Reform Bill was passed!

THE CHAINED SWAN (*p.* 72)

According to Fergusson, the height of the steeple is 235 feet, which would make it the loftiest of Wren's spires. Its actual height, however, to be very precise, is 221 feet 10 inches, so that it is slightly inferior in stature to St. Bride's off Fleet Street, which measures 226 feet; but as Mr. A. E. Daniell points out in his admirable volume on "London City Churches,"* the Fleet Street church stands upon much lower ground that its sister in Cheapside. There are several points in Cheapside from which the spire can be seen to advantage—from the west end of the street, for example, a little to the north of Behnes's poor statue of Sir Robert Peel, though this is not the safest spot in London at which to invite architectural impressions! A charming view of it is also to be caught from the bridge of Holborn Viaduct, where, too, one may compare it with the tapering spire of St. Bride's and with that of Christ Church, Newgate, the latter, alas, spoilt by the removal of the pedestals from the angles of the topmost stage.

The belfry of Bow Church now possesses the twelve bells for which it was designed, but at first there were only eight, to which two were added in 1758, the peal being brought to its full complement in the extensive restoration carried out between 1878 and 1882. In 1905 the bells were re-hung, and since then the old chimes have been revived, and one may now hear, modified by Sir Charles Stanford, the "Turn again, Whittington" melody which was a familiar strain in Chepe until the Great Fire.

On the exterior of the west wall may be seen a tablet inscribed with the arid lines of Dryden comparing Milton with Homer and Dante—"Three poets in three distant ages born." This tablet was early in the nineteenth century placed on the church of All Hallows, Bread Street, where Milton was baptised, and was removed to its present situation when, in 1876, that church was demolished.


OLD HOUSE IN CHEAPSIDE BEARING THE CHAINED SWAN (*p.* 72).
From a Water-colour by Findley.

In the second storey of the tower, on the face of it that fronts the street, is a balcony provided by Wren to replace the stone building which stood in front of old Bow Church, and from which successive monarchs, from Edward III. onwards, watched the joustings and pageants that were so frequently enacted in Chepe. How Edward came to build this "seldam," as

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* "London City Churches." By A. E. Daniell. 1896. (Archibald Constable & Co.)

Stow calls it, has often been told. At a great tournament in Chepe to celebrate the birth of the Black Prince a wooden tower was run up for the accommodation of Queen Philippa and the ladies of her court, and so badly had the carpenters done their work that in the midst of the mock combat down it came with a crash, and with it the Queen and her ladies. Happily no one was hurt, but Edward's hot Plantagenet temper flamed out against the workmen, and he swore an oath that the culprits should at once be put to death. But the Queen fell on her knees and craved mercy for them, and her impetuous consort relented and spared them.

In Bow Churchyard, on the west side and at the rear of the church, is to be seen a house which looks as though it might have been built about the same time as the church. Cheapside itself has of late years been widened and mostly rebuilt. But there are still two or three houses which remain pretty much in their original state. One of them is the corner house on the east side of Friday Street, numbered 37, Cheapside. Of red brick, of a very venerable tinge, it no doubt carries us back to the rebuilding of Cheapside after the Fire; and though the windows have been altered, the exterior generally has suffered little in the way of modernisation. But old as is the house, the relief which its Cheapside front bears is probably much more ancient. It figures the Chained Swan from the arms of Henry V. when Prince of Wales; and it may well be, as Mr. Loftie suggests in his "History of London," the sole surviving fragment of a building which stood here from the time of the Plantagenet king until, six years after the Stuart Restoration, it perished in the flames.

Old Houses in Cheapside.

Not far from the other (eastern) end of Cheapside, on the same south side of the street, is a passage bearing the name of Bird-in-Hand Court, which formerly led to the "Queen's Arms," as now it leads to Simpson's restaurant. In rooms over this passage Keats was lodging in 1816, and here he wrote the greater part of his first volume of poems, published in 1817, including his splendid sonnet entitled, "On First Looking into Chapman's 'Homer.'" This is not Cheapside's only literary association, but we must not leave Bird-in-Hand Court without recalling that Simpson's restaurant, well known for its fish dinners, was established by a worthy of this name who had carried on a fish-dinner house founded in 1723 in Bell Alley, at the west end of old Billingsgate. When he sold his business there, a few years before the market was rebuilt (1877), he entered into an undertaking, as the story is told by Mr. Edward Callow in "Old London Taverns," not to engage in a similar enterprise within a specified distance of Bell Alley. Finding that he could not be happy out of business, he paid the forfeit of £500 and bought the "Queen's Head," in Bird-in-Hand Court, and, renaming the house after himself, ran it on much the same lines as the old house in Bell Alley. A few years ago a familiar figure at Simpson's was the late Alderman Sir John Bennett, whose shop (No. 65), high up on the front of which Gog and Magog strike the hour on a large bell, is still one of the "sights" of Cheapside for country cousins.

Simpson's.

The other famous literary association of Cheapside is with Wordsworth, for was it not at the corner of Wood Street, where flourishes a large plane-tree, that there hung the thrush whose song figures in the reverie of Poor Susan? Familiar as are the lines, we must quote the two first stanzas, for they appear to be bearing their part in the creation of a pretty myth.

> "At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
> Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years;
> Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
> In the silence of morning the song of the bird.
>
> "'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? she sees
> A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
> Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
> And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside."

It is sometimes assumed, by a pardonable confusion of ideas, that the thrush whose song conjured up the poor woman's vision was clinging to the plane-tree which casts its shade upon the site of the church of St. Peter's-in-Chepe, destroyed in the Great Fire and not rebuilt, the parish being joined to that of St. Matthew, Friday Street. But the first couplet shows that the songster was a caged bird, and the poet

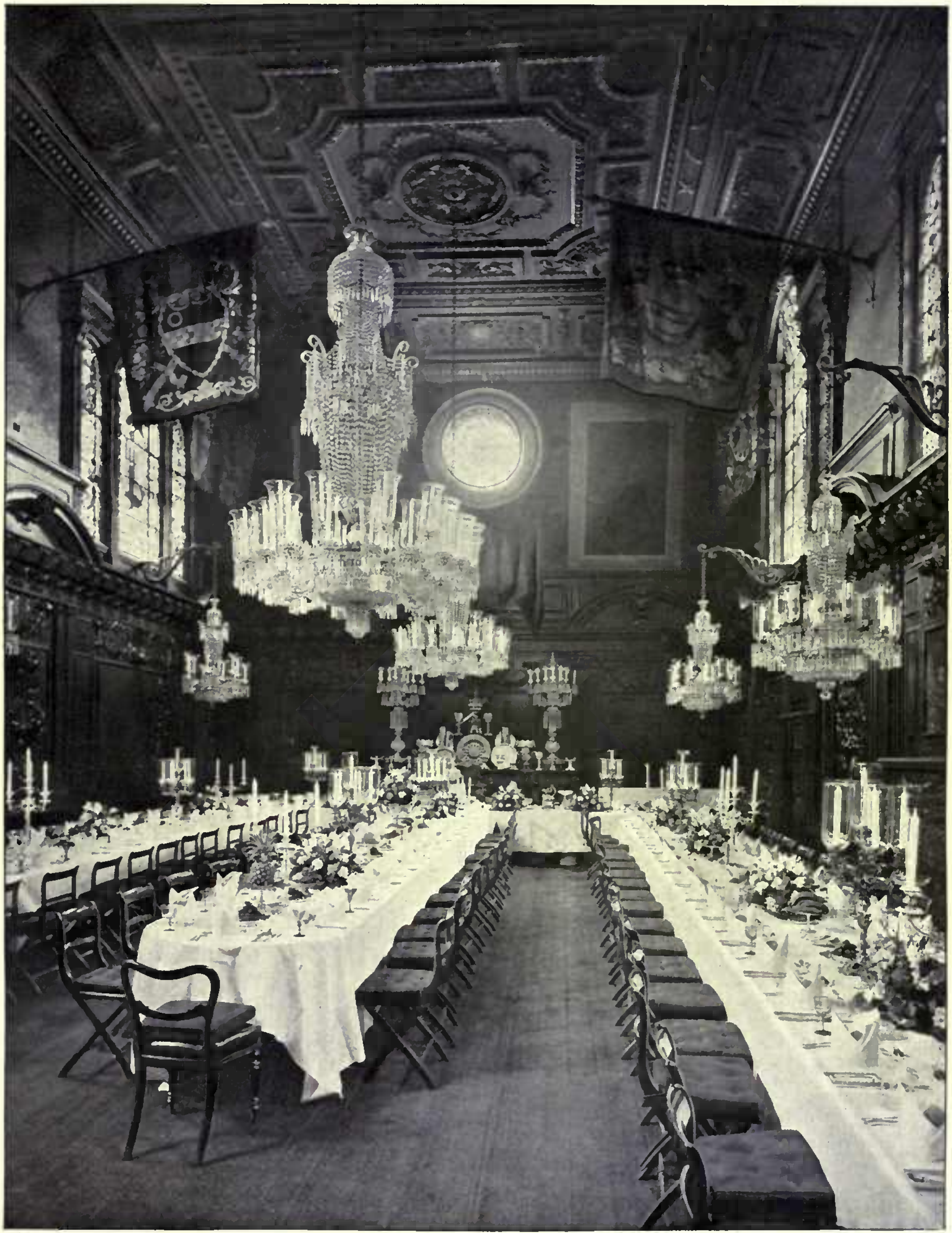
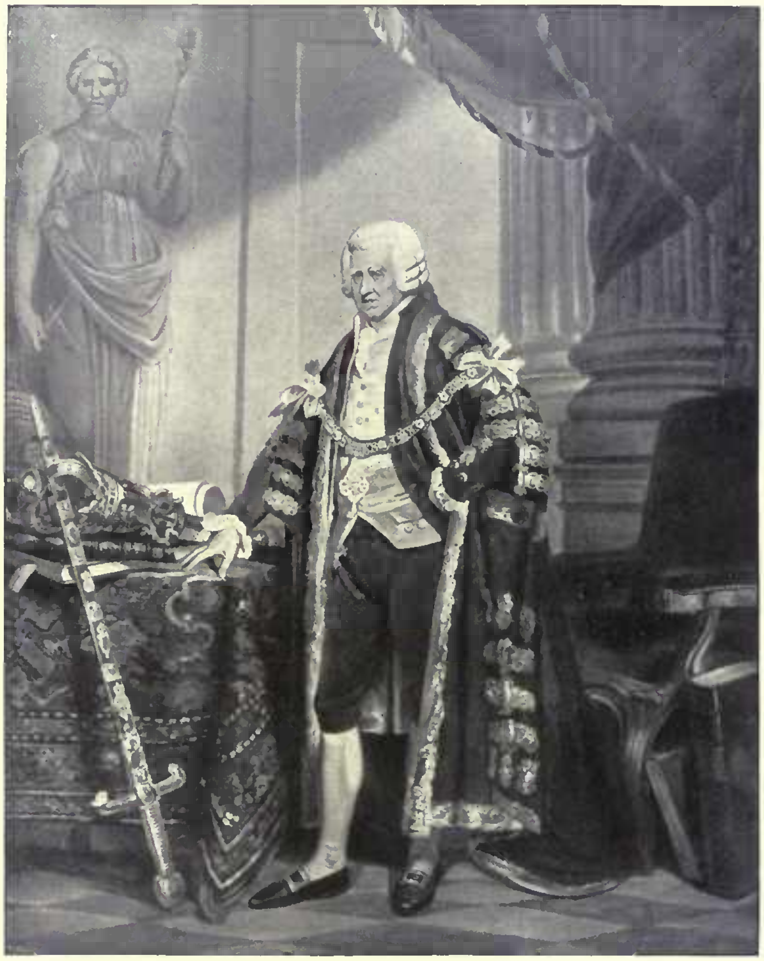


Photo: Sandell, Ltd., Norwood S.E.

MERCERS' HALL PREPARED FOR A LIVERY DINNER.

has made it clear that this was so by a note which he prefixed to the little piece: "This arose out of my observation of the affecting music of these birds, hanging in this way in the London streets during the freshness and stillness of the Spring morning." It is of less moment to point out that it was physically impossible for Susan to have beheld volumes of vapour or anything else gliding through Lothbury. Poetry, even when it tells you precisely how long a bird has hung in one station, need not allow itself to be trammelled by regard for topographical accuracy.



ALDERMAN BOYDELL.
From the Painting by Sir William Beechey.

The Wood Street plane-tree has some responsibility for another pretty legend. The passer-by must have wondered how it is that the three Cheapside shops* in front of it are so much lower than all the other buildings in the street. How pleasantly could the fact be explained if we assumed that the leases under which the property is held forbid the raising of the houses out of regard to the tree whose branches overhang them! The assumption has, in fact, been made by more than one writer; but, sad to say, it is entirely erroneous. The houses formerly belonged to St. Peter's, and are now vested in the City Parochial Foundation, and from information supplied by that institution it appears that the freehold is absolute, and that the height of the buildings is restricted by nothing but the doctrine of ancient lights. It may be added that for at least two hundred years there have been clauses in the lease giving the lessors the right of going on the roofs on the occasion of royal or civic processions. This, however, was a common feature of Cheapside leases.

At No. 90, Cheapside, at the corner of Ironmonger Lane, now occupied by the massive premises of the Atlas Assurance Office, stood the shop of Alderman Boydell, the famous print-seller, whose business career was one of the most remarkable on record. Apprenticed to an engraver after he had turned twenty, he became so enamoured of his art that he determined to popularise and extend it. Having etched some small plates of landscapes, in groups of six, he induced the keepers of toy-shops to expose them in their windows, and Saturday by Saturday did he go the round of these shops, as was the way in those days, to square the accounts. From small things he went on to great, until he conceived his grand project of a "Shakespeare Gallery," a collection of modern historical pictures, prints of which were to accompany a magnificent edition of the plays. But Boydell was a generous and lavish man, who forgot to see to it that his princely schemes yielded a profit, and in 1804, now an old man of eighty-five, he had to petition the House of Commons for leave to dispose of his stock of paintings and drawings by lottery. He described himself as anxious to be freed from the debts which oppressed him, claimed that he had created both a demand and a supply for English prints, lamented that he could not leave his Shakespeare Gallery to the nation, as he had hoped to do, the French Revolution having cut up his revenue by the roots, and admitted the mistake he had made in having increased his stock of copper-plates to such an extent that all the print-sellers in Europe, in those unfavourable times, could not purchase them. The House granted the petition, and Boydell lived just long enough to know that all the tickets were disposed of. He had been Alderman of Cheap Ward since 1782, and Lord Mayor in 1790, and he died on the 11th of December, 1804, as the result of a chill caught at the Old Bailey Sessions.

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* Until 1902 they were four, but in that year a portion of one was taken for the widening of Wood Street, and what was left of it was added to the adjoining shop.

In Cheapside are the halls of two of those Livery Companies of which some general account was given in the preceding chapter.

Saddlers' Hall.

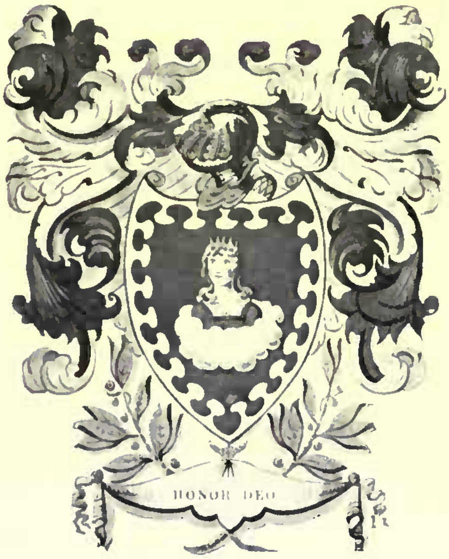
The Saddlers' Company, whose hall abuts upon Foster Lane as well as upon Cheapside, is of great antiquity, as is clear from documents, still in existence, which show that in 1154 it had relations with the convent of St. Martin-le-Grand. But it is one of the minor Companies, and, interesting as is its story, we can only say here that the present hall dates from 1822, its predecessor having been destroyed by fire in 1821, thus sharing the fate of the first hall, which perished in 1666.

The Mercers.

The Mercers' Company, one of the twelve great Companies, and the first in order of civic precedence, claims less summary notice. Its hall is further east, with one entrance in Ironmonger Lane, and another, used on great occasions, in Cheapside, to which it presents a front that ever since this was rebuilt, in 1880, has been one of the architectural features of the street. It reproduces the old front of the hall, which has been variously attributed to Wren and to an Italian architect of the seventeenth century; and the rest of the frontage of the block, extending from Ironmonger Lane to the Old Jewry, having a length of 200 feet, was designed to harmonise with it. The whole of the block belongs to the Mercers, and so much of it as they do not require for their own purposes is let out to business firms.

At first mercers were dealers in all small wares, including even spices and drugs; but as trades became differentiated, they dealt more particularly in silks and velvets, leaving to the haberdasher smaller articles of dress. In the reign of Henry II. they had their stalls in the part of Cheapside where their hall now stands, but presently they shifted to the south side of Chepe, on the western side of Bow Church, between the church and Friday Street, so that this part of Chepe came to be known as the Mercery.

The Mercers' Company, though its origins have been traced back considerably further, was formally incorporated in 1393, when Sir Richard Whittington induced Richard II. to bestow upon it a charter. By his will, Whittington constituted the Company the trustees of his almshouses on College Hill—an example which was followed by opulent merchants and others in later days, with the result that the Mercers are now the wealthiest of all the City Companies.



ARMS OF THE MERCERS' COMPANY.

Long before this incorporation, towards the end of the twelfth century, Agnes, the sister of Archbishop Becket, and wife of Thomas Fitz-Theobald, a Norman knight, had built a college of Augustine Friars, with a church, close to Ironmonger Lane, Cheapside, on the site of the house where the Archbishop was born, their father being Gilbert Becket, mercer and portreeve of London. This college and church, which were dedicated to St. Thomas of Acon — why "Acon" is a mere matter of unprofitable conjecture—came to be associated with the Mercers' fraternity, and when the college was dissolved by Henry VIII. the collegiate buildings, with adjoining property, were bought by the Mercers. Of these buildings a clean sweep was made by the Great Fire. Then it was that the present hall, with the court-room behind it, and the chapel, were built. The hall is a lofty wainscotted room, richly decorated with carvings. It is elevated above an extensive piazza, and rests upon Doric columns. The windows are filled with painted glass, showing on the one side Queen Elizabeth, flanked by Dean Colet and Sir Thomas Gresham, and on the other side Richard II., with St. Thomas Becket and Sir Richard Whittington. The chapel, on the ground floor, which occupies the site of the house where Thomas Becket was born, is reached from the piazza, and this, too, is wainscotted, and is paved with white and black marble. Here service is held on Sunday evenings, and also on saints' days. In 1908 the business offices of the Company, fronting Ironmonger Lane, were found to be insecure, and had to be rebuilt. The portion of the premises which was rebuilt in 1880 includes a handsome staircase, leading from the entrance in Cheapside to the drawing or reception room—one of the most elegant apartments in the City, with wainscotted walls, marble pilasters lined with gilt, gilt cornices, and a panelled and painted ceiling.

The Old Hall.

In the Hall and elsewhere are portraits of Gresham, Colet, Whittington, and other distinguished Mercers, and occupying a place of honour in the large court-room is a portrait of an eminent "Mercer" of these later days, the late Lord Selborne, lawyer and statesman. Here, too, is displayed the medal granted to the Company by the War Secretary on the recommendation of Earl Roberts, in recognition of its liberality in assisting to raise and equip the City of London Imperial Volunteers for active service in South Africa. Besides the Whittington Almshouses, at the foot of Highgate Hill, the Mercers carry on St. Paul's School, at Hammersmith, with funds provided by Dean Colet; a middle-class school of their own in Barnard's Inn, Holborn, and other schools in the country. They are also trustees of the Gresham Estate, and of a multitude of smaller properties; and their benefactions to a great variety of public objects are on a princely scale.

The badge of the Company shows a maiden's head, or, in more formal language, a demi-virgin with dishevelled hair, believed by some to relate to the Virgin Mary, and by others to have reference to Queen Elizabeth. "When any of this Company," says Strype, "is chosen mayor, or makes one of the triumph of the day wherein he goes to Westminster to be sworn, a most beautiful virgin is carried through the streets in a chariot, with all the glory and majesty possible, with her hair all dishevelled about her shoulders, to represent the maiden head which the Company give for their arms, and this lady is plentifully gratified for her pains, besides the gift of all the rich attire she wears."

Cheapside, as the main thoroughfare of the City, has been favoured more than any other London street with those pageants, civic and national, in which our remoter ancestors took such immense delight, carrying them out with a sumptuousness that makes our efforts in this kind, though we do such things better than we did, appear flimsy and futile. Let us play the spectator, with the chronicler whose narrative is adapted by Sir Walter Besant,* at one of these pageants, that with which London welcomed Henry V. when, on his return from France, he came in procession to St. Paul's to render thanks for Agincourt. He was met at Blackheath by the Mayor and the Aldermen "apparelled in orient grained scarlet, and four hundred commoners clad in beautiful murrey, well mounted and trimly horsed, with rich collars and great chains"; and at St. Thomas of Waterings, on the Old Kent Road, he was received by the clergy of London in solemn procession, "with rich crosses, sumptuous

Pageants in Cheapside.

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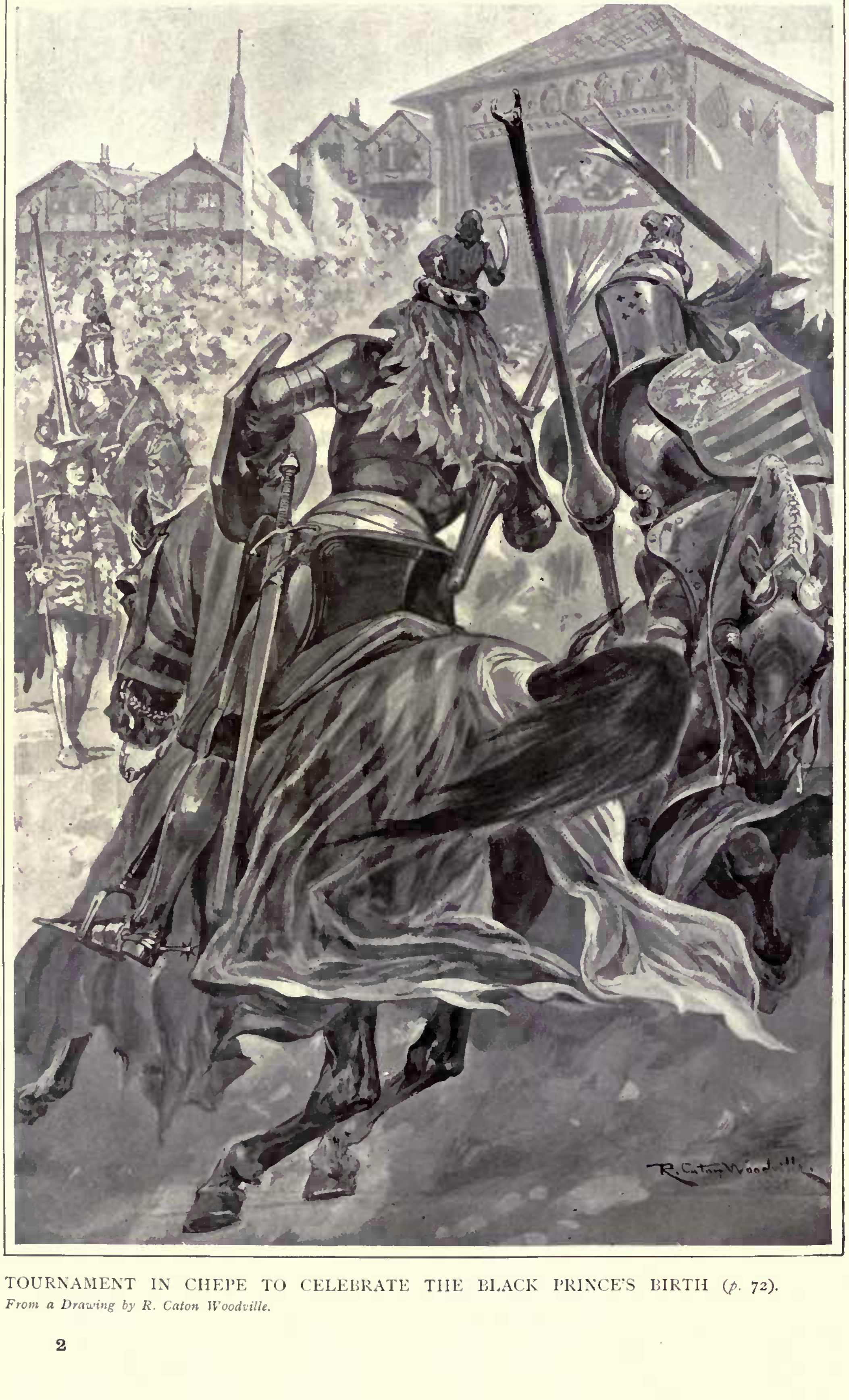
* "London." By Walter Besant. 1892. (Chatto & Windus.)

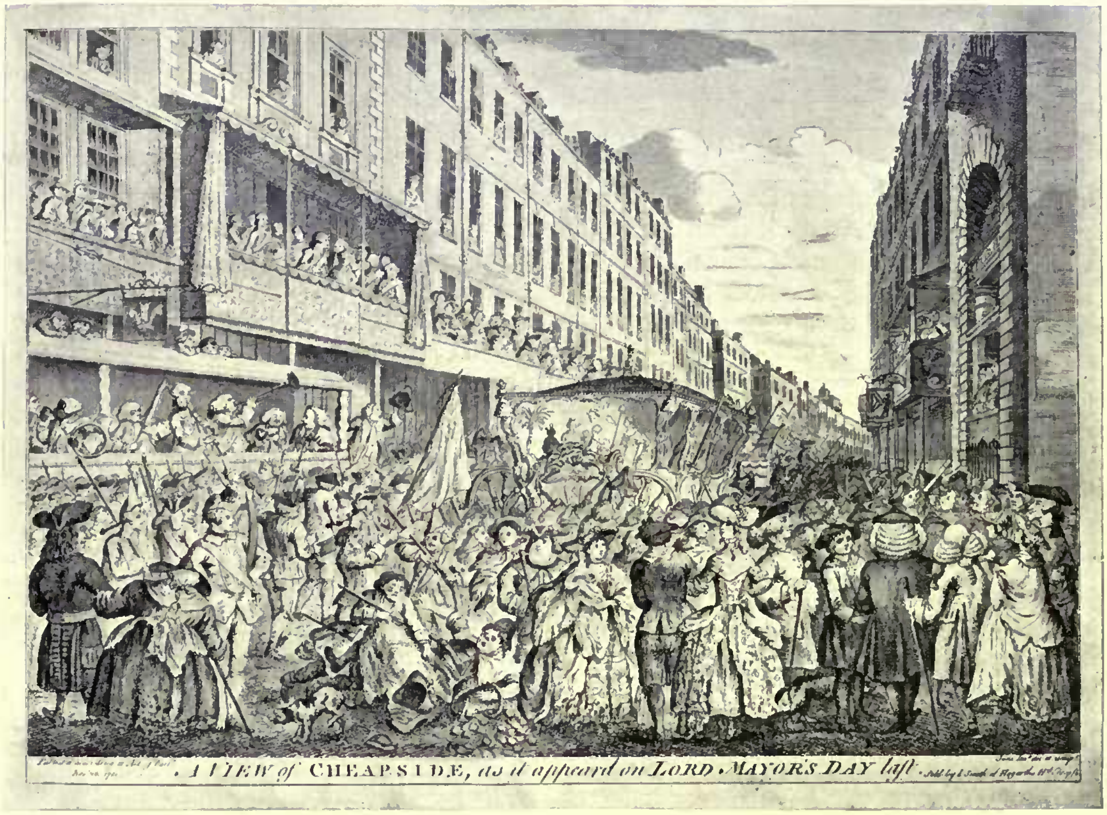

R. Caton Woodville

TOURNAMENT IN CHEPE TO CELEBRATE THE BLACK PRINCE'S BIRTH (*p.* 72).
From a Drawing by R. Caton Woodville.

copes, and massy censers." The King bore himself, our chronicler tells us, "like a grave and sober personage," and "would not suffer his helmet to be carried with him, whereby the blows and dints upon it might have been seen by the people, nor would he suffer any ditties to be made and sung by minstrels of his glorious victory, because he would the praise and thanks should be altogether given to God." At London Bridge and in Cornhill the decorations, largely allegorical, made a brave show. At the tower of the conduit, at the entrance of Chepe, which was draped with green hangings, and ornamented with scutcheons, "sat twelve venerable old men, having the names of the twelve apostles written on their foreheads, together with the twelve Kings, Martyrs, and Confessors of the succession of England, who . . . gave their chaunt at the King's approach, and sent forth upon him round leaves of silver mixed with wafers, and wine out of the pipes of the conduit, imitating Melchisedeck's reception of Abraham when he returned from his victory over the Four Kings."

When the King came to the Cross which his great ancestor had built he found it screened by "a beautiful castle" of timber, hung with linen painted to resemble squared blocks of white marble and green and crimson jasper, and smothered with coats of arms. "On a stage in front came forth a chorus of virgins with timbrel and dance, as to another David coming from the slaughter of Goliah; their song of congratulation was, 'Welcome, Henry the Fifte, King of Englond and of Fraunce.' Throughout the building there was also a multitude of boys, representing the heavenly host, who showered down on the King's head small coins resembling gold, and boughs of laurel, and sang, accompanied by organs, the *Te Deum Laudamus*."

But the climax of the pageant was reached at the Conduit at the West End of Chepe, where, the procession being now at the Cathedral, the show ended. Here were pavilions "in each of which was a virgin,

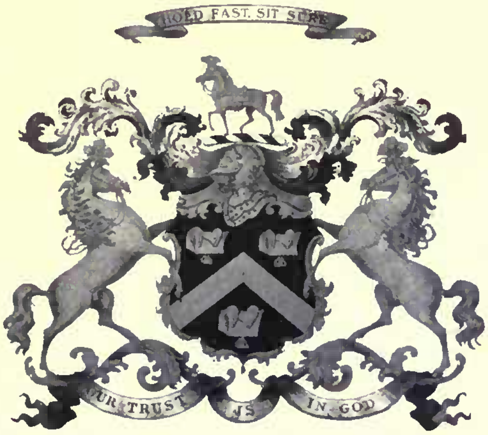

A VIEW of CHEAPSIDE, as it appear'd on LORD MAYOR'S DAY last.

A LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION IN CHEAPSIDE (1761).
After a Drawing by June.

who from cups in their hands blew forth golden leaves on the King. The tower was covered with a canopy made to resemble the sky and clouds, the four posts of which were supported by angels, and the summit crowned with an archangel of brilliant gold. Beneath the canopy, on a throne, was a majestic image representing the sun, which glittered above all things, and round it were angels singing and playing all kinds of musical instruments."

What a show! Yet was there nothing exceptional about it, except that there seems to have been, perhaps owing to the King's grave demeanour, more of solemnity and less of riotous humour than was customary. Our forbears in olden days were mindful enough of the serious side of life, but when they took their pleasures they gave themselves to the business with an energy and a thoroughness that enable us to understand the great things they did on stricken fields and stormy seas. Was it because they were so very much in earnest in their festivities that Froissart charged them with taking their pleasures sadly?

It were easy to fill page after page with these stories of pomp and jubilation, but we can but recall one more incident, which befel when Richard II.'s coronation procession passed through Chepe. The Mayor had claimed his customary right of assisting the chief butler at the coronation banquet in Westminster Hall. The claim was opposed by Chief Justice Belknap, who at last gave way with the churlish gibe that the Mayor might, if he chose, lend a hand at washing up the pots and pans. The citizens of London were not the men to take such a flout meekly, and when the royal procession came to the upper end of Chepe, where a castle had been built which poured forth wine, none could fail to see that one of the fountains was the very image of the Chief Justice. Now, therefore, the spouter of taunts was vomiting wine.



ARMS OF THE SADDLERS' COMPANY.

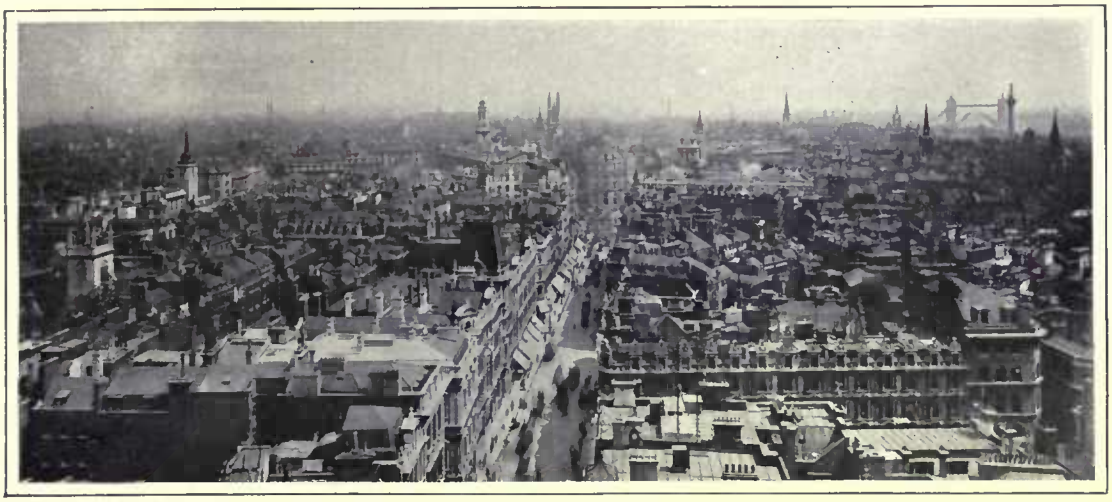


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

VIEW EASTWARDS FROM THE SPIRE OF BOW CHURCH.

CHAPTER VII

AROUND CHEAPSIDE

Old Change—Friday Street—The "Mermaid"—Was Shakespeare of the Company?—Bread Street and John Milton—All Hallows' Church—St. Mildred's—"Gerard the Giant"—Soper Lane—Pancras Lane and St. Benet's Sherehog—Watling Street—Budge Row—Tower Royal—Foster Lane and St. Vedast's—Goldsmiths' Hall—Wood Street and its Churches—A Curious Story—Brewers' Hall—Milk Street—An Ambitious Sheriff—Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and His Forbears—A Murder in Ironmonger Lane—King Street—A Tragedy

Old Change.

OF the streets leading out of Cheapside on the south side, the most westerly is Old Change, so called, according to Stow, because here was kept the King's Exchange, where bullion was received to be converted into coin of the realm, and whence new coins were distributed. There were two such Exchanges in London, the other being at the Tower, and afterwards a third was set up in Lombard Street.

Friday Street.

Friday Street was the fishmongers' quarter, and was so named, of course, on account of the consumption of fish on the sixth day of the week. Riley, in the "Memorials," gives a document in which the street is mentioned under this name so early as the year 1277. In this street, near its Cheapside end, stood till 1881, when it was destroyed, the church of St. Matthew, rebuilt by Wren in 1685. Sir Hugh Myddelton, the creator of the New River, who died in the year 1631, was churchwarden of this parish, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Matthew's.

The "Mermaid."

We may here mention the famous "Mermaid" Tavern, which is variously spoken of as having been in Bread Street and in Friday Street and in Chepe. In one sense it was in all three, for while the front appears to have looked down upon the main thoroughfare, there was access to it from both the smaller streets. Here it was that Ben Jonson and Beaumont, and other great lights of that age, forgathered to pass the cup and toss the jest. As Keats sings—

> "Souls of poets dead and gone,
> What Elysium have ye known,
> Happy field or mossy cavern,
> Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
> Have ye tippled drink more fine
> Than mine host's Canary wine?"

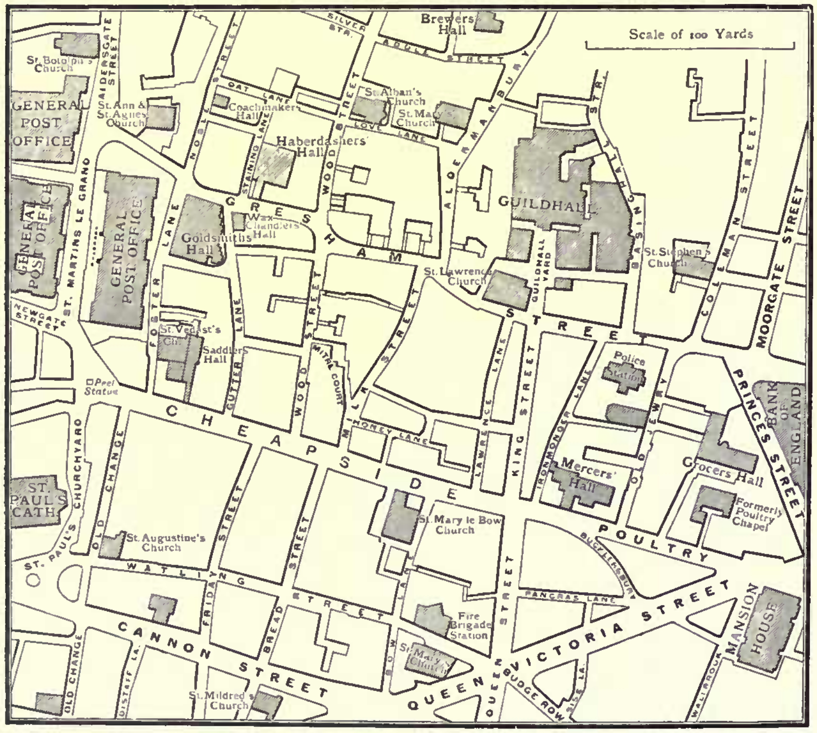
Let us hope that they all were as witty as, and more temperate than Jonson, whose wont it is said to have been to drink "seas of Canary wine," reel home to bed, and after a profuse perspiration, get up and write his dramas. Often as they have been quoted, we must borrow some of the lines which

Beaumont wrote to Jonson recalling their passages of wit in this tavern:

“ . . . What things have we seen
Done at the ‘Mermaid’? Heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life.”

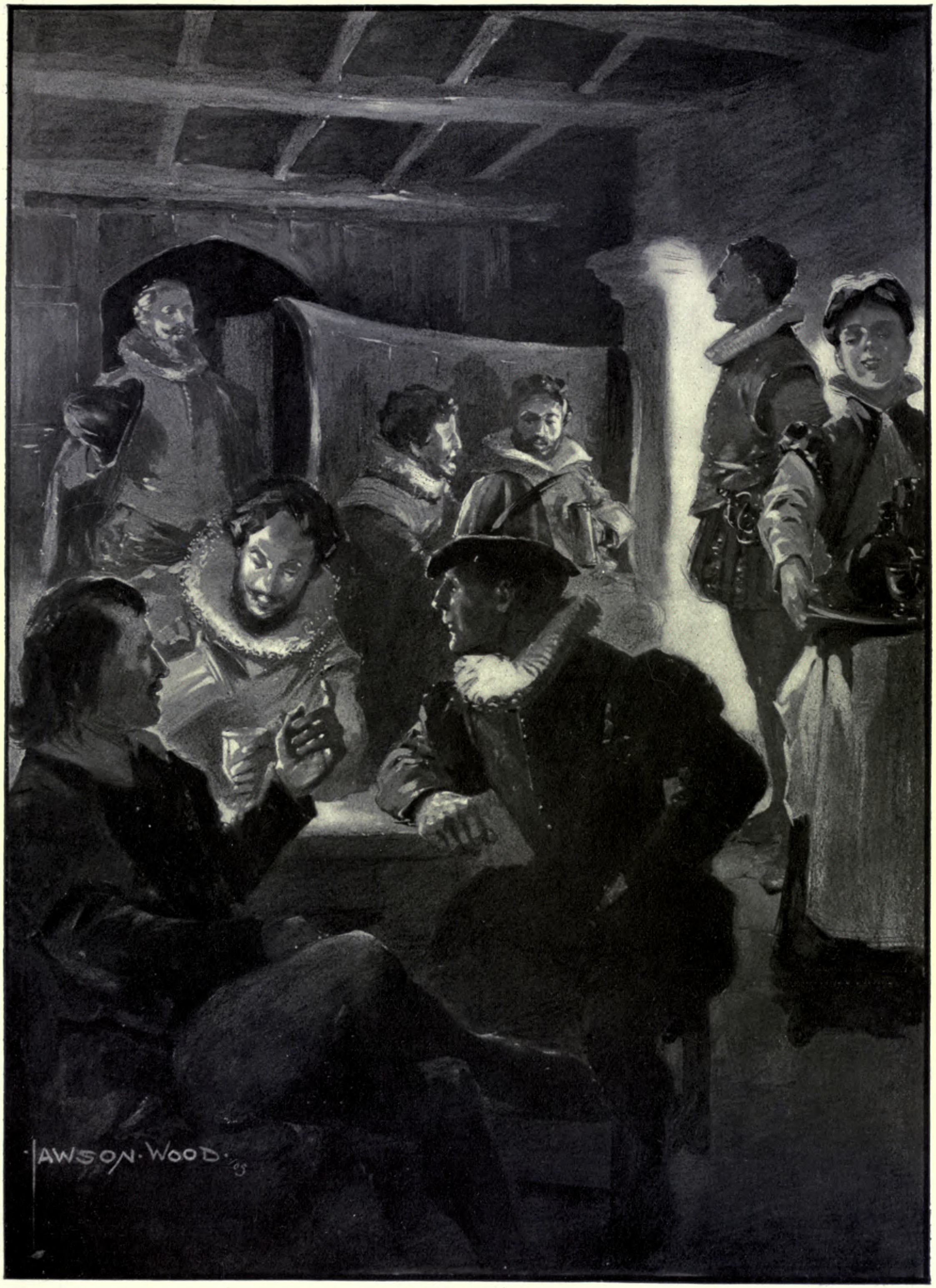
Was Shakespeare of those who have made the “Mermaid” familiar in our mouths as a household word? That he was is not improbable, and it may very well have been here that he had some of those passages with Ben Jonson which are described by Fuller in a passage quite worthy of the theme. “Many,” he tells us in his “Worthies of England,” “were the wit combats betwixt him (Shakespeare) and Ben Jonson; which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war: Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances; Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.” This passage has not always been quoted correctly. Fuller is sometimes made to say that he “beheld” Shakespeare and Jonson as like a Spanish galleon and an English man-of-war, and then we are gravely told, even by so careful a writer as Mr. Laurence Hutton, the author of “Literary Landmarks of London,” that “as Fuller was but eight years old when Shakspere died, his accounts of what he saw and heard of Shakspere in the “Mermaid” are hardly to be relied upon.”

But Fuller does not represent these wit combats as having taken place at the “Mermaid,” or in any other special place. And, as anyone may satisfy himself by turning to the first edition of the “Worthies,” what he wrote was not “I beheld,” but “I behold.” He was therefore drawing a comparison present to his mind at the time of writing, not professing to recall a scene which he could never have witnessed.


Scale of 100 Yards
Brewers Hall
Silver Str.
Addle Street
St. Botolph's Church
Aldersgate Street
General Post Office
St. Ann & St. Agnes Church
Noble Street
Oat Lane
Coachmakers Hall
Staining Lane
St. Alban's Church
St. Mary Church
Love Lane
Wood Street
Haberdashers Hall
Aldermanbury
Basinghall Street
Coleman Street
Moorgate Street
St. Martins le Grand
Foster Lane
Goldsmiths Hall
Wax Chandlers Hall
Gresham Street
Guildhall
Guildhall Yard
St. Lawrence Church
St. Stephen's Church
Newgate Street
St. Vedast's Ch.
Saddlers Hall
Gutter Lane
Milk Street
Mitre Court
Lawrence Lane
King Street
Ironmonger Lane
Old Jewry
Police Station
Princes Street
Bank of England
Peel Statue
Churchyard
Old Change
Cheapside
Honey Lane
Mercers' Hall
Grocers Hall
Formerly Poultry Chapel
St. Paul's Cath.
St. Augustine's Church
Friday Street
Bread Street
St. Mary le Bow Church
Poultry
Bucklersbury
St. Paul's
Watling Street
Pancras Lane
Queen Street
Mansion House
Fire Brigade Station
Cannon Street
Victoria Street
Old Change
Distaff La.
St. Mildred's Church
St. Mary's Church
Queen Street
Bow La.
Budge Row
Sise La.
Walbrook

PLAN OF THE STREETS NORTH AND SOUTH OF CHEAPSIDE.

If there is some doubt as to Shakespeare's association with the “Mermaid,” there is none about Milton's connection with Bread Street, the old bakers' quarter of Chepe; for here, at the sign of the “Spread Eagle,” London's greatest son was born, on the 9th of December, 1608. Professor Masson, in his “Life” of Milton, not only pictures Shakespeare meeting Ben Jonson at the “Mermaid,” in the year 1614, when he paid his last visit to London, but even thinks that he “may have passed a fair child of six playing at his father's door, and, looking down at him kindly, have thought of a little grave in Stratford churchyard, and the face of his own dead Hamnet.” A pretty fancy, which the reader may, if he please, believe. But certain is it that here in Bread Street, at least as early as 1603,


LAWSON·WOOD·'03

SCENE IN THE "MERMAID" TAVERN.

From a Drawing by Lawson Wood.

Milton's father, also named John, pursued the vocation of a scrivener. Originally, as Professor Masson points out, scriveners were penmen of all kinds of writings, but in process of time, and especially after the invention of printing, their business became very much that of a modern attorney, or of an attorney in conjunction with a law stationer. They were incorporated in 1617, but long before this they had been one of the recognised City Companies, and though they have had no hall since 1703, when they sold it to the Coach and Harness Makers, their name is still to be found in the list.

The house in which Milton was born was burnt down in the Great Fire, but it was commemorated by Black Eagle Court—the first on the left hand going from Cheapside, and only three houses back from that street—until 1885, when warehouses were built upon the site, and so even the name of the house disappeared. Puritan though he was, the poet's father was also a man of liberal culture, with a special bent to music. "An organ and other musical instruments were part of the furniture of the house in Bread Street; and much of his spare time was given to musical study." The son inherited, or caught, from the father a love for the heavenly art, and when long afterwards he framed his scheme of education he urged in his lofty style that the intervals of severer labour might "be taken up . . . with the solemn and divine harmonies of music, heard or learnt—either while the skilful organist plies his grave and fancied descant in lofty fugues, or the whole symphony with artful and unimaginable touches adorn and grace the well-studied chords of some choice composer; sometimes the lute or soft organ-stop waiting on elegant voices, either to religious, martial, or civil ditties, which, if wise men and prophets be not extremely out, have a great power over dispositions and manners to smooth and make them gentle."

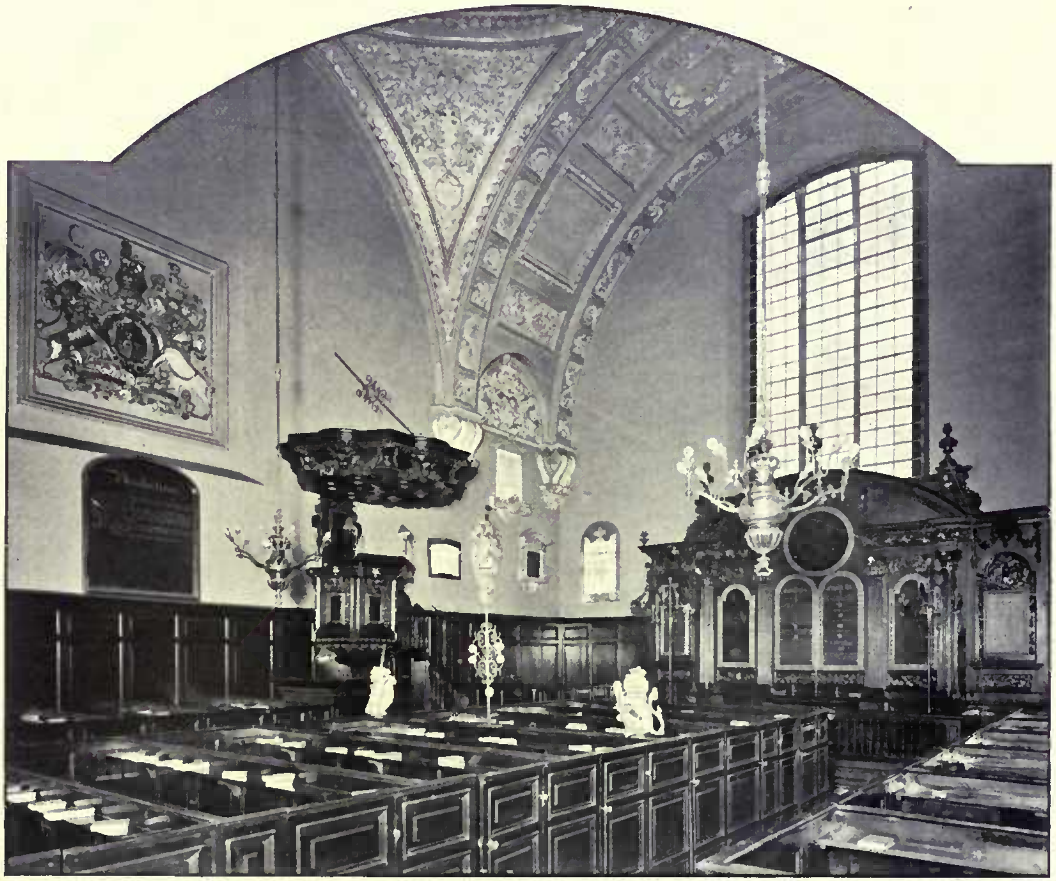


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

ST. MILDRED'S, BREAD STREET (*p.* 83).

At about the age of twelve the boy entered St. Paul's School, within a stone's-throw of his home, and there he remained for some four years, when the time had come for him to go to Christ's College. When he became a Pauline he was already no mean scholar, and we learn from Aubrey, who got his information from Christopher Milton, a younger brother, that at the age of ten he was "a poet." How the boy demeaned himself during his school days we know from his own words (the "Defensio Secunda"). "My father," he wrote, "destined me while yet a little boy for the study of humane letters, which I seized with such eagerness that from the twelfth year of my age I scarcely ever went from my lessons to bed before midnight; which indeed was the first cause of injury to my eyes, to whose natural weakness there were also added frequent headaches. All which not retarding my impetuosity in learning, he caused me to be daily instructed both at the grammar-school [*i.e.*, St. Paul's] and under other masters at home; and then, when I had acquired various tongues, and also some not insignificant taste for the sweetness of philosophy, he sent me to Cambridge."

All Hallows' Church.

Here, for the time, we leave Milton, merely recalling the circumstance that he was baptised in the church of All Hallows, on the east side of Bread Street, just at the point where that street is intersected by Watling Street. The church perished in the Great Fire, and was rebuilt by Wren on the same site. In 1877 this second All Hallows' was demolished, the parish having the year before been united with that of St. Mary-le-Bow; and the register of his baptism is now preserved in St. Mary's. Let into the wall of one of the warehouses which sprang up where All Hallows' stood is a bust of the poet, with an inscription setting forth his baptism in the church. Here it was also that, in his early years, he worshipped.

Bread Street still has, on its eastern side, a little nearer the river than the site of All Hallows', its church, that of St. Mildred, one of the few City churches of which the interior has not been modernised by the substitution of benches for the old pews of substantial oak. Very handsome and very uncomfortable do they look. Over a fine oak pulpit is a large sounding-board with extremely choice carvings, and, in the middle of the church, a spacious Corporation pew, fitted with a sword-rest. The church is also remarkable internally for its ceiling, which takes the form of a dome, with an arch on one side for the chancel and another on the opposite side for the organ-loft. The church was rebuilt by Wren, and finished in 1683. Bread Street may well exalt itself in connection with British poetry, for as All Hallows' witnessed Milton's baptism, so St. Mildred's was the scene of Shelley's marriage to Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin. The wedding was celebrated on the 30th December, 1816, in the presence of Mary's father and stepmother, the former of whom she had met on the previous day for the first time since her flight from his home to live with Shelley.

With the parish of St. Mildred is united that of St. Margaret Moses, the church of which, in Friday Street, named after a priest known as Moses or Moyses, was not rebuilt after the Fire. St. Mildred, by the way, was a Saxon princess who withdrew to a convent in France, returned to England, and was consecrated abbess of a new convent in the Isle of Thanet, where she died in the year 676.

Gerrard's Hall.

One other feature of Bread Street in former days must we notice—the so-called Gerrard's Hall, on the south side of Basing Lane. Stow describes it as a "great house of old time, built upon arched vaults, and with arched gates of stone brought from Caen in Normandy." It was then a hostelry, and the popular belief was that it was named after a giant who once dwelt in it; but Stow had been able to ascertain that Gerrard's Hall was a corruption of Gisors' Hall, the house having been the property of John Gisors, Mayor of London in 1245, and of his son, Sir John Gisors, who was Constable of the Tower in 1311. In the lofty hall, says Stow, "stood a large fir pole, which reached to the roof thereof, and was said to be one of the staves that Gerrarde the giant used in the wars to run withal." Stow, however, would have none of giant Gerrard, and suggested that the pole was simply a superannuated maypole. The house was rebuilt after the Great Fire, on the same Early English crypt that had supported the original Gisors' Hall, and it survived until 1852, when it was demolished. Basing Lane also has disappeared.

The stones of the crypt, carefully numbered, were handed over by the City authorities to the projectors of the Crystal Palace, on the understanding that the crypt should be rebuilt at Sydenham; but, instead of being used for this purpose, they went to form the bodies of the antediluvian monsters which were sprinkled about the grounds of the Palace. A wooden figure of "Gerard the Giant," bearing a staff, and habited in the costume of the Stuart period, had a happier destiny than the crypt, for it is still to be seen in the Guildhall Museum.

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

WATLING STREET, LOOKING WEST.

Queen Street, the most easterly of the tributaries of Cheapside on the south side, leading from that thoroughfare down to Southwark Bridge, was formerly known as Soper Lane, its name being changed after the Fire in honour of Catherine of Braganza, Charles II.'s consort. Why Soper Lane? Not, Stow says, because of the soapmakers, "as some have supposed," but after one Alleyne le Sopar, who flourished in the reign of Edward II. Here, however, Stow was in error, and those whom he set himself to correct were right. Riley, in the "Memorials," shows that Soper Lane was so called as early as 1288, and that Stow's le Sopar or le Soper was a maker of brass pots who in the ninth year of Edward II. was charged with carrying on his business fraudulently. The soapmakers dwelt here more than three centuries before this person lived, and gave place in the reign of Edward II. to the pepperers or spicers, who some seventy years later were succeeded by the curriers and cordwainers. In Bishop Latimer's time the street, sad to say, "had degenerated to the sale of pies."

Pancras Lane.

Leading out of Queen Street eastwards to Queen Victoria Street is Pancras Lane, which is named after the old church of St. Pancras, in Soper Lane, but was formerly, styled Needlers' Lane. In this little street, until the Great Fire, stood a church remarkable for its name—St. Benet Sherehog. Originally it was dedicated to St. Osyth, a Saxon saint, but in the reign of Edward II., Stow tells us, it was rebuilt or repaired by Benedict Shorne, a stock-fishmonger, whose name came to be substituted for that of the patron saint — the Benedict contracted into Benet, and Shorne being corrupted first into Shrog or Shorehog, and finally into Sherehog. This is very ingenious, and makes agreeable reading, but Riley destroys much of our pleasure in it by insisting that Benedict Shorne was simply a fishmonger living near London Bridge, who, for selling fish by retail at a stall instead of in a shop, in 1322, was suspended from the freedom of the City, and that the church is found mentioned as that of St. Benedict Scherhog from thirty to forty years before that date. Riley's belief, which certainly has not the merit of dignity, is that the church got its qualifying name from the fact of hogs wallowing in the "shores" or ditches close by, which ditches discharged themselves into the Wall Brook. He leaves us undisturbed, however, in the belief that St. Osyth's name survives to this day in contracted form as Sise Lane, the northern end of which faces a piece of the old burying-ground of St. Benet Sherehog. A little further eastward is a piece of the old burial-ground of St. Pancras Church, spoken of above. It is easy to identify both these sites, for in the one case there is a tablet on the wall of a warehouse that abuts upon the vacant space, and in the other there is an inscription on the gate of the little enclosure. St. Benet's parish, by the way, is united for ecclesiastical purposes with that of St. Stephen Walbrook.

Watling Street.

Crossing most of these southern tributaries of Cheapside is a narrow street which is no doubt considerably older than the oldest of them. Watling Street, which begins at Old Change on the east, and ends at Budge Row, on the other side of Queen Victoria Street, bears a Saxon name, which in the thirteenth century took the form of Atheling or Ætheling Street, the *noble* or High Street, as Athelney (Athelingey) is the Noble's Island. Mr. Lethaby, in his "London before the Conquest," makes the interesting suggestion that Addle Hill, in Carter Lane, called by Stow Adle Street, is allied to Atheling, and he adds that the earliest instance of the present form of the name, Watling, which he has been able to discover as applied to this street, belongs to the fourteenth century.

But there is little doubt that this street is far older than even the earliest form of its Saxon name. As we saw in our last chapter, Wren discovered in Cheapside, in excavating for the foundations of the steeple of Bow Church, a Roman causeway of rough stone, 4 feet thick, and 18 feet beneath the surface, and his opinion was that this causeway, which now we call Cheapside, ran along the northern boundary of the Roman city, and that the street which the Saxons presently called Atheling Street, and which is known to us as Watling Street, was the "principal middle street or Prætorian way" of Roman London. If this be so, our present Watling Street, or some portion of it, was a part of that Roman road which ran to what is now the Edgware Road, there to join the great road (Iter 2 of the Romans, Atheling Street of the Saxons) which ran from Dover in the south-east to Chester in the north-west.

Until recent years Watling Street had a church at each end—St. Augustine's at the west, or St. Paul's Churchyard end, St. Antholin's (St. Anthony's) at the east end, where the street joins Budge Row. But in 1875 St. Antholin's, rebuilt by Wren after the Fire, was made away with, its splendid steeple not sufficing to save it from the hand of the destroyer. It is, however, pleasantly kept in mind by a monument in Sise Lane, which includes a medallion of the church with an inscription setting forth that it was "taken down" (observe the tenderness of the expression!) and the proceeds devoted in part to the restoration of the neighbouring church of St. Mary Aldermary, and to the erection at Nunhead of another church dedicated to the same saint.

St. Augustine's, dedicated not to the great Bishop of Hippo, but to the first Archbishop of Canterbury, was anciently styled Sancti Augustini ad Portam, from its nearness to the south-eastern gate of old St. Paul's, and since the Fire, when it was rebuilt by Wren, it has served the parish of St. Faith, which had its church beneath the crypt of the old cathedral, as well as that of St. Augustine. It has a graceful spire, with a beautiful pierced parapet between it and the tower out of which it rises, but is not otherwise remarkable, except that among its rectors it numbers the Rev. Richard Harris Barham, author of the Ingoldsby Legends, who held the incumbency from 1842 till his death in 1845. Of a third Watling Street church, St. John's, which was not rebuilt after the Fire, the parish being joined with that of All Hallows, Bread Street, a bit of the graveyard may still be seen at the spot where Watling Street and Friday Street intersect.

In Watling Street were established, in 1866, the headquarters of the Metropolitan (now the London) Fire Brigade, afterwards removed to the Southwark Bridge Road. The Brigade still has a station close by, in Cannon Street, built in 1906, and here in Watling Street are the handsome new headquarters of the London Salvage Corps, which takes charge of premises after the Fire Brigade has done its work of extinction.

Budge Row.

Watling Street is continued at its eastern end by Budge Row, once the quarter of the dealers in budge (lamb-skin). At the junction of the two thoroughfares is a lane which by its designation of Tower Royal recalls one of those corruptions of name in which the City abounds. The Tower, says Stow, "was of old time the king's house, but was afterwards called the Queen's Wardrobe. By whom the same was first built, or of what antiquity continued, I have not read, more than that in the reign of Edward I. it was the tenement of Simon Beaumes." But Riley's researches show that the house, or tower—it was probably both—

was not called royal because "of pertaining to the kings of this realm," as Stow believed, but from its adjacency to the Street of the Reole or Riole, built by the merchants of the Vintry who imported wine from the town of La Reole, near Bordeaux. There is no doubt, however, that Tower Royal, named as it was after a mere street, was in the reign of Richard II. a dwelling-place of royalty. When Wat Tyler's followers broke into the Tower and terrified Richard's mother by thrusting their swords through her bed, she took refuge here. As soon as Walworth had done his work in Smithfield, "the king, his lords and all his company," in Stow's naïve language, "entered the City of London in great joy and went to the lady princess his mother, who was then lodged in the Tower Royal, called the Queen's Wardrobe, where she had remained three days and two nights, right sore abashed. But when she saw the king her son she was greatly rejoiced, and said, 'Ah, son, what great sorrow have I suffered for you this day!' The king answered and said, 'Certainly, madam, I know it well; but now rejoice, and thank God, for I have this day recovered mine heritage, and the realm of England, which I had near-hand lost.'"

Tower Royal.

By the next Richard, the "Tower Royal" was conferred upon the Duke of Norfolk, and after this its descent was rapid, until it became a stable for the King's horses, and by Stow's day it had been parcelled out into mean tenements.

Crossing now to the north of Cheapside, and beginning, as before, at the western end, we come first to Foster Lane. Like so many of the City streets, this formerly had two churches to its name, but after the Fire, St. Leonard's, which stood on the west side, was not rebuilt, the parish being added to that of Christ Church, Newgate Street. St. Vedast's, on the other side of the street, dedicated to a French saint who was Bishop of Arras and Cambray in the sixth century, fared less badly than most of the City churches in the Fire, although so near St. Paul's, which must have been the chief centre of the conflagration; for the walls were left standing, and the old steeple was allowed to remain until 1694, when it was replaced by the present one, remarkable among Wren's steeples for its massive tower-like character, though by no means wanting in grace. In old St. Vedast's was baptised, on the 24th of August, 1591, Robert Herrick, son of Nicholas Herrick, a Cheapside goldsmith. Though most of his life was spent in the country, the poet was in spirit a true Londoner.

Foster Lane.

We have left till last the chief feature of Foster Lane—Goldsmiths' Hall, most sumptuous of the halls of the City Companies, though unfortunate in its situation in the rear of the General Post Office, and with an exterior that gives an impression of heaviness. It dates only from 1832-35, when it was built by Philip Hardwick, the old hall, restored or rebuilt by Jerman, the City surveyor, after the Fire, having been demolished in 1829. But the Goldsmiths had a meeting-place of their own at least as early as 1366, and in 1401 there is an explicit reference to their hall. The history of the Company itself takes us back even further than the middle of the fourteenth century. It first comes under notice in 1180, when it was fined as an adulterine association—that is, an association carried on without the royal licence. It was in the reign of Edward I. (1272-1307) that the Company was first invested with its assaying powers, it being then directed, says Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt in his "Livery Companies," that "no vessels of gold or silver should leave the maker's hands till they had them tested by the wardens [of the Company], and stamped with the leopard's head." This law of Edward I., however, was for long only partially operative, and as late as 1505 heavy penalties were necessary to enforce it. In that year Henry VII. gave the Company right of search, and power of fining or imprisoning those who sold articles of gold or silver without having them assayed.

Goldsmiths' Hall.

The Goldsmiths still exercise the assaying powers which were conferred upon them some five hundred years ago. Gold plate tested by them and found to contain no more than the due proportion of alloy bears the initials of the maker, which he stamps upon it himself; the Leopard's Head of the Company, the hall-mark; a Crown, which symbolises the Sovereign's approbation; and a letter indicating the year of manufacture, the date-

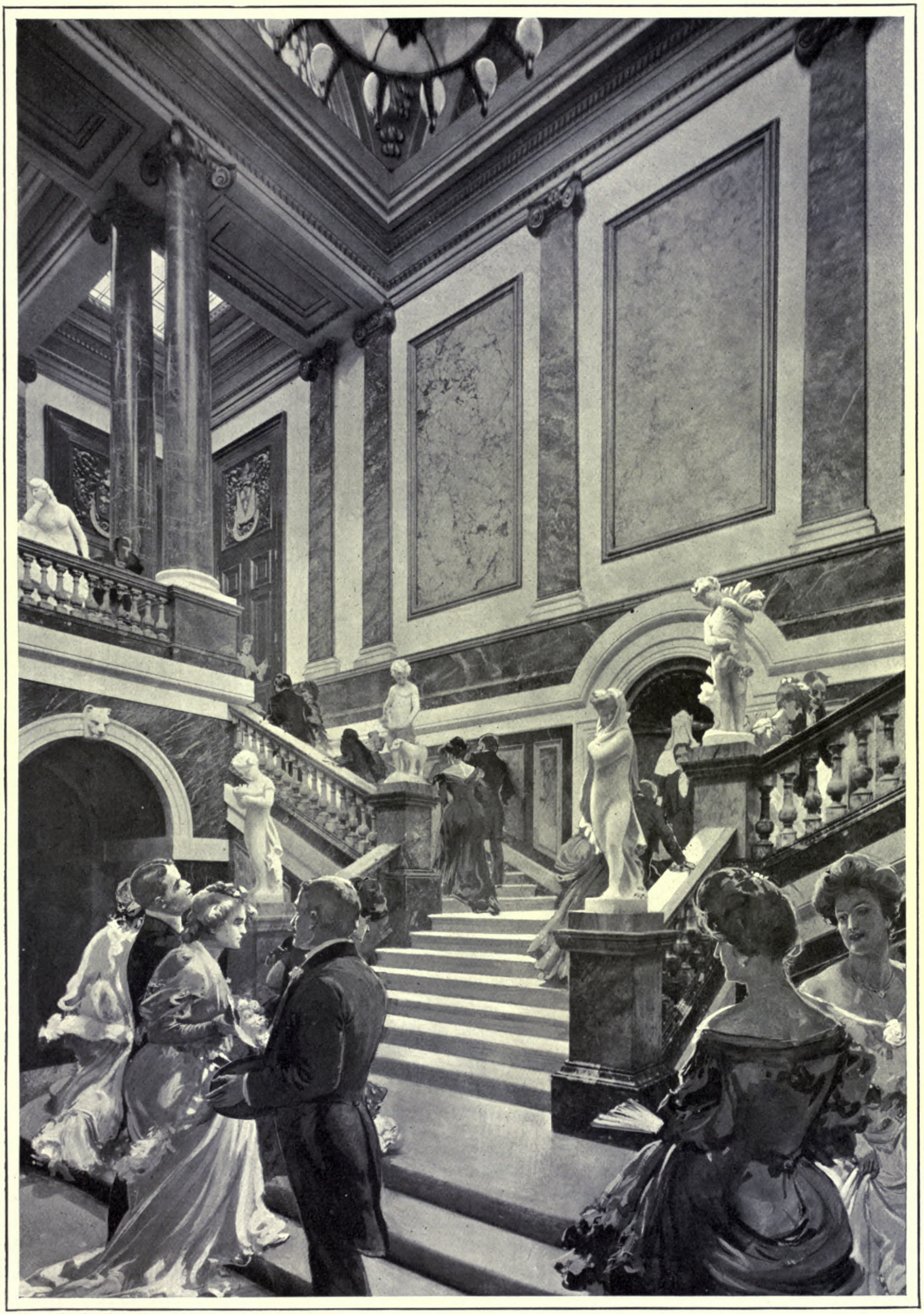


Photo: Sandell, Ltd., Norwood, S.E.

GOLDSMITHS' HALL: THE STAIRCASE (*p.* 88).

mark. The marks for silver plate are the same, except that in place of the Crown appears a Lion Passant. The hall-marking of all articles of gold and silver except certain small objects is compulsory, but the Company makes only a nominal charge for its assaying and marking, the cost for a dozen tea-spoons, for example, being but 3d. By means of the letter which denotes the year of manufacture, it is possible to tell the age of any piece of plate made in London and assayed at Goldsmiths' Hall, from the year 1438 down to the present time; and any who are curious to see these date-marks may find them figured in a publication so readily accessible as "Whitaker's Almanack." Another duty of great importance with which the Goldsmiths' Company is charged is that of testing the coin of the realm before it passes into circulation. The function is known as "the Trial of the Pyx," from the pyx or box in which the coins to be tested are deposited, and it is followed by a "Pyx" dinner in the banqueting-hall.

The domed entrance hall and staircase of the Goldsmiths' Palace were originally panelled with oak, but in 1871 they were lined from top to bottom with costly marble of eighteen different kinds—a promise of magnificence which is abundantly fulfilled by the splendid banqueting hall, the sumptuous drawing-room, and the various other apartments. The heavy panelled ceiling of the banqueting-hall is supported by a range of Corinthian columns of scagliola on either side; the five arched windows are blazoned, in delicate hues, with the armorial bearings of many distinguished Goldsmiths, past and present.

At the Company's banquets their splendid plate, including the gold cup out of which Queen Elizabeth is said to have drunk at her coronation, is displayed in an alcove behind "the chair," where it rivals in dazzling glory the glittering chandeliers that depend from the ceiling. The court-room is dignified with a large mantelpiece of white marble from Canons, the seat of the princely Duke of Chandos near Edgware; and the terminal busts are believed to be by Roubillac. Here is a portrait by Jenssen of Sir Hugh Myddelton, who bequeathed to the Company a share in his New River, and others of Sir Thomas Vyner, Lord Mayor in the reign of Charles II., and Sir Martin Bowes, an earlier Lord Mayor, who bequeathed to the Company Queen Elizabeth's coronation cup. Here, too, are the mirrors from the barge in which members of the Company used to disport themselves on the Thames, and a much more venerable survival, the little altar of Diana, which, as we saw in our first chapter, was discovered in the excavations for the foundations of the present hall, in 1830.

The Goldsmiths rank fifth among the twelve great Companies in order of civic precedence. In 1897, to commemorate Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee, they set apart a sum of £20,000, of which the income is employed for the relief of needy persons engaged in the gold and silver trades in London. The livery numbers some 250, and among distinguished Goldsmiths of to-day is Lord Alverstone, the Lord Chief Justice. The Company is ever ready to employ its wealth for the promotion of public objects, but it does not neglect the festive and ceremonial side of its duties. It yields place to none of the City Companies in the sumptuousness and stateliness of its banquets, and it may be worth recording, as an evidence of its regard for tradition, that it was not till the fourth year of the twentieth century that smoking was permitted at its feasts, the Goldsmiths being the last of the City Companies to make this concession to human frailty. How can one sufficiently admire their more than spartan self-denial?

Noble Street.

Gutter Lane.

In Noble Street, which continues Foster Lane northwards, is the hall of one of the minor City Companies, the Coachmakers, who acquired it from the Scriveners. Within these walls it was that, on the 29th of May, in 1780, the Protestant Association met and passed that resolution, calling upon their adherents to assemble in St. George's Fields the next Friday, which issued in the Gordon riots. Gutter Lane, the next of the Cheapside tributaries, is said by Stow to have been named after Guthurun, presumably a Dane. But in a manuscript chronicle of London written in the reign of Edward IV. it appears as Goster Lane.

For the name of Wood Street Stow leaves us to choose between two conjectures—one

Wood Street.

that it was conferred upon the street because the houses in it were built of timber, in defiance of the edict of Richard I. that builders should use stone instead of wood, to guard against fire; the other that it is due to a Thomas Wood, who was sheriff in the reign of Henry VII. (1491), was a benefactor of St. Peter's in Chepe, and built "the beautiful row of houses over against Wood Street end." This second theory is negatived by the fact that there is extant a document, cited in Riley's "Memorials," belonging to the reign of Edward I. (1304), in which the street appears as "Wode Strete." It was bearing its present name, therefore, nearly two hundred years before Sheriff Wood's day. If the other theory were the correct one, it would be curious to note that the use of stone in recent days has not saved Wood Street from destructive conflagrations. It was ravaged by fire in 1882, when the claims upon the insurance companies amounted to more than a million sterling; and again five years later, when the damage was estimated at a quarter of a million. But the probability is that neither of Stow's theories is correct, and that the street, as Mr. Loftie suggests,* was named after firewood that was sold there.

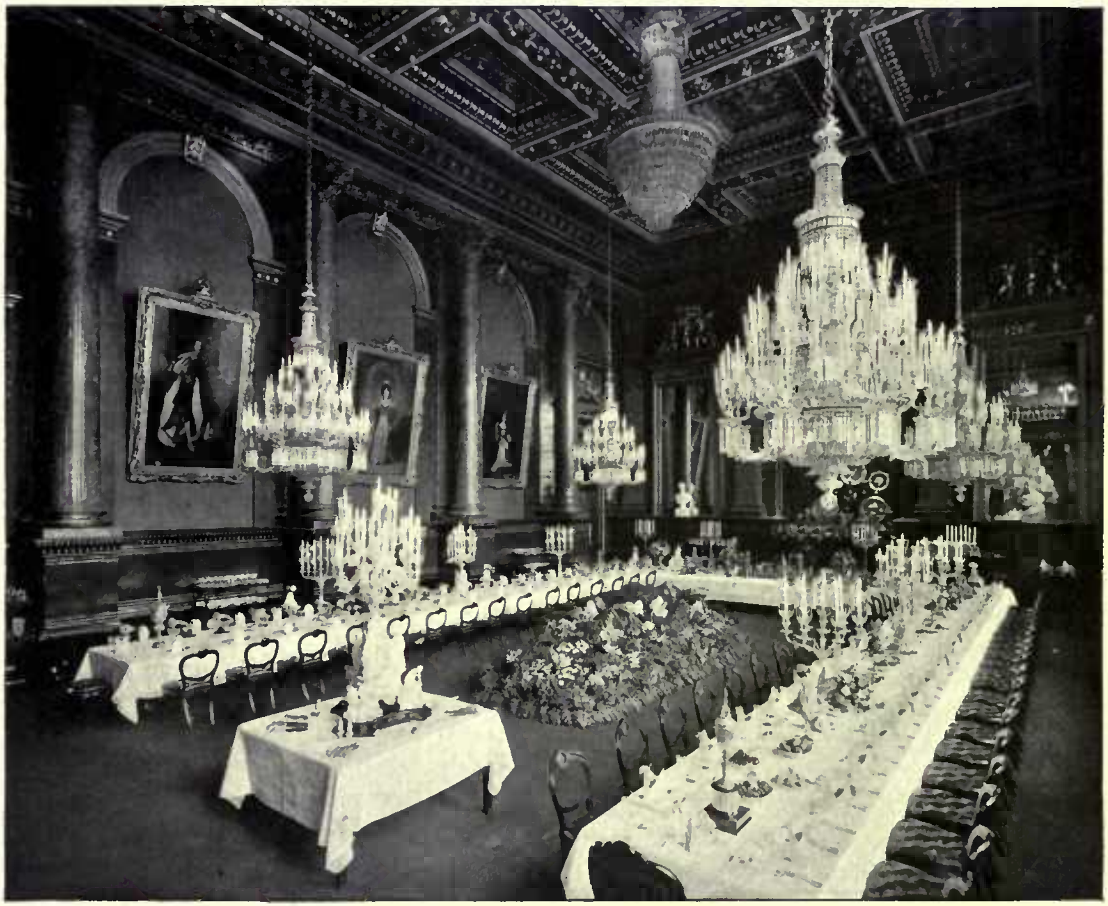


Photo: Sandell, Ltd., Norwood, S.E.

GOLDSMITHS' HALL: THE BANQUETING HALL (*p.* 88).

St. Alban's.

Of the Wood Street churches, but one has survived, that of St. Alban—the only church in the City proper which is dedicated to Britain's proto-martyr. It is said to have been originally the chapel of King Offa, who had his palace close by, and who granted the parish to the Abbey of St. Alban's, which he had founded in 793. In 1077 the advowson was exchanged with one belonging to the Abbot of Westminster, but in the fifteenth century it was transferred to the Provost and Fellows of Eton College, to whom it still belongs. With this parish is associated ecclesiastically that of St. Olave, Silver Street (connecting Wood Street with Noble Street), the church of which was not rebuilt after the Fire. A piece of the graveyard, however, has to this day been saved from the builder, and preserved as a recreation ground, in which, in summer, those who step inside to rest find welcome shade under the plane-trees that flourish here. The present church was rebuilt by Wren in 1685, and is believed to be on the same general lines as its predecessor. But it has been drastically modernised. The east end was converted by Sir Gilbert Scott into an apse with three small windows, filled with poor stained glass; the fine old altar-piece, with its four fluted columns and pediment, surmounted by the royal arms, has gone; the organ gallery at the other end of the church has been removed; the walls have lost their panelling, and the finely-carved pulpit its sounding-board, and the piers and the vaulting have been painted. The old hour-glass, in its brass frame, has, however, survived to these degenerate days of sermonettes.

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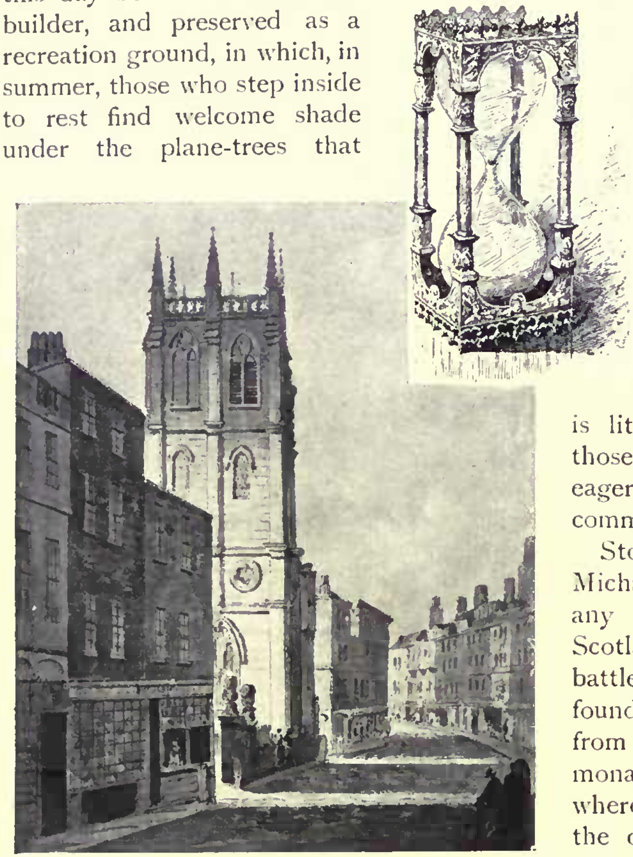
* *Notes and Queries*, 8th series, vol. XII., p. 162.



ST. ALBAN'S, WOOD STREET (WITH THE HOUR-GLASS).

From a Water-colour by W. Pearson in the Crace Collection.

Of the other Wood Street churches one—that of St. Mary Staining—stood at the north corner of Oat Lane, where its graveyard, with some of the gravestones still *in situ*, may yet be seen. Why it was called Staining is not known. Some have supposed that it was named after the painters' stainers, who perhaps congregated in this part of London; others that it was called Staining because it was built of stone, and not of wood. After the Fire the parish was annexed to that of St. Michael, Wood Street, of which the church, rebuilt by Wren, survived to the closing years of the nineteenth century. The site is now occupied by a bank, which displays on its front the church clock; and on one of the side walls, where it is little likely to distract the attention of those who hurry along Wood Street in eager pursuit of their business, is a tablet commemorating St. Michael's.

Stow tells a curious story of this earlier St. Michael's. Here, he says, was buried, without any monument, the head of James IV. of Scotland, slain at Flodden. "After the battle the body of the said king, being found, was enclosed in lead, and conveyed from thence to London, and so to the monastery of Shene [Richmond], in Surrey, where it remained for a time; but since the dissolution of that house, in the reign of Edward VI., Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, being lodged and keeping house there, I have been shown the said body, so lapped in lead, close to the head and body, thrown into a waste room, amongst the old timber, lead, and other rubble. Since the which time workmen there, for their foolish pleasure, hewed off his head; and Launcelot Young, master glazier to Her Majesty [Queen Elizabeth], feeling a sweet savour to come from thence, and seeing the same dried from all moisture, and yet the form remaining, with the hair of the head and beard red, brought it to London, to his house in Wood Street, where for a time he kept it for the sweetness, but in the end caused the sexton of that church to bury it amongst other bones taken out of their charnel."

In Wood Street Mr. Holman Hunt was born, on the 2nd of April, 1827, his father being the manager of a warehouse, and living above the place of business. Nor is

Mr. Holman Hunt.

this Mr. Holman Hunt's only connection with the City, for at the age of twelve he entered the office of an estate agent as copying clerk and remained there for four years, when, threatening to take the Queen's shilling unless he were allowed to prepare himself for the life of an artist, he prevailed upon his father to give him the desire of his heart. Since his early years were spent almost within the shadow of St. Paul's, it is specially appropriate that one of this great artist's masterpieces should have found a permanent home in the cathedral (p. 50).

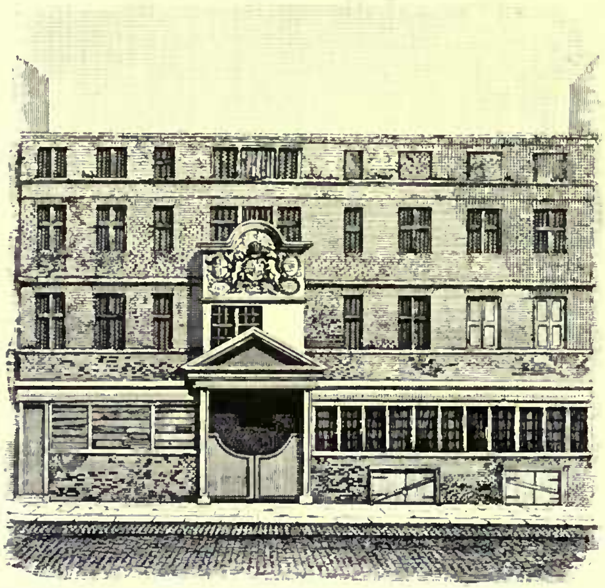
Brewers' Hall.

Of the streets branching out from Wood Street, Love Lane is said by Stow to be named from the wantons who once haunted it. In Addle Street, standing back from the street, with an ancient gateway, is the hall of the Brewers' Company, which, though it was refaced in 1893, is structurally the same as when it was rebuilt after the Great Fire. Internally, indeed, this hall, with its substantial wainscotting and its massive and richly carved screen, is excelled by none of the City Companies' halls in its aspect of antiquity. On the walls are hung contemporary portraits of two of those whose gifts are administered by the Company—Dame Alice Owen (1547-1613), wife of Judge Owen, and foundress of the schools at Islington which are still named after her; and Alderman Richard Platt (d. 1600), who founded a school and almshouses at Aldenham, Hertfordshire. The parlour, which looks out upon an admirably kept garden of quite respectable dimensions, is, like the hall, wainscotted, and over the fireplace is an inscription setting forth that this was done at the charges of Samuel Starling, a Brewer who was Lord Mayor in 1670.

The Brewers were incorporated in 1438, but at this time they had long been in existence. Besides the foundations already mentioned, the Frances Mary Buss Schools in the north of London, and other institutions, owe much to their benefactions. The Company, as we read in Mr. Charles Booth's "Life and Labour," "is composed almost entirely of London employers, and is noteworthy as being the only City Company which refuses to admit anyone to its Court of Assistants who is not a master actively engaged in the trade which it represents."

Wood Street Compter.

We must not leave Wood Street without mention of its compter, first established here in 1555, when it superseded the Bread Street compter. Burnt down in the Fire, it was rebuilt in 1670, on the east side of the street, and continued in use until 1791, when it was closed, the prisoners being transferred to the compter in Giltspur Street.



THE WOOD STREET COMPTER.

Milk Street.

Milk Street, to which we next come, also had its compter, which figures in a curious incident that happened in the reign of Richard II. On Sunday, the 7th of March, 1378, the goldsmiths and the pepperers came to blows in Chepe the while the Bishop of Carlisle was preaching at Paul's Cross, and the tumult was only quelled by the interposition of the Mayor, Nicholas Brembre, and other aldermen. At a meeting of the aldermen at Guildhall that same day, the Mayor personally arrested a man named Worsele on a charge of being one of the leaders in the fray, and ordered him to be sent to the compter of Sheriff Pykeman. Now, Worsele was in the train of the other sheriff, Nicholas Twyford, an eminent goldsmith, who went to the serjeant-at-arms and directed that the prisoner should be taken to *his* compter, here in Milk Street. When the Mayor, a stand-no-nonsense sort of man, heard of this, he arrested Twyford also, and did not even give him the satisfaction of lying in his own prison, but sent him to Sheriff Pykeman's. Then he summoned a meeting of the Common Council and other leading citizens, and moved them to great indignation by his recital of Twyford's contumacy. With one accord the Common Council removed Twyford from the office of sheriff, pending a better frame of mind, returned him to the custody of his brother sheriff, and ordered that for the time being the compter whose claims he rated so highly should be taken into the hands of the Mayor, and his goods and chattels sequestrated. However, he presently gave surety for his good behaviour, which surety, four years later, was cancelled as no longer required, and in 1388 he became Mayor.

In Milk Street was born, in the year 1480, Thomas More, "the brightest man," says Fuller, "that ever shone in that *via lactea*." His father was a judge of the King's Bench, and he was educated at St. Anthony's School, in Threadneedle Street. We shall meet this good and great man again in the course of our wanderings, and here we may merely note that he had long to wait for his beatification, which was not decreed until 1887.

Mr. Chamberlain's Ancestors.

From old to new. At No. 36 in this street the father of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain lived, and conducted a business—that of a wholesale boot and shoe manufacturer—which had been carried on in the same premises and under the same name for nearly a century and a half. On leaving University College School, at the age of sixteen, the future statesman, who was born at Camberwell, joined his father here, and remained in the business for two years, when he left it to associate himself with his relatives the Nettlefolds, the Birmingham screw manufacturers.

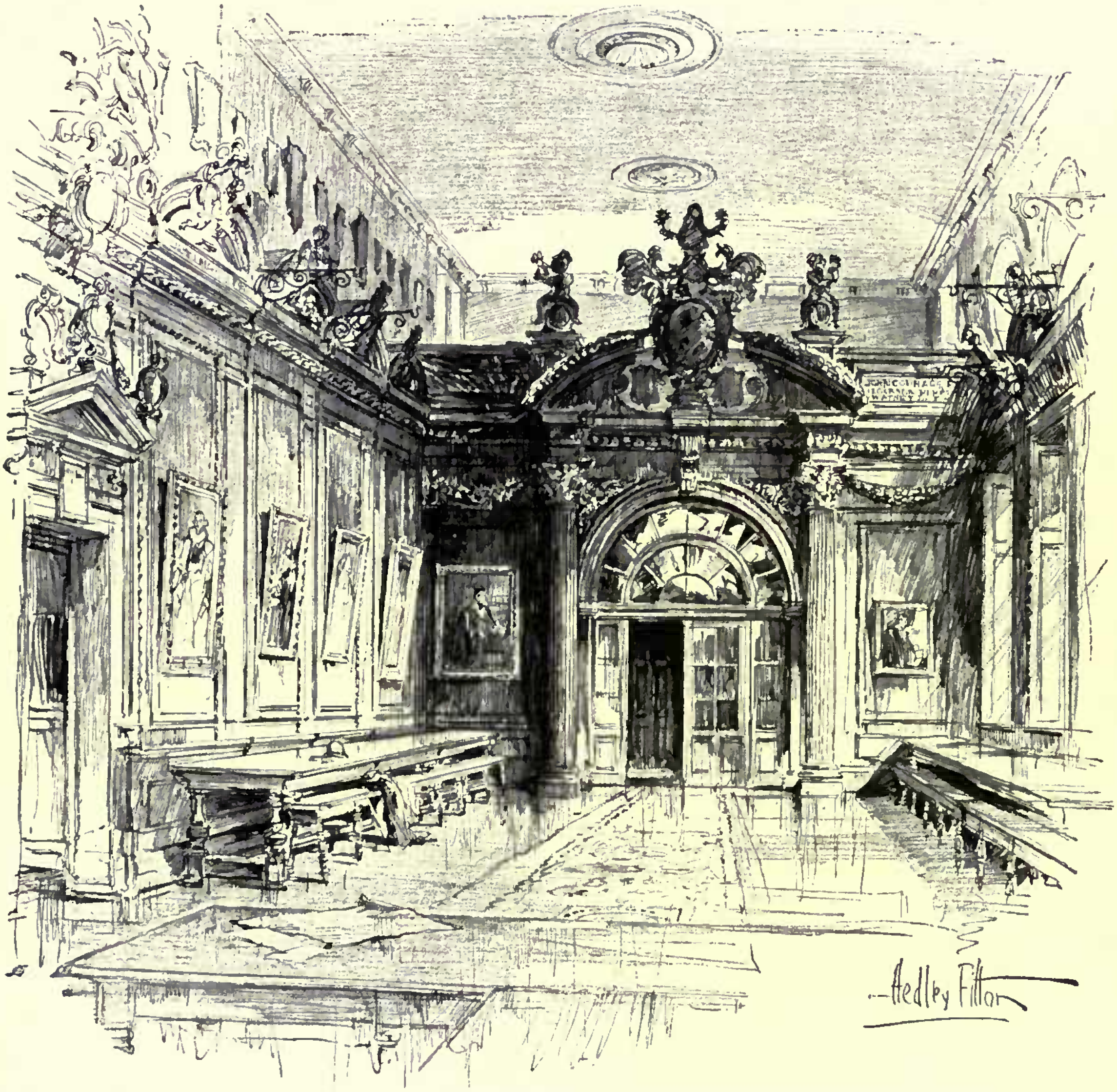
It has usually been assumed that the first of Mr. Chamberlain's forbears to be connected with the city was his great-great-grandfather, Daniel by name, a maltster at Laycock, in Wiltshire. Daniel Chamberlain came to London in the first half of the eighteenth century, and his son, William, founded the Milk Street business, and in due time was elected Master of the Cordwainers' Company. Like his successors, the grandfather and father of the statesman, William Chamberlain lived on his premises in Milk Street, and, like them too, he served as overseer and churchwarden of St. Mary Magdalene's (*see* p. 93). In 1905, however, as the result of his examination of the records of the parish, which is now united with that of St. Lawrence Jewry, the Rev. J. Stephen Barrass, rector of St. Lawrence, started the theory that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is a descendant of the armigerous Chamberleyns who were established in the City from time immemorial. Though the founder of the business in Milk Street came to London from Wiltshire, it is conceivable, he suggests, that the Chamberlains had previously migrated from London to Wiltshire. He has discovered that some of the earlier Chamberlains in the City were maltsters, or brewers. Another circumstance which he regards as supporting his theory is that in the possession of Mr. Chamberlain's family is a seal bearing an impress of a bird and a key, and the records at Heralds' College show that in the arms granted in 1588 to Robert Chamberlayne of London, whose father had been alderman and sheriff, appears an ostrich holding in its beak a key.

The evidence that Mr. Chamberlain's connection with the City is much more ancient than he had supposed is, it must be confessed, not conclusive, and when the theory was submitted to him, he replied through his secretary (April 5, 1905) that it was "a plausible suggestion that Daniel or his predecessors emigrated to Wiltshire during the Plague, and that when Daniel came to London it was a return of that branch of the family, and not a first visit. To prove this it would be necessary to establish the connexion between Daniel and the Chamberlains previously noted as living in the immediate neighbourhood of Milk Street." The writer cautiously added that Mr. Chamberlain could neither confirm nor deny the statements that had been made. Here for the present the question rests; but we may hope that further investigations may throw more light upon it, either in the way of corroboration or of disproof.

Until 1882, when it was transferred to the Victoria Embankment, the City of London School had its home on the east side of Milk

Street, towards the Cheapside end, in a building of which the first stone was laid by Lord Brougham in 1835, and which was opened in 1837. It was an ugly piece of Gothic work, and one need not regret that it did not long survive the removal from it of the school. It occupied part of the site of the old church of St. Mary Magdalene, burnt down in 1666 and not rebuilt, the parish being annexed to that of St. Lawrence Jewry.

To Honey Lane and its church of All Hallows reference has been made in our chapter on Cheapside.* The name may be left to speak for itself, though Stow, with rather gratuitous ingenuity, says that it originated in the frequent "washing and sweeping" to keep it clean. Lawrence Lane is obviously so called after the church of St. Lawrence Jewry, which we shall notice when we come to Gresham Street. In ancient times Lawrence Lane must have been a much more important thoroughfare than now it is, for it was the most direct way of approaching the old Guildhall, in Aldermanbury, from Cheapside. In Stow's day there was here a large inn styled the "Bosoms," a corruption, he explains, of "Blossoms." Ironmonger Lane—we reserve King Street for the end of the



BREWERS' HALL (*p.* 91).
From a Drawing by Hedley Fitton.

Lawrence Lane.

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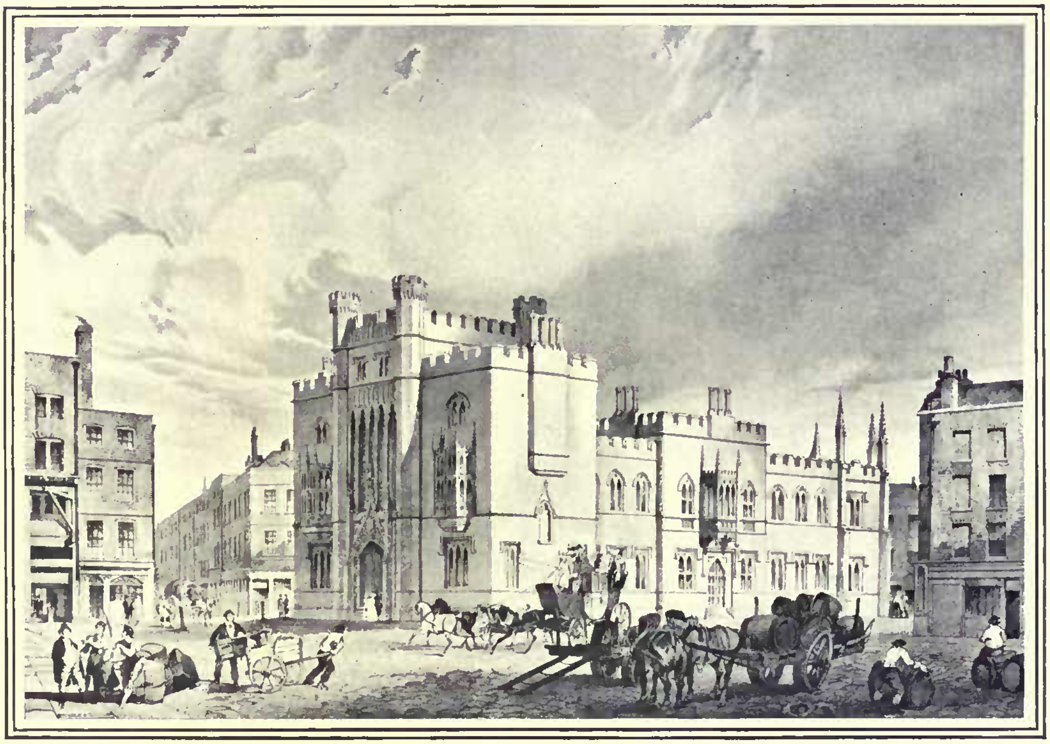
* See *ante*, p. 70.

chapter—is said to have been in the reign of Edward I. the resort of dealers in hardware; in documents belonging to this period, the name appears as Ismongerelane, and so late as 1382 that form remained in use. One of these documents, dated 1277, and quoted in the "Memorials," gives an account of the murder of Simon de Winton, who here kept a tavern. The document cited by Riley is specially interesting, as showing that already inquests in cases of unnatural death were held at this early date, although there appears to have been no separately appointed officer—the coroner—to conduct them. It was in the year before this that the statute *De Officio Coronatorio*, the foundation of the law on the subject, was passed.

Ironmonger Lane.

An Early Inquest.

As soon, then, as de Winton's death was reported, the Chamberlain and sheriffs called together good men of the ward of Chepe and Bassishaw, and of Cripplegate, to make diligent inquisition. They found that de Winton had quarrelled with a man in his employ, Roger of Westminster, who, attacking him while asleep, cut off his head and hid the remains in the coal-house. On the following day he set out the bench and sold wine as usual, and when de Winton was asked after, said that he had gone to Westminster to recover some debts. At twilight on the third day the murderer decamped, taking with him some of his victim's property, and the foul deed was not discovered until some four months later, when the owner of the house broke it open. Whether the murderer was ever caught we know not: the record only adds that, in accordance with the custom of those days, the four nearest neighbours and all the witnesses were attached by sureties.



OLD CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL (*p.* 93).
From an Engraving in the Crace Collection.

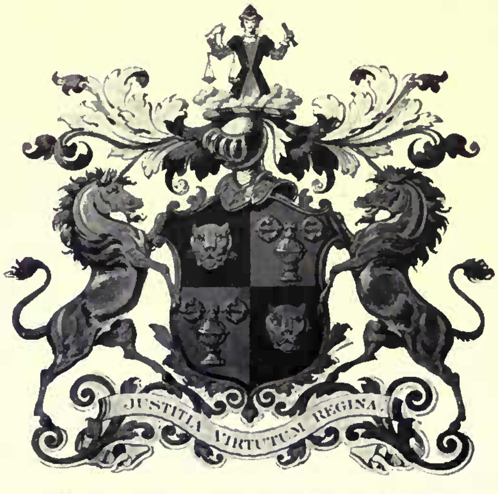
In Ironmonger Lane was one of the many City churches not rebuilt after the Fire, that of St. Martin Pomary, so called, Stow conjectured, because "of apples growing where now houses are lately builded," for he himself, he adds, had seen "large void places there." But the origin of the name is more probably to be found in an apple market.

King Street was constructed shortly after the Fire to provide convenient access to the Guildhall from Cheapside. It was still,

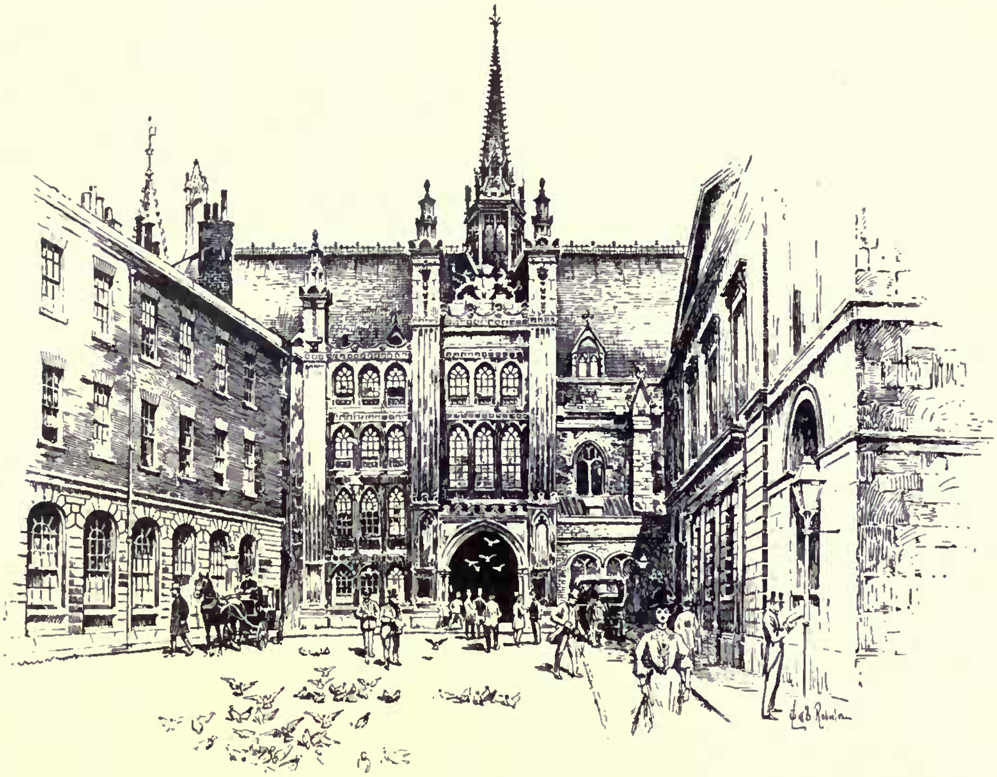
King Street.

therefore, a new street when it was sullied by one of the judicial murders of the reign of James II. After the failure of the Monmouth Rebellion, Henry Cornish, a prominent haberdasher, who had been alderman and sheriff, and had given offence to the Court party by his defence of the rights and privileges of the City when attacked by Charles II., was selected as the means of teaching the City a lesson. On Tuesday, the 13th of October, 1685, says Dr. Sharpe, in " London and the Kingdom," he was arrested, " kept a close prisoner, not allowed to see friends or counsel, and deprived of writing materials. On Saturday he was informed for the first time that he would be tried on a charge of high treason, and that the trial would commence on the following Monday (19th October). His attitude before the judges was calm and dignified. Before pleading not guilty to the charge of having consented to aid and abet the late Duke of Monmouth and others in their attempt on the life of the late King (the Rye House plot), he entered a protest against the indecent haste with which he had been called upon to plead, and the short time allowed him to prepare his case. He asked for further time, but this was refused."

The issue was a foregone conclusion. In vain did Cornish insist upon the improbability of his having acted in the way alleged against him. This was not enough for his judges, who told him to produce evidence and yet refused an adjournment to enable him to bring a witness up from Lancashire. A compliant jury found him guilty, and, his hands having been tied like those of any common malefactor, he was sentenced to death. Three days later, bearing himself with fortitude, he was taken to the Cheapside corner of King Street, and there hanged, within sight of the Guildhall, on which his head was afterwards set. Four years afterwards Parliament annulled the conviction and attainder. But it could not restore to life this victim of the last and worst of the Stuart kings!


JUSTITIA VIRTUTUM REGINA.

ARMS OF THE GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY.



THE GUILDHALL.
From a Drawing by W. B. Robinson.

CHAPTER VIII

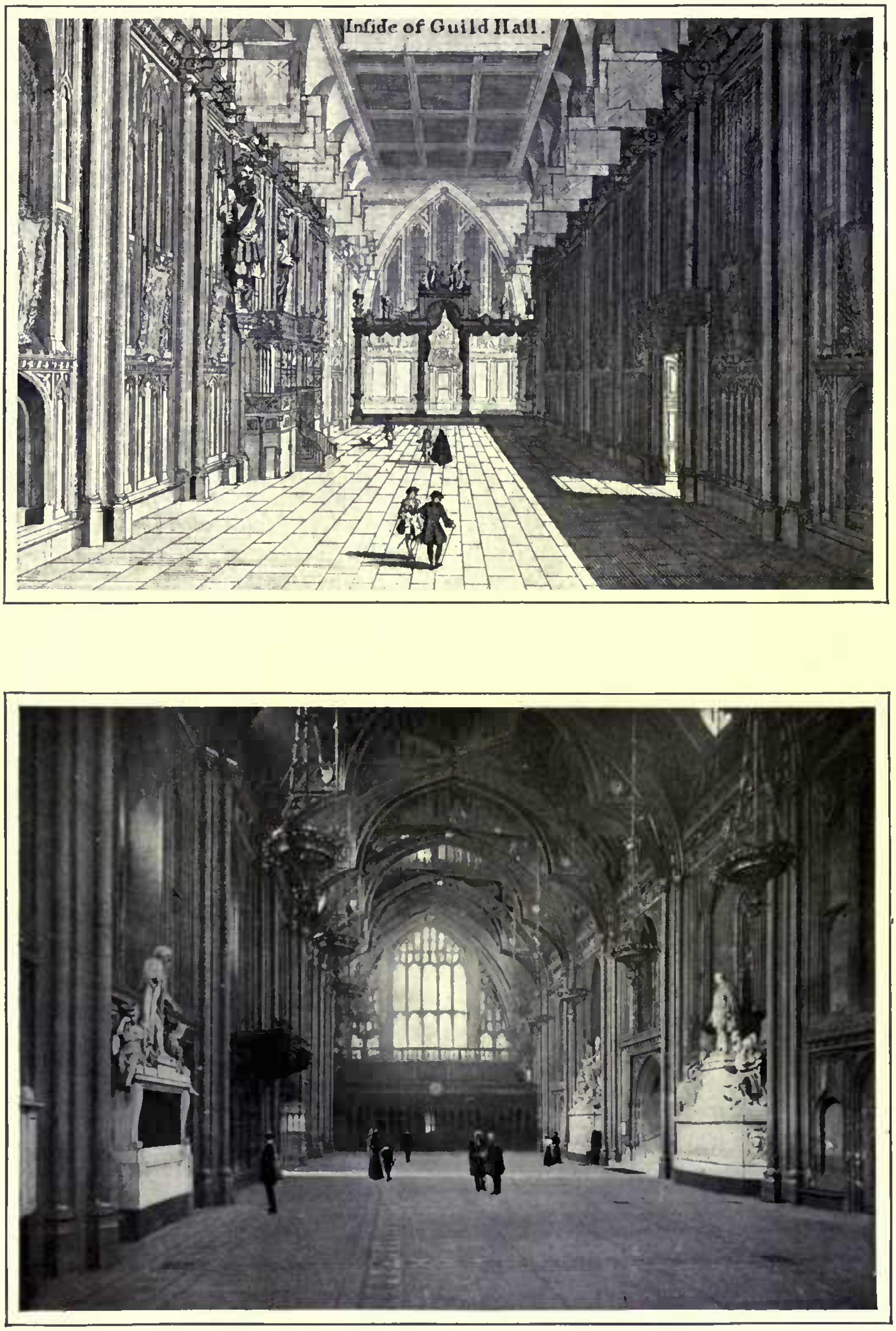
THE GUILDHALL

The First Guildhall—Its Successor—Richard Whittington and John Carpenter—The Great Fire—Restoration—The Porch—The Present Roof—The Windows—The Hustings—Gog and Magog—Monuments—Banquets—Trial of Lady Jane Grey—Mary Tudor at Guildhall

TRADITION asserts that London has had a Guildhall near the site of the present Hall ever since the time of Edward the Confessor; but of this belief no proof has ever been urged beyond the fact that the arms of that king appear on one of the bosses of the present porch, and upon others in the crypt and elsewhere in the building. The presence of these arms, however, as Mr. Nichols pointed out long ago, lends little or no support to the tradition, since they might very well have been introduced into the enrichments casually, or from a feeling of veneration for the Confessor-king, and not because he had any personal association with the building.

Hall of the Guilds.

But when we come to the thirteenth century we meet with many references to a Guildhall, the hall of the guilds that had sprung up in the city. This hall, according to Stow, stood a little to the west of its successor, and was entered from Aldermanbury, so called because here the "Aldermen" had their "bury," or Court or Hall. The name "Aldermanesbury" can be traced back, according to Mr. Lethaby, to early in the twelfth century, and as it no doubt carries the Guildhall with it, we are safe in concluding that London's municipal palace has stood near the site of the present one for some eight hundred years, if not longer. Giraldus Cambrensis relates how, in the year 1191, the citizens met in their "Aula Publica," which took its name from the custom of fellowship-drinking there; and that this is the true derivation is confirmed by the fact that under Athelstane (925-941) there were formed in London Peace Guilds, whose members were to meet once a month at an ale-drinking


Inſide of Guild Hall.

THE GUILDHALL BEFORE THE ROOF WAS RAISED, AND AS IT APPEARS NOW.

in their Guildhall. Somewhere, then, London had a Guildhall in the tenth century, and by early in the twelfth century, if not before, its Guildhall stood near the site of the present one. We may go further, and say with Price, to whose great work * all later writers on the subject must necessarily be indebted, that "no evidence is forthcoming to show that the Guildhall of ancient times was ever situated in any other part of London than where it at present stands."

The Present Guildhall.

By the beginning of the fifteenth century the need of a larger Hall was felt, and in the year 1411 the new building was begun, on a site a little to the east of the old Hall. The event is recorded, quaintly enough, by Robert Fabyan, Alderman of Farringdon Without, and Sheriff in 1493. "In this yere also [1411]," he says, "was ye Guylde halle of Lodon begon to be newe edified, and of an olde and lytell cotage made into a fayre and goodly howse as it nowe apperyth." And Stow tells us what arrangements were made to provide the money for the undertaking. The Livery Companies gave "large benevolences; also, offences of men were pardoned for sums of money towards this work, extraordinary fees were raised, fines, amercements, and other things employed during seven years, with a continuation thereof three years more." It took much longer than ten years, however, to complete the building. In 1439 it was still unfinished, for in that year we find the executors of Robert Chichele, grocer, paying in a sum of £20 bequeathed by him "towards the sustentation of the work of the Guildhall."

Richard Whittington.

But the new Hall was still more indebted to Richard Whittington, or rather to his executors, John Coventry and John Carpenter, whom he had left a free hand in the disposal of much of his wealth. In 1422 they contributed £20 towards the paving of the Hall with Purbeck stone, and in the following year £15 more, besides glazing some of the windows, both of the large Hall and of the Mayor's Court, Whittington's arms being blazoned in every one of such windows. They and the executors of Richard Bury also built a library for the use of students connected with the collegiate chapel of which we shall have to speak presently, this library being situate on the south side of the chapel. John Carpenter, too, Town Clerk, became a benefactor of the library on his own account. "If any good or rare books," he wrote in his will, "shall be found amongst the residue of my goods, which, by the discretion of Master William Lichfield and Reginald Pecok may seem necessary to the common library at Guildhall for the profit of the students there, and those discoursing to the common people, then I will and bequeath that those books be placed by my executors and chained in that Library, and in such form that the visitors and students thereof may be the sooner admonished to pray for my soul." In the reign of Edward VI. the library thus founded fared ill at the hands of the Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector. That rapacious personage sent for the books, promising speedily to restore them, but they were never returned, and shortly afterwards the building was converted into "a common market house for the sale of clothes." So came to naught a good work which it was reserved to our own day to revive.

The last of the additions to be made to the Guildhall was that of the kitchen and cognate offices, built, it is said, in the year 1501 by Sir John Sha, goldsmith, who was Mayor in that year and gave his banquet in the Guildhall. Up to that time the inaugural feasts had taken place in one or other of the Halls of the City Companies, but since then, except when the Hall was being rebuilt, after the Fire, they have always been held in the Guildhall.

The Fire.

By the Fire, sad havoc was played with the Guildhall. An exceedingly graphic picture of the aspect it presented while it was in the clutch of the destroyer has come down to us in the little book entitled "God's Terrible Voice in the City." "That night" (Tuesday, the 4th of September, 1666), says Vincent, the author, whose pen bit like an etcher's tool, "the sight of Guildhall was a fearful spectacle, which stood the whole body of it together in view for several hours together after the Fire had taken it, without flames (I suppose because the timber was of such solid oake) in a bright shining coale, as if it had been a palace of gold, or a great building of burnished brass."

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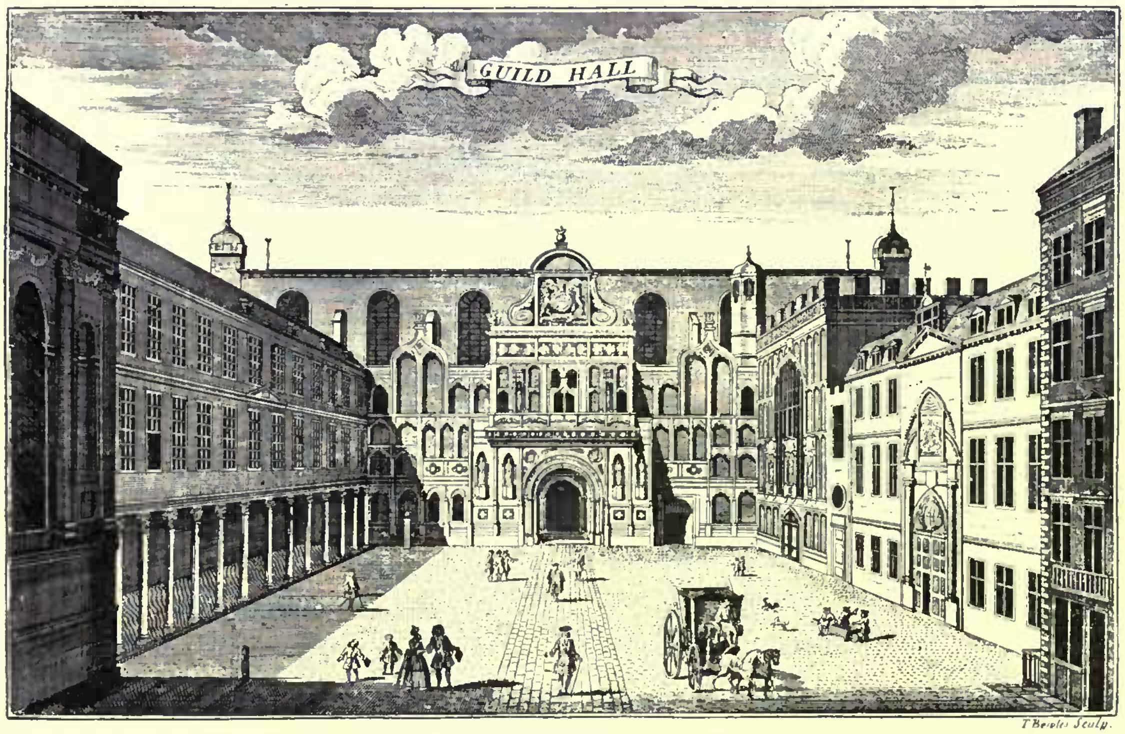
* "A Descriptive Account of the Guildhall of the City of London." By John Edward Price, F.S.A., F.R.S.L.

In the restoration after the Fire, the old walls and the interior of the fine porch, with the crypt, were preserved, but with these exceptions the Hall had to be rebuilt. According to Blome, writing in the last quarter of the seventeenth century, the old walls were only 30 feet in height, and now they were raised to the extent of 20 feet "on either side and at both ends"; and accordingly, when, in 1864, Digby Wyatt and Edward Roberts made careful examination of the structure they found that the walls showed ancient stonework to a height of just about 30 feet, and that all above that line was much more modern work—the work, that is to say, of Sir Christopher Wren, who had a hand in, and perhaps superintended, the restoration.

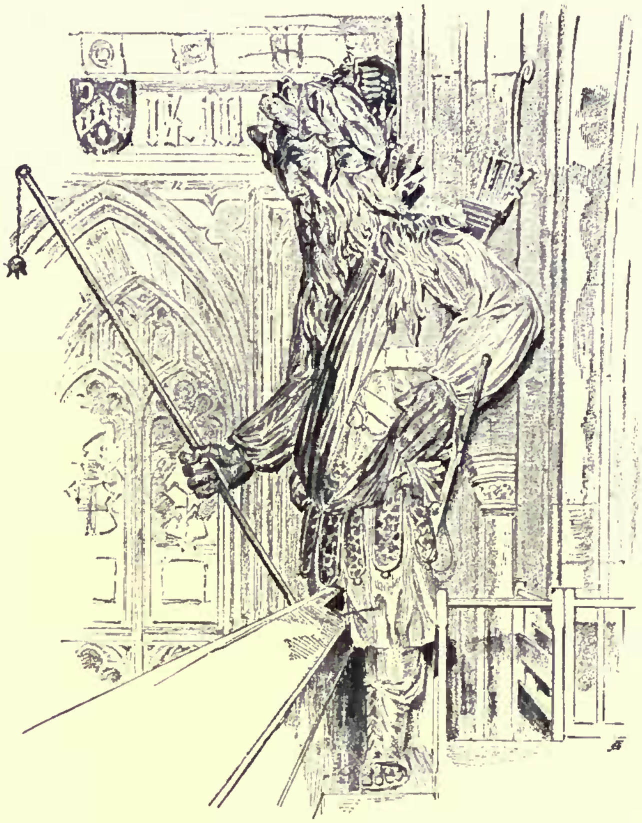


THE GUILDHALL IN 1741.
After an Engraving by T. Bowles.

The Porch.

The old porch of the Guildhall was built in 1425, the front of it being, as Stow records, "beautified with images of stone." It seems to have suffered less in the Fire than the main building; but when it was restored or repaired after that event a clumsy design in the classical style was superimposed upon the Gothic work. The porch was considerably altered, and altered very much for the worse, by George Dance in 1789. The view of it given on this page, depicting it as it was before these alterations, shows that even with its classical addition it was, as to its exterior, a much finer piece of work than the unsymmetrical structure which now meets the sight. In canopied niches were six statues, symbolising Law and Learning, Discipline, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance. There appears also to have been a seventh, although in no extant view of the porch are more than six to be seen; and there can be little doubt, from verses of the sixteenth century ascribed to William Elderton, an attorney in the Sheriff's Court, that this seventh statue was intended for Jesus Christ. The statues were taken down about the time when Dance demolished the façade of the porch, and relegated to one of the cellars. But in 1794 they were presented to Thomas Banks the sculptor, who set high store upon them, and at his death in 1809 they were acquired by the owner of Corfe Castle.

The interior of the porch, symmetrical and highly ornamented, has happily been little harmed, and probably is much the same now as it was before the Fire. There are two bays with richly groined vaulting, the sculptured and gilded bosses at the intersections presenting a variety of devices, among them the arms of Edward the Confessor and of Henry VI., the eagle of St. John, the bull of St. Luke, the lion of St. Mark, the angel of St. Matthew, and the monogram I.H.S.

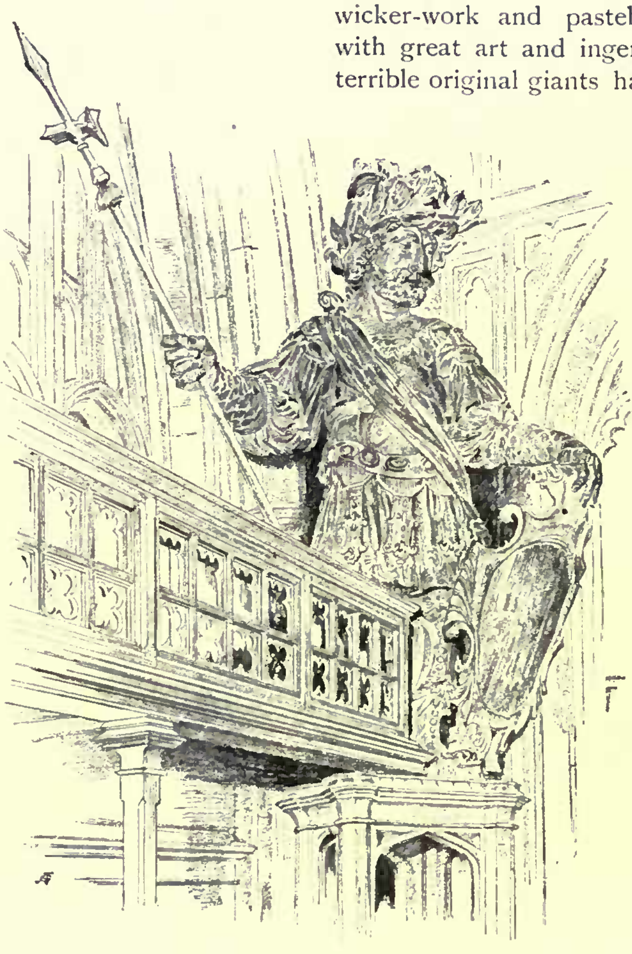


GOG.

When the Guildhall was restored after the Fire, for its fine, high-pitched, open-timbered roof was substituted a flat ceiling, which robbed the Hall of much of its nobility. About the year 1864 it was determined to replace this with a roof more congruous with the style and dignity of the building, and it was in order to make suggestions to this end that Digby Wyatt and Roberts made the examination mentioned in an earlier paragraph. In the following year the City architect, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Horace Jones prepared the drawings from which the present magnificent roof of open timber, lighted by sixteen dormer windows, with a central louvre and an uncommonly graceful spire, was constructed.

The Windows.

Next to the roof the most striking features of the interior are the great east and west stained windows, the one surmounting an arched canopy of stone, rising into a cornice and embattled parapet, the other having beneath it a screen of timber formed of open panels, supporting a balcony with a projecting centre, both screen and balcony being designed by Sir Horace Jones. The east window, filled with stained glass by Clayton and Bell, illustrating the rebuilding of London by Alfred the Great and the granting of the first charter by William the Conqueror, represents the gratitude of Lancashire for generous help during the cotton famine of 1862-65, when the Corporation, "as almoners of a world's benevolence," to quote from the inscription, "distributed to the operatives more than £500,000." The west window, a memorial of the Prince Consort, whose seated figure in an attitude of meditation occupies the centre, was designed by Messrs. Ward and Hughes, and was unveiled by the Duke of Connaught in 1870. The other windows of the Hall also now glow with colour, as they did in olden times before their subjects excited the iconoclastic fury of theological zealots. This great improvement has been effected at the charges of the Corporation itself, of certain of the City Companies, and of individual members of the Corporation. Specially interesting is one on the south side, which was presented by Alderman Sir David Salomons, Bart., who was elected Alderman in 1847 and became Lord Mayor in 1855, and who thus gratefully acknowledged "the impulse given to the cause of religious liberty by the Corporation of London," and also commemorated "the removal by Parliament of all obstacles to persons professing the Jewish religion holding public offices." He had been elected Alderman twice before, in 1835 and again in 1844, and, declining to take the usual oath, was unable to serve; but in 1845 was passed the Act which made the way clear for him. Not merely by the gift of this window did he celebrate the triumph of his cause, but also by founding a perpetual scholarship of £50 per annum in the City of London School, and in his will he bequeathed a thousand pounds to the Guildhall Library.



MAGOG.

At the east end of the Hall is a daïs, known as the hustings, because here is held the Court of Hustings, the "domestic judicatory" of London, which ranks among the most venerable of our civic institutions, and takes us back to Anglo-Saxon times. Anciently, this Court was the sole tribunal for dealing with disputes between the citizens, but in process of time its jurisdiction became limited. The judges are the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs, with whom sits the Recorder as Assessor to pronounce the judgment of the Court. On the hustings also take place the meetings of the Common Hall—*i.e.*, an assembly of the members of the various Livery Companies, held on Midsummer Day to elect the Sheriffs, on Michaelmas Day to elect the Lord Mayor, and at such other times as the Lord Mayor may direct.

Gog and Magog.

At the other, the western, end of the Hall, perched upon pedestals above the balcony, are Gog and Magog, the grotesque giants who in past times took a leading part in the Lord Mayor's annual pageant. The Gog and Magog of ancient days perished in the Fire, and after that event they seem to have been re-created in wicker-work and pasteboard. In a little book published in the year 1741 by one Thomas Boreman, who, like other tradesmen, was allowed to sell his wares in the Hall, it is said that "before the present giants inhabited Guildhall there were two giants made only of wicker-work and pasteboard, put together with great art and ingenuity, and these two terrible original giants had the honour yearly to grace my Lord Mayor's show, being carried in great triumph in the time of the pageants; and when that eminent annual service was over, remounted their old stations in Guildhall, till by reason of their very great age old Time, with the help of a number of City rats and mice, had eaten up all their entrails. The dissolution of the two old, weak, and feeble giants gave birth to the two present substantial and majestic giants, who by order and at the City charge were formed and fashioned." Boreman adds that "Captain Richard Saunders, an eminent carver in King Street, Cheapside, was their father, who, after he had completely finished, clothed, and armed these his two sons, they were immediately advanced to their lofty stations in Guildhall, which they have peaceably enjoyed ever since the year 1708."

That Boreman was correct in his account of the origin of the present figures becomes virtually certain from the fact that William Hone discovered an entry in the City accounts, under date 1707, of a payment made to "Richard Saunders, carver," of a sum of

£70, "for work done by him." By 1815 Gog and Magog had become somewhat dilapidated, and they were "repaired and decorated." In 1827 they were again restored, and in that year replicas of them figured in the Lord Mayor's show on foot, the motive power being furnished by a man who walked inside each of the figures, which delighted the sightseers by moving their faces every now and again. This, however, was nothing compared to the feats of the wicker-work and paste-board giants, who, in the year 1672, rode in the procession "in two several chariots, moving, talking, and taking tobacco as they rode along, to the great admiration and delight of all the spectators." So easy is it for a crowd to be amused !

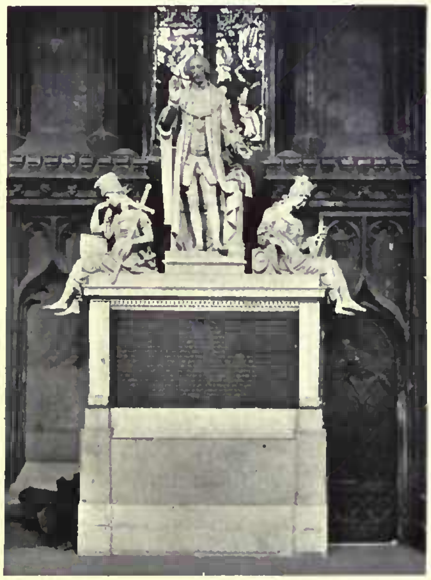


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE BECKFORD MONUMENT (*p.* 103).

The names of the giants were originally Gogmagog and Corineus, the latter having at some period unknown abandoned his own name, perhaps as savouring too much of a classical tongue, and "conveyed" the ultimate and penultimate syllables of his compeer's. And who were Gogmagog and Corineus ? Two warriors who, according to the monkish chroniclers, fought in the war between the aborigines of these islands and the Trojans, who came hither to found on the banks of the Thames the new Troy, Troynovant. Gog, to give him his present name, is armed with a spiky globe attached by a chain to a staff, a weapon which was known among mediæval warriors as a "morning star." He is girt also with a sword, and at his back he carries bow and arrows. Magog, clad in the guise of a Roman warrior, is armed with spears and shield, as well as with sword. Mr. Fairholt, who made a special study of the origin and descent of the Guildhall giants, concluded that they are to be traced to the early history of the municipalities of Belgium and Flanders and elsewhere, pointing to the fact that these municipalities each have their giant, who is paraded in their festivals, as Gog and Magog used to be at the Lord Mayor's pageant. Price, however, suggests that the giants have an earlier origin than this, and he connects them with the belief, prevalent in Oriental lands, in the existence of races of gigantic stature. He adds that in the Sacred Writings "Gog and Magog are familiar terms, the words, according to modern commentators, being typical not so much of individuals as of warlike nations noted for cruelty and rapacity, such as the Scythians, a dominant race, said to have descended from Japhet, and settled between the Caucasus and Mesopotamia, the names of the mountains in the district being known as Ghogh and Moghef to the present day." And he supports this suggestion by pointing to the bow and arrows borne by Gog. The bow was the national weapon of the race referred to, and Ezekiel prophesies the taking away of Gog's bow and arrows as one of the judgments which were to come upon him and his kingdom. The theory is, it must be confessed, vague and shadowy, but it is at any rate suggestive.

Monuments.

Of the monuments in Guildhall, the most interesting, from its subject, is that, against the south wall, which represents William Beckford delivering his historic speech to George III. on the 23rd of May, 1770. It is the work of a sculptor of the name of Moore, a native of Hanover, who lived and died in Wells Street, Oxford Street. Flanked by a figure representing the City of London in mourning, and by another which personifies Trade and Navigation in a languishing condition, Beckford stands in a deprecating attitude, which he may very well have assumed at the beginning of his speech. But when he uttered his closing sentence—"Permit me, sire, farther to observe that whosoever has already dared, or shall hereafter endeavour, by false insinuations and suggestions, to alienate your Majesty's affections from your loyal subjects in general, and from the City of London in particular, and to withdraw your confidence in and regard for your people, is an enemy to your Majesty's person and family, a violator of the public peace, and a betrayer of our happy constitution as it was established at the glorious revolution"—he must surely have drawn himself upright, and assumed an attitude more in keeping with the bold note on which he ended.

On the same side of the Hall as the statue of Beckford is an elaborate monument to Pitt, executed in 1813 by J. G. Bubb, who was paid over £4,000 for his work, and ought to have considered himself handsomely remunerated. Pitt appears in his robes of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and while Apollo and Mercury are there to symbolise his gifts, Britannia, sitting side-saddle on a recumbent sea-horse, is below, thunderbolt in hand. The inscription, though it is from the pen of George Canning, is long and turgid, and one may doubt whether any visitor to the Guildhall ever got to the end of it.

Facing this monument, on the north side of the Hall, is the group commemorating the Earl of Chatham which John Bacon, R.A., executed at a cost of over £3,400. The sculptor has given free rein to his fancy, and we see jubilant infants, emblematical of the four quarters of the globe, pouring treasures from a cornucopia into the lap of Britannia as she reclines, all smiles of gratitude, upon a lion. In the background is a profusion of anchors, sails, masts, and ropes. As for the central figure, he is shown standing upon a rock, in classic garb, one hand directing the rudder of State, the other resting upon a figure of Commerce, his stern features having something more than a trace of smugness as he looks down upon the "fruits" of his policy. The inscription has been ascribed to Edmund Burke, but the internal evidence is not convincing, and it is difficult to conceive that that great master of rich and pregnant prose could have indited such a thin-spun sentiment as that for the citizens to withhold from the virtues infused into great men the tribute of esteem and veneration "is to deny to themselves the means of happiness and honour."

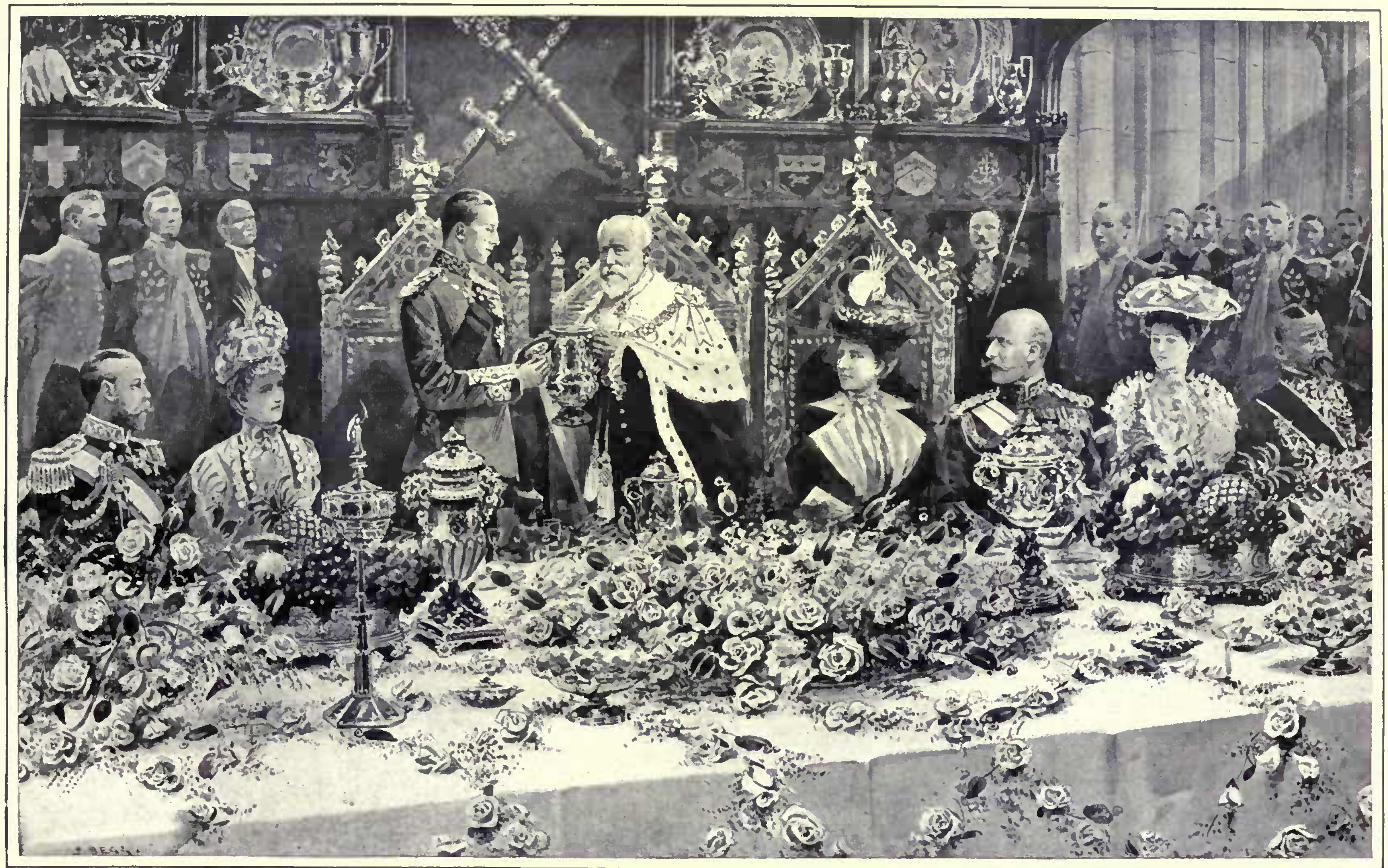
The monument to Nelson, the work of James Smith, a disciple of Flaxman's, who executed it in 1810, at a cost to the Corporation of over £4,400, is another elaborate group, of which the central figure, personifying the City of London, is recording upon a tablet the most memorable of Nelson's victories. Britannia, sitting upon a lion, is musing pensively over the hero's portrait, and Neptune, lying in an incongruously easy posture, is sharing her sorrow at her loss. The inscription, composed by Sheridan, is nearly as long as that of Canning on the Pitt monument, but it is less formal and cumbrous, and it contains a happy reference to the victories of the Nile and Copenhagen, of which it is said that though "never before equalled," they were "afterwards surpassed by his own last achievement."

After these highly allegorical groups it is a relief to turn to the monument, in Carrara marble, to the Duke of Wellington wrought by John Bell, R.A., in 1857, at a cost of £5,000. The Duke himself is raised on a pedestal, his right hand holding the Declaration of Peace of 1815, his left resting upon his marshal's bâton; and there are but two other figures—on one side War, leaning on a sheathed sword and grasping a wreath of victory, on the other, Peace, holding out a civic wreath in recognition of the Duke's services to the nation as a Minister.

In 1908 an addition to the memorials in the Guildhall was made in the form of a bronze relief, let into the south wall, commemorating the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment) who fell in the South African War.

Banquets.

Of what a multitude of brilliant and moving spectacles has the Guildhall been the scene during the eight hundred years of its existence! Here, since 1501, as we have seen, has been held the Lord Mayor's annual banquet, which, if it has parted with something of its olden profusion and costliness, has lost none of its ancient brilliance, and is invested with more than its ancient importance; for in these days it is an event of national significance, with the First Minister of the Crown for chief guest, and with many of the most distinguished figures in the nation's life, as well as the Ambassadors of other Powers, to hang upon his words as he descants upon the questions of the day. Within these venerable walls, too, has the Corporation been wont to feast



THE KING OF SPAIN TAKING THE LOVING-CUP AT THE GUILDHALL (*p.* 105).

From a Drawing by S. Begg.

royalty, from the early days of its career down to the present time. One of the most famous of such banquets is that at which Lord Mayor Whittington entertained Henry V. and Queen Katharine after Agincourt, and at which he is said to have flung into the fire bonds of the King's worth £60,000. "Never had Prince such a subject," Henry is made to exclaim. "Never had subject such a Prince," is the obvious reply put into Whittington's mouth. We need not enquire too closely into the authenticity of the story: enough to say that if it is not true it ought to be.

Once in the history of the City the Mayor entertained four kings at one and the same time. It was Henry Picard, Mayor in 1357, who enjoyed this honour, the kings whom he sumptuously feasted being Edward III., John of France, David II. of Scotland, and the King of Cyprus, and with them all Edward's sons, except the Black Prince, who was in France. After the feast, says Stow, the Mayor "kept his hall against all comers that were willing to play at dice and hazard. In like manner the Lady Margaret, his wife, did also keep her chamber to the same effect." The King of Cyprus, it appears, after winning fifty marks of the Mayor, lost a hundred, and when Picard saw that the king took his ill luck in bad part he gave him his money back—the king appears to have taken it!—distributed largesse among the retinue, and bestowed many rich gifts upon his royal and noble guests.

Since King Edward VII. came to the throne it has many times fallen to the lot of the Lord Mayor for the time being to entertain at the Guildhall the heads of friendly States, among them the King and Queen of Italy, the late King of Portugal and his Consort, the King of Spain, the King and Queen of Denmark, the German Emperor and Empress, and two Presidents of the French Republic, MM. Loubet and Fallières. Among recent functions not associated with crowned heads, but still of national significance, may be noted that of the 5th of August, 1902, when the Corporation celebrated the conclusion of peace in South Africa by an entertainment of which the chief incident was the presentation, by Lord Mayor Sir Joseph Dimsdale, of addresses to Earl Roberts and Viscount Kitchener, the former of whom, by the tribute he paid to the gallantry and efficiency of the City Imperial Volunteers, gave special gratification to those who had organised that splendid force. Another notable ceremony was the conferment of the freedom of the City upon six Colonial Prime Ministers in 1907. A piquant feature of the occasion was the cordial greeting between Lord Roberts and General Botha, who sat side by side at the luncheon which followed.

Mary Tudor at Guildhall.

Of the trials of which the Guildhall has been the scene, the most memorable, and certainly, but for the serene fortitude of the victim, the saddest, is that of the Lady Jane Grey, here sentenced to death by Judge Morgan, who, stricken with remorse for the part he had played in the tragedy, died raving mad. The fate of this gracious and hapless lady reminds us of another scene of which the Guildhall was the theatre. Not until after the rebellion of Sir Thomas Wyatt was her sentence executed, and it was in the hope of winning over the citizens to her side that Queen Mary came to Guildhall at this critical juncture in her career, when it was quite conceivable that London might welcome the rebel. She had ridden through the streets with a studied air of dejection. She found the Guildhall, says Froude, crowded with citizens, drawn together from various motives. The speech which she delivered from the steps in her "deep man's voice" was certainly admirably contrived to win the support of the citizens. She stood there, she told them, the lawful Queen of England, and she appealed to the loyalty of her great city to save her from a presumptuous rebel. As to her marriage, the ostensible cause of the rebellion, she had supposed that so magnificent an alliance could not be otherwise than agreeable to her people. But she promised to call a Parliament to deliberate upon the subject, and should the Lords and Commons refuse approval, she undertook on the word of a Queen to break off the match. Before the Queen left the Guildhall she had won the Corporation over to her side and so ensured the defeat of her rebellious subject.

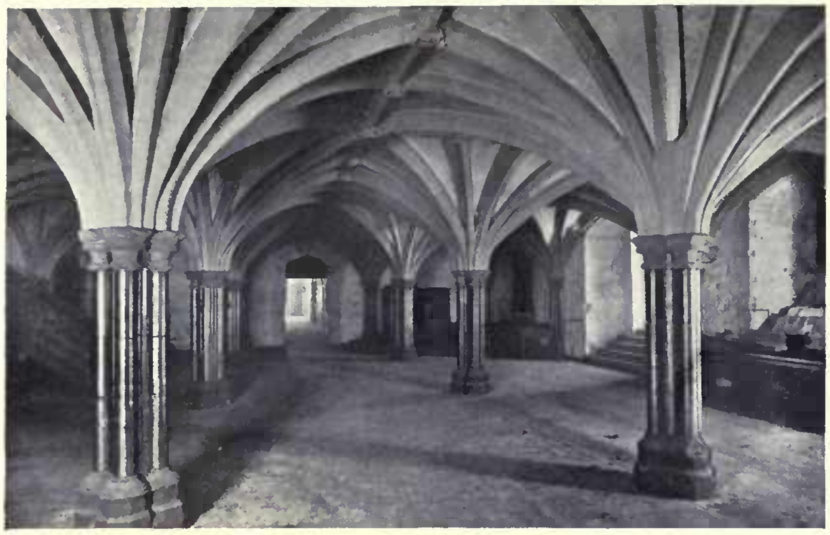


Photo: The London Stereoscopic Co.

CRYPT OF THE GUILDHALL

CHAPTER IX

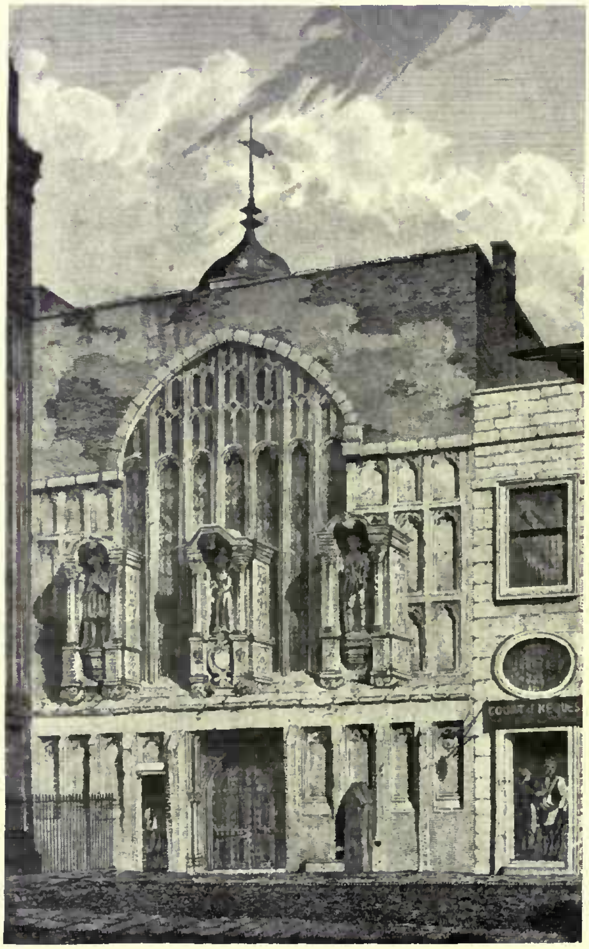
THE CRYPT AND SUBSIDIARY BUILDINGS

The Crypt—Its Restoration—The Chapel—Bakewell Hall—The Present and the Old Council Chamber—Aldermen's Court Room—The Library—Old Statues—The Museum—The Art Gallery—The Law Courts

The Crypt.

BENEATH the eastern part of the Guildhall is a large daylighted vaulted crypt, 76 feet long and 45 feet 3 inches wide, with an average height of 13 feet 7 inches, and divided into three avenues or aisles of equal breadth. It is considerably broader than St. Stephen's Crypt at Westminster, but is neither so long nor so high. This Guildhall crypt is a very ancient structure, for it was originally the undercroft of the old Guildhall Chapel, which was in existence at least as early as the year 1280. When, in the same century, the fifteenth, which witnessed the rebuilding of the Guildhall, the chapel was replaced by another on a different site, of which we shall speak presently, the crypt was not interfered with, except that it was so altered as to adapt it to the level of the floor of the new Guildhall. Before its restoration, in 1851, it was a mere receptacle for the planks and benches used at the City banquets; but, though it had long been neglected, little was needed in the way of reparation beyond renovating the clustered shafts and capitals, and rubbing down and cleaning the stonework. The work was skilfully done under the supervision of the City Surveyor of that day, Mr. J. B. Bunning, who at the same time added an entrance on the north side. The new career, so to speak, of this venerable and elegant structure was inaugurated by its conversion into a supper-room for Queen Victoria when, on the 9th of July, 1851, the Corporation entertained Her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and those who had taken a leading part in the conduct of the Great Exhibition. It was fitted up for the nonce in the style of a baronial hall, the walls being hung with tapestry, and around the graceful but immensely strong clustered columns which bear the weight of the superstructure stood members of the City Police Force, clad in suits of armour borrowed from the Tower of London, each of the mediæval warriors holding a lighted torch. More realistic was the scene presented by the western crypt, which was converted into a garden where flowers were blooming and vines were trailing and trees were growing, and hundreds of singing birds were pouring out their unpremeditated strains. This western crypt, which dates probably from the fourteenth century, is no longer vaulted, and is for the most part occupied with huge brick walls and with cellars. Price conjectures that in the Great Fire its vaulting was damaged beyond the possibility of repair.

The second Guildhall chapel, which in the fifteenth century replaced the one that stood upon the present eastern crypt, was reared on the south (the King Street) side of the Guildhall, on ground now covered by the Art Gallery, and which up to that time had been occupied with residences for the priests, for whom houses were now built on the north side of the Hall. The chapel was collegiate, and at the dissolution of the monasteries there were on the foundation a custos or keeper, seven chaplains, three clerks, and four choristers. In the reign of Edward VI. the Corporation purchased the chapel, with the old library, mentioned in the last chapter, and certain lands, for a sum of £456, and weekly services continued to be regularly celebrated within its walls. Here, too, was held the service which accompanied the election of Lord Mayor, as well as that which ushered in the annual banquet, and of which the object, says Pennant, quaintly enough, was "to deprecate indigestion and all plethoric evils." The chapel, though injured by the Fire, was not destroyed, and it was restored. But in 1782-83 it was diverted from its religious uses and transformed into a justice room, and it remained the habitation of the Court of Requests until 1815, when an Act was obtained giving the Corporation power to demolish it in order to provide space for new courts of law. For seven years after this it was debased to the uses of a store-house, and then, in 1822, it was destroyed.



THE SECOND GUILDHALL CHAPEL.
From a Drawing by Schnebbelie.

Bakewell Hall.

Adjoining the chapel on the south, where now stand the Irish Chamber and the City of London Court, was Backwell or Bakewell Hall, a large building with a frontage to Guildhall Yard of slightly over a hundred feet. The original hall, built on a site occupied in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries by a synagogue of the Jews, was in the possession of the Banquelles or Backwells at least as early as the year 1337. In 1398, having come into the possession of the Crown, it was acquired, with its garden, by the Mayor and Corporation, for a sum of £50, and converted into a market for the sale of woollen cloth, and in the reign of Henry VIII. the appointment of keeper of the hall was vested in the Drapers' Company. By 1658 the hall had become so dilapidated that it had to be rebuilt. The new building had a short lease of life, for it was completely destroyed eight years later by the Fire. Again rebuilt, it was used as before for the warehousing and sale of cloth, the revenue going towards the maintenance of Christ's Hospital. In 1820 it was demolished, and at this time, like the chapel which it adjoined, it was used simply as a storehouse. There must surely have been a great accumulation of lumber in those days!

Council Chamber.

The present Council Chamber, where are held the fortnightly meetings of the Common Council, is on the north side of the Guildhall, approached from the Hall by an ante-lobby and a lobby, where are busts of men whom the Corporation has delighted to honour, while the walls of the ante-lobby are painted to symbolise the armorial bearings of the City and of the Livery Companies, this decoration being carried out in 1889 at the expense of the late Alderman Sir Stuart Knill, Bart. The Council Chamber itself, a lofty duo-decagonal apartment, was designed by Sir Horace Jones and completed in 1884, space having been found for it by the removal of the old Court of Exchequer and the offices of the City Chamberlain, Town Clerk, and City Architect. Externally it is not at all remarkable, the chief feature of the exterior being an oak lantern above the dome; but internally it is not only elegant in form and agreeable in embellishment, but is also a model of commodiousness, for though its diameter is not more than 54 feet, it provides accommodation for the 206 Common Councilmen, besides the Aldermen, Sheriffs, Recorder, and other officers, and a gallery which runs round the room and is supported upon a corridor divided from the chamber by twelve richly canopied screens, is set apart for the public and the Press. While the Common Council is sitting, with the Lord Mayor in the chair, the City sword and mace rest upon a table in the middle of the chamber, and here sits an officer with an ivory hammer to demand order when Councilmen become too demonstrative. Divisions are taken, as in the House of Commons, by members walking into different lobbies, and there is an apparatus which records, for the benefit of members coming in while the meeting is in progress, the number in the agenda of the subject under discussion, the same number being automatically registered by corresponding apparatus in the committee-rooms.

The Old Council Chamber.

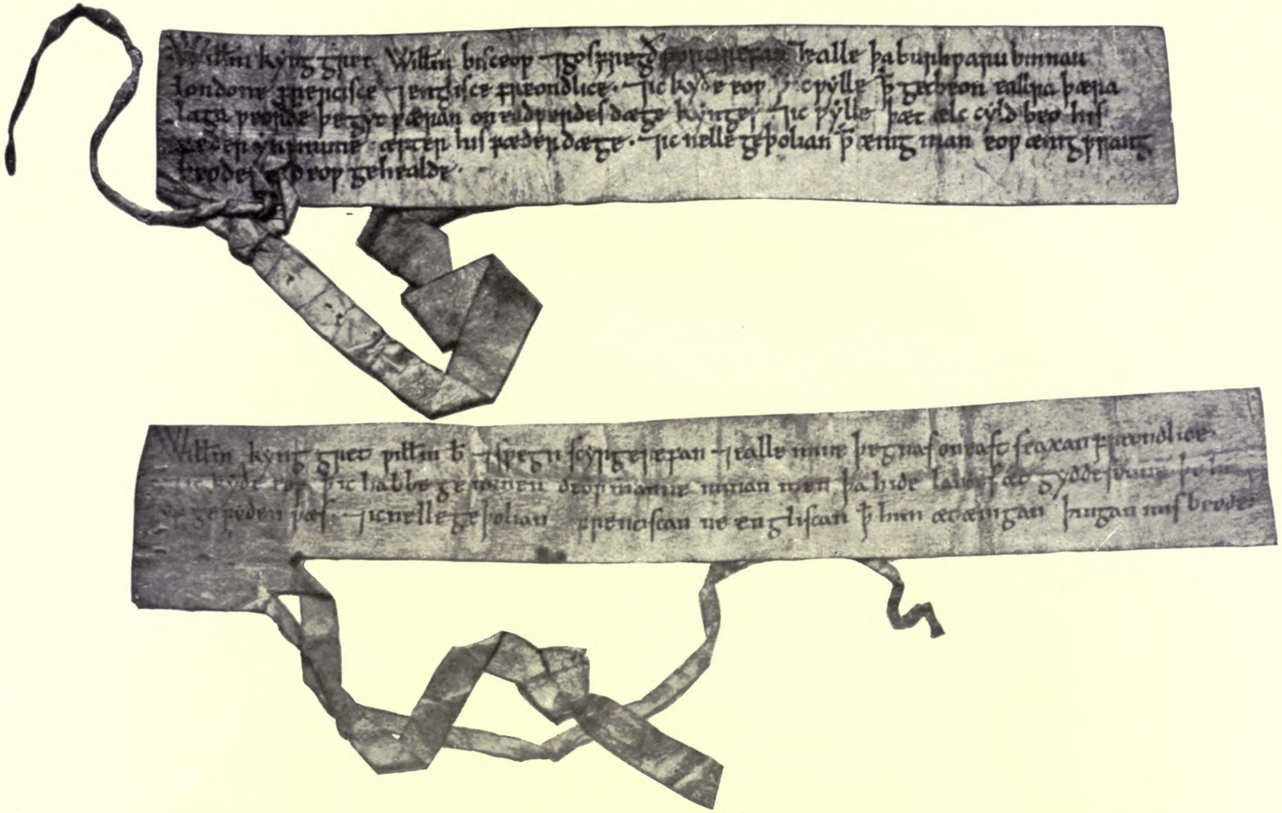
The Council Chamber built in 1614 and destroyed, as we have seen, in 1786, occupied a part of the site of the present Chamber. The one in which the Council met from the third quarter of the eighteenth century until 1884 stood a little to the north-west, and before its demolition in 1908 to provide space for a new block of offices it was used for the purposes of the Mayor's Court. It was a plain and unpretentious apartment, and the only interest it possessed consisted in the portraits suspended from its walls, among them those of the judges who settled the claims arising out of the Great Fire.

Aldermen's Court Room.

Between the site of this old and the present Council Chamber is the Aldermen's Court Room, which, though it has been called the Gilded Chamber, in allusion to the House of Lords, is outshone by the "Lower House," where the Common Council holds its meetings. Dating from the Fire, its most remarkable feature is its ceiling, gorgeous with gilt moulding and panelling and with scenes painted gratuitously in 1727 by Sir James Thornhill, who also presented a chiaroscuro over the black marble mantelpiece, an act of generosity which was acknowledged by the gift from the Corporation of a gold cup valued at £225. The panes of the windows and the panels of the walls glow with the arms of Aldermen who have passed the chair, from 1780 down to the present time.

Guildhall Library.

The collection of books forming the present Guildhall Library dates from 1824, when the Common Council appointed a committee to report upon the best mode of establishing "a library of all matters relating to this City, the Borough of Southwark, and the County of Middlesex." Steps were at once taken to give effect to the Committee's recommendations, and the Library thus formed grew rapidly, until it became evident that a new building must be provided for it. In 1869 Sir Horace Jones was commissioned to prepare plans, and in November, 1872, the present building, in the Tudor style, erected at a cost, including the site, of over £90,000, was opened by the late Earl of Selborne, then Lord Chancellor. It stands at the eastern end of the Guildhall, with a frontage of 150 feet to Basinghall Street, and adjacent to it, and also abutting upon Basinghall Street, are the offices of the Public Health Department, dating from 1895. The building opened by Lord Selborne consists of a lower



CHARTERS OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR PRESERVED IN THE GUILDHALL LIBRARY

1. Grant of Freedom to the Citizens of London 2. Grant of Lands to Deorman

(*Photo by permission of the Library Committee of the City Corporation*)

hall, on the level of the crypt, forming the Museum, and above this the Library and the Newspaper Room.

The Library is a spacious apartment, with a fine roof of open timber-work, and at the State banquets it is used as the reception-room. Divided into nave and aisles, the latter forming twelve bays, fitted with oak bookcases, it is admirably lighted, for in addition to the large north and south windows and those in the aisles, there is a clerestory over the arcade of the nave, and there are large louvres in the roof. Readers sit at tables arranged on either side of the nave, and in the aisles; and as there is an efficient service of attendants, they are not kept waiting for the books they desire to consult. Here, on a pedestal of oak, stands a marble bust of Chaucer, next to Milton the greatest of the City's literary sons; it was executed in Carrara marble by Mr. George Frampton, R.A., in 1903, and was the gift of Alderman Sir Reginald Hanson, Bart., for thirty years a member of the Library Committee.

In the western lobby of the Library are two old statues of Charles II. and Sir John Cutler, from the façade of the College of Physicians in Warwick Lane, together with Durham's admirable statue entitled "Waiting his Innings," showing a boy reclining upon his bat in an attitude of careless but graceful ease. In the lobby, at the eastern end, is a singularly interesting display of watches and clocks belonging to the Company of Clockmakers. The collection includes an eight-day clock, once the property of Sir Isaac Newton, and a small musical timepiece of the eighteenth century, made to play one of four different tunes after striking the hour. On the stone staircase leading from the lobby down to the Museum in the basement are three statues, which once stood in niches before the great west window of the second Guildhall Chapel (p. 107). These statues were for many years lost sight of, but shortly before Price's work on the Guildhall was published, in 1886, they were rescued from the ruins amid which they had lain, carefully cleaned, and placed where they are now to be seen. Whom they stand for has been a subject of much conjecture. The various theories are elaborately discussed by Price, who concludes, or rather, to use his own more cautious word, "assumes," that they are intended for Edward VI., Elizabeth, and Charles I., and that they are petrified expressions of the emotion of the Corporation

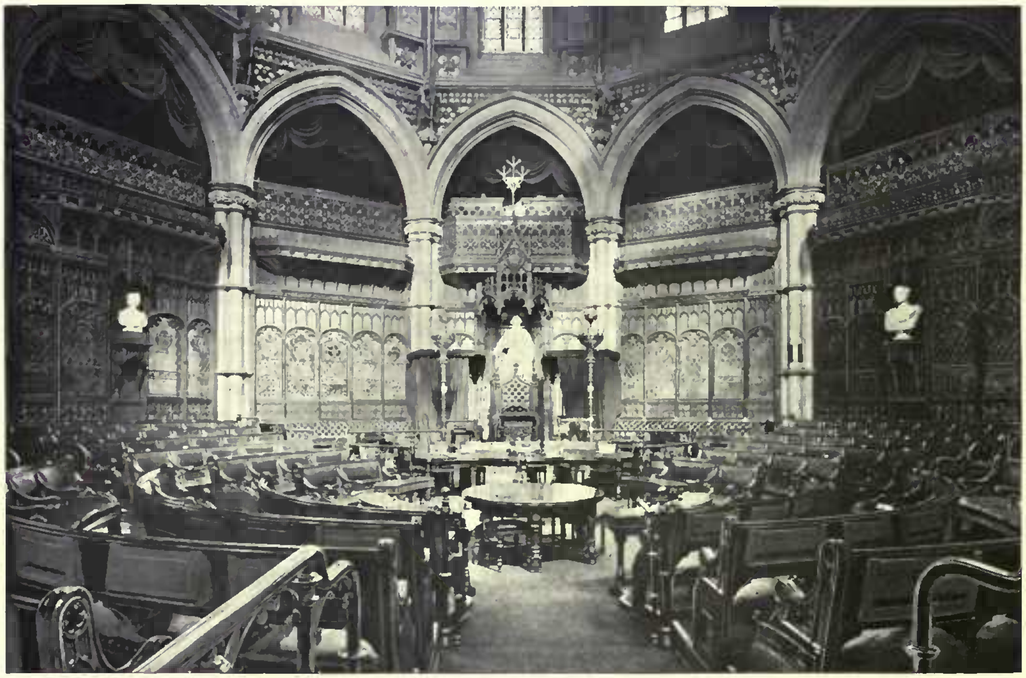
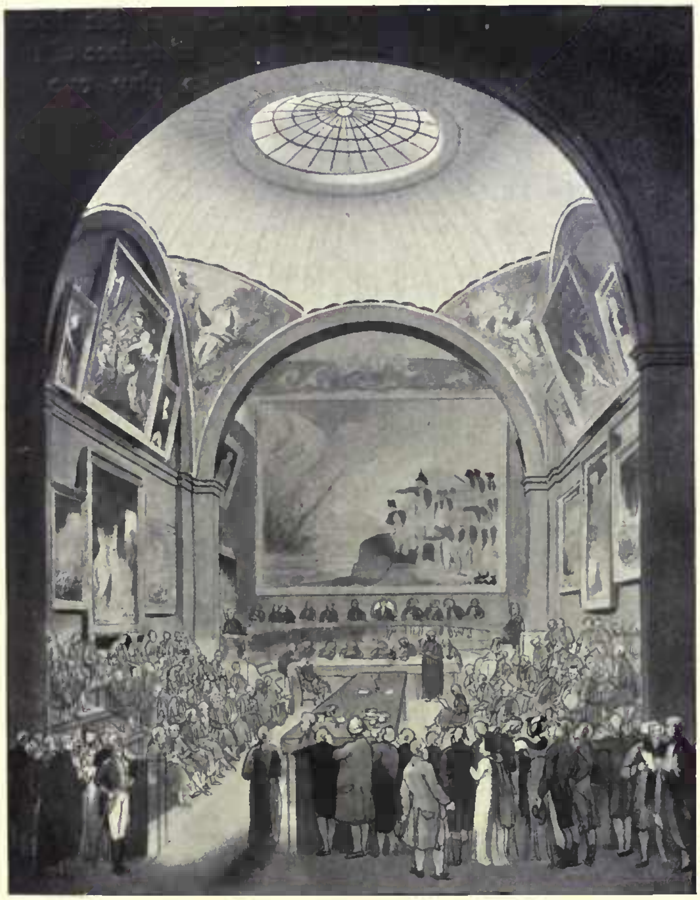


Photo: Sandell, Ltd., Norwood.

THE PRESENT COMMON COUNCIL CHAMBER.

at "being graciously allowed to purchase or retain its own property." Another theory is that the female figure is intended for Henrietta Maria, Charles I.'s Consort; and yet another, that it is a counterfeit presentment of Mary II.



THE OLD COMMON COUNCIL CHAMBER, DESTROYED IN 1908.
From a Drawing by Rowlandson & Pugin.

The Museum.

To all who are interested in the history of London, the Museum, with its extensive and varied collection of antiquities, some of them belonging to periods earlier than the Roman occupation, is one of the most fascinating spots in all London. Here are implements, vessels, ornaments, etc., of the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, the Early Iron Age, the Roman, Anglo-Saxon, and Danish periods, the Mediæval and later periods. A particularly interesting part of the collection is that formed of old tavern and shop signs, including the "Boar's Head" in Eastcheap, Falstaff's tavern; and among recent additions are a whipping-post, manacles and waistbands from Newgate, with a bust of Sir John Sylvester, the "hanging Recorder," who was known as "Black Jack," and portions of the Eleanor Cross in Cheapside, which were discovered in the Guildhall crypt in 1902. Here, too, is preserved a small portion of the *Maria Wood*, the City barge which was built in 1816 at a cost of £3,300, during the mayoralty of Sir Matthew Wood, and was named after his pet daughter. The *Maria Wood*, upon which a thousand pounds was spent for repairs in 1851, was sold eight years later, when Alderman Humphrey became her purchaser for £410. For years she was kept at Teddington, and was sometimes brought into requisition for certain of the beautiful riverside fêtes of which Richmond and Twickenham have been the scenes; but in 1899 she was finally broken up. The *Maria Wood*, by the way, is not to be confused with the Lord Mayor's State Barge, of which a complete model is preserved in an ante-room of the Museum.

In 1903 the Corporation published, under the competent editorship of Mr. Charles Welch, the then Guildhall Librarian, a lavishly illustrated Catalogue of the Museum, with an introduction by the editor tracing the origin of the collection to a gift of Roman and other antiquities discovered in the course of the excavations for the General Post Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand. One of the most notable of the collections which have from time to time enriched the Museum is that formed by a Whitechapel working-man, a Mr. James Smith, to whose devotion to and knowledge of archæology Mr. Welch pays a fitting tribute. In 1892 the Common Council placed a sum of £400 at the disposal of the Library Committee for the purchase of Mr. Smith's collection, and afterwards a further collection formed by this archæological enthusiast was acquired.

Art Gallery.

The Corporation Art Gallery occupies one of the old Law Courts—that of the Queen's Bench, on the east side of Guildhall Yard. The building was appropriated to its new use in 1886, and was enlarged in 1890. Here are to be seen pictures which were once dispersed about the Guildhall buildings, together with many that have been contributed by various of the City Companies, as well as by individual donors, such as Sir John Gilbert, who presented sixteen of his own works, five in oil and eleven in water-colours. Here, also among pieces of sculpture, is Mr. Onslow Ford's fine statue of Henry Irving as Hamlet, the gift of the artist. Since 1890 there has been held here, in the spring and summer months, a series of successful Loan Exhibitions.

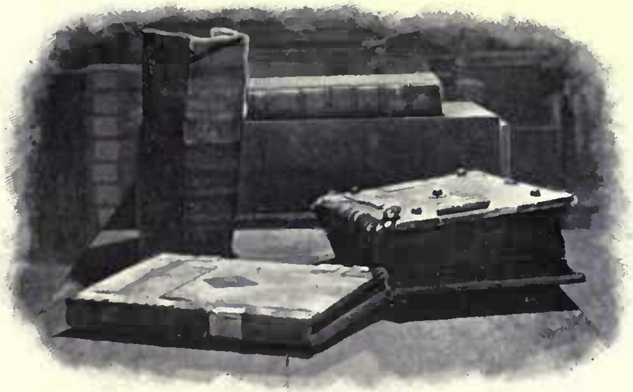
Guildhall Law Courts.

Opposite the Art Gallery, on the western side of the Guildhall, is the Guildhall Justice Room, where the Aldermen sit as magistrates to adjudicate upon cases arising in the Smithfield, Moor Lane, and Bishopsgate police districts. Adjoining the Art Gallery are the offices of the London Chamber of Arbitration, established in 1892, and available not only for voluntary references, but also for cases that may be referred to it by the Law Courts. Here, also, are the offices of the Mayor's Court, the most important of the City Law Courts, which, for the district over which its jurisdiction extends, the City and its liberties, deals with civil cases which elsewhere would go to the King's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice. To it also come cases, some of them of no small moment, arising out of City customs. The Recorder and the Common Serjeant are the judges, and there is also an assistant judge.

Over against the offices of the Mayor's Court, in Guildhall Yard, is the Irish Chamber, the meeting-place of the committee which administers the Corporation's Irish estates. Behind this, stretching to Basinghall Street, is a range of buildings erected in 1887-88, in the Gothic style, to harmonise with the Library, from designs by Mr. Andrew Murray, F.R.I.B.A., at that time the City Surveyor, under whose supervision it was extended in 1893. This forms the habitation of the City of London Court, the County Court of the City, its liberties and precincts and adjoining extra-parochial places, and it is also an Admiralty Court, with a jurisdiction covering a much wider area. The Sheriffs' Court, a Court of Record at Common Law, sits in the Guildhall itself, as also does the Court of Husting, for the enrolment of deeds and wills.

In Guildhall Yard in former days was the "Three Tuns" tavern—one of the houses so magnificently sung by Herrick in his lines to Ben Jonson—

> "Ah, Ben!
> Say how or when
> Shall we thy guests
> Meet at those lyrick feasts
> Made at the Sun,
> The Dog, The Triple Tunne;
> Where we such clusters had
> As made us nobly wild, not mad;
> And yet each verse of thine
> Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine."



VOLUMES OF RECORDS AT THE GUILDHALL.

From a Photograph by Sir Benjamin Stone, M.P.

CHAPTER X

INCIDENTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE CITY CORPORATION

The First Mayor of London—King John grants the Citizens their Commune—What the Commune was—The Port-reeve—Aldermen—Wards—Drawing Sword upon an Alderman—The Common Council—Trouble with Henry III.—The King's Revenge—A Pedantic Mayor—The First Lord Mayor—Charles I. and the City—The Five Members—Cromwell and the City—The Restoration—Charles II. Quarrels with the City—James II.—The Deliverer—John Wilkes—Alderman Beckford—Brass Crosby

The First Mayor.

FOR more than 700 years has the City of London had its elective Mayor as the head of the municipality. The popular belief that the first Mayor was Henry Fitz-Aylwin, who was chosen in 1188, the first year of Richard the First's reign, is shown by Dr. Sharpe, the learned Clerk of the Records, to whom indebtedness must be acknowledged for some of the facts set out in this chapter,* to rest upon a statement in an early MS. record preserved among the archives of the Corporation, and known as the "Liber de Antiquis Legibus." In that year, according to the chronicle, "Henry Fitz-Eylwin of Londonstane was made Mayor of London, who was the first Mayor of the City and continued to be such Mayor to the end of his life, that is to say, for nearly five-and-twenty years." The compiler of the chronicle was probably Arnald or Arnulf Fitz-Thedmar, an Alderman of London, who was born in 1201; and if so, he obviously lived near enough to the event which he records to be a competent witness. However this may be, there was indubitably a Mayor of London in 1193, only five years later, when this functionary is named in a formal document as one of those who were appointed treasurers of Richard's ransom.

In the interval a great event had happened. Longchamp, the Norman of low origin who, in Richard's absence, had seized upon all power and authority in the realm, had at last made himself intolerable. According to Dr. Stubbs, he was ambitious and arrogant, and was equally disliked by the Normans, who regarded him as a *parvenu*, and by the English, whom he treated with coarse contempt. Small wonder that the barons of the realm and the citizens of London made common cause against the man whom they both had such good reason for detesting. Late on the 7th of October, 1191, John, who had reasons of his own for wishing Longchamp out of the way, entered the capital, and was welcomed with a torchlight procession. The next morning, at the sound of the great bell which summoned the folkmoot in St. Paul's Churchyard, barons and citizens met under John's presidency and deposed the Chancellor, who beat a retreat to Normandy, and, being a prelate, was able there to give himself the satisfaction of condemning his enemies to the most awful pains and penalties of a spiritual kind. The citizens no doubt had acted *ex animo;* but in helping to bring about the fall of the man who contemned them they were able to effect a revolution in the government of their city. No sooner had judgment been pronounced on the Chancellor than John and the barons granted to the citizens their commune *(communam suam).*

The "Commune."

This commune is defined by Mr. Laurence Gomme, in "The Governance of London," as "the right of common government by themselves." Speaking of it more technically as the "Sworn Commune," the oath taken by its members being its essential feature, Mr. J. H. Round, in "The Commune of London," says that it was an association "formed by the inhabitants of a town that desired to obtain its independence. And the

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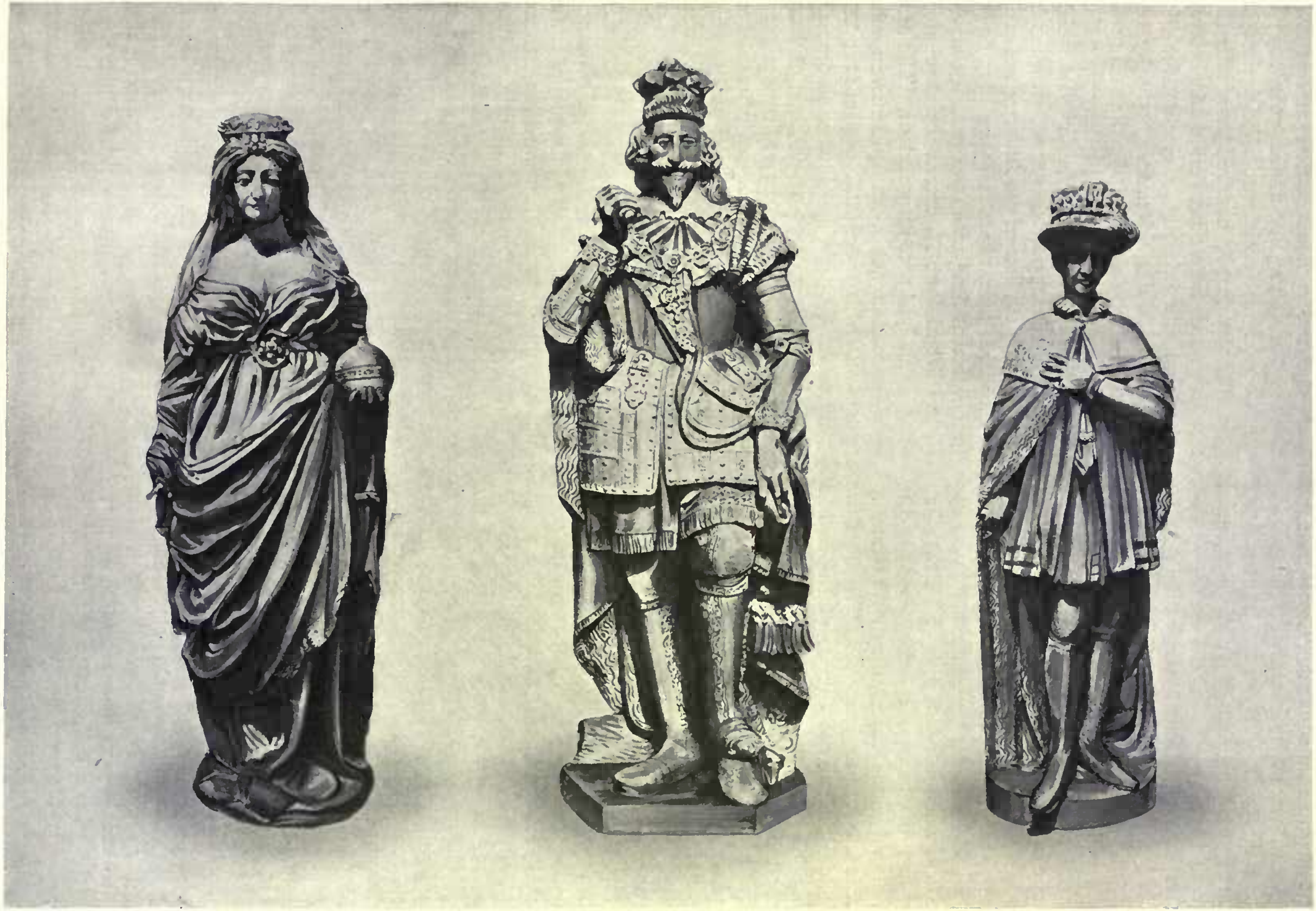
* "London and the Kingdom." By Reginald R. Sharpe, D.C.L., 1894-95. (Longmans, Green & Co.) This work, of which the title was suggested by a passage in one of Mr. Loftie's books, throws new light on some familiar incidents in the history of the capital, and has rescued from oblivion a multitude of others of uncommon interest and significance. It is but one of many literary enterprises, designed to elucidate the history of the City, which the Corporation has promoted.



FIGURES FROM THE FRONT OF THE GUILDHALL CHAPEL, SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT QUEEN ELIZABETH, CHARLES I., AND EDWARD VI. (*p.* 109).

From Price's "Descriptive Account Guildhall."

head of this Association or 'Commune' was given, abroad, the title of 'Maire.' It was at about the same time that the 'Commune' and its 'Maire' were triumphantly reaching Dijon in one direction and Bordeaux in another that they took another flight and descended upon London."

The municipality of the capital, in its present form, is therefore founded upon a Norman model. That this should be so is not surprising in view of the intimate connection between what Mr. Round styles the two capitals of our Anglo-Norman kings, London on the Thames and Rouen on the Seine. In the time of Henry I. merchants and all kinds of craftsmen flocked into England, and when London, with which they had long had commercial relations, became the capital of their sovereign, they were naturally attracted to it as settlers. As far back as the days of Ethelred the citizens of Rouen had traded to London, and by a charter of 1150-51, Henry Duke of the Normans had confirmed to them the port at Dowgate, which they had held from the time of the Confessor. Was not Becket's father, again, who held the office of port-reeve of London, a citizen of Rouen?

Port-reeve.

From the year 1188, then, or at all events from 1191, London's chief officer, who up to this time had been the port-reeve or portgrave, has been known first as Mayor and afterwards as Lord Mayor. In some measure the place of the port-reeve appears to have been taken by the sheriffs, but their office, after the appointment of the Mayor, was deprived of a good deal of its importance. The port-reeve had been appointed by the monarch, but in the year of John's accession, soon after the creation of the office of Mayor, the citizens were invested with the right of electing him. And by charter dated the 8th of May, 1215, and preserved in the Guildhall, John granted to the citizens the right of electing their Mayor annually.

Aldermen.

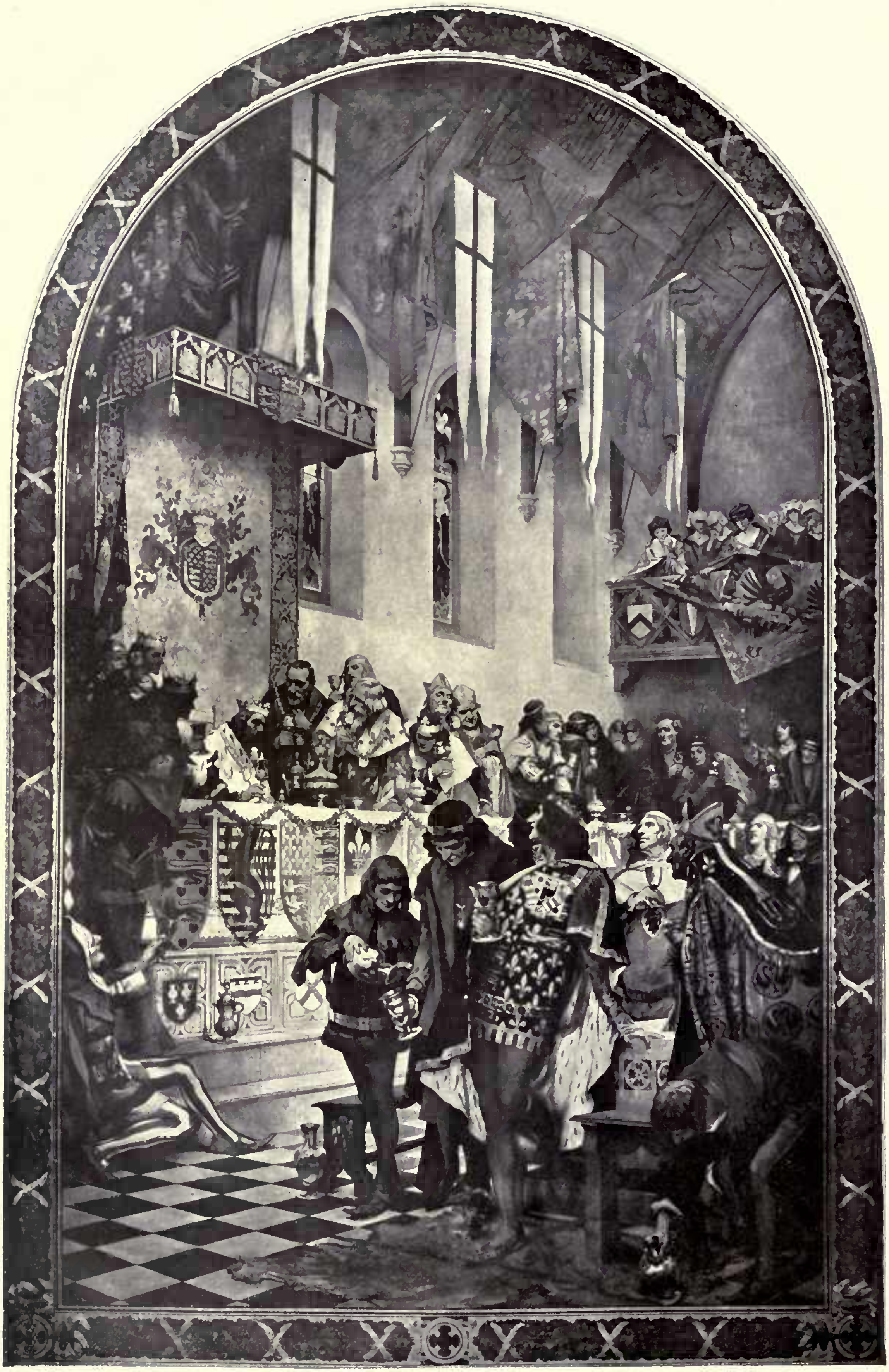
In the same chronicle which tells us that London had its first Mayor in 1188, we meet with a reference to the Aldermen. In the year 1200, writes Fitz-Thedmar, were chosen five-and-twenty of the more discreet men of the city, "and sworn to take counsel on behalf of the city, together with the Mayor." At first they were styled barons—a term which still survives in the inscription on the Corporation's common seal—and were not distributed among divisions of the City. But in the year 1293 it was decreed that each ward should elect its own Alderman, and a hundred years later the election, which for a short period had become an annual one, became an election for life. The history of the aldermanic body, by the way, forms the subject of a work of great research, by the Rev. A. B. Beaven, "The Aldermen of the City of London," of which the first volume appeared in 1908. It gives in Part I. complete lists of the Aldermen of each of the wards from about the year 1275 down to the present time, while the general chronological list in Part II. carries the succession back about half a century further. The first indubitable reference to an Alderman in connexion with a City ward is in a deed of 1111 A.D.

Wards.

When the City was first divided into wards is not known, but it must have been at least as early as the time of Henry I., who reigned from 1100 to 1135; for not many years ago there was discovered among the MSS. in the archives of St. Paul's a document, given in facsimile in Price's "Descriptive Account of the Guildhall," in which about twenty of these wards are incidentally mentioned, most of them not under their present appellations, but under the names of the Aldermen associated with them. The wards are probably of an origin much more ancient than this. Price held them to be divisions dating from Roman days, and Mr. Lethaby, speaking of a period within fifty years after the Conquest, is satisfied that they were even then of immemorial antiquity. Originally the number was twenty-four, increased to twenty-five in the fourteenth century, and to twenty-six in the sixteenth.

Lèse-Majesté.

In the year 1387 there occurred an incident which shows that at that time, in the City, if not at the Court, the Aldermen were regarded with profound reverence, as officers whom it were all but treason to raise a hand against. One William Hughlot, who was in the service of the King (Richard II.) in some capacity not specified, went to the house of a Fleet Street barber named Elyngham, in that "suburb of London," and not content with beating him, drew a dagger upon him. Elyngham's wife, seeing Alderman John Rote passing, made

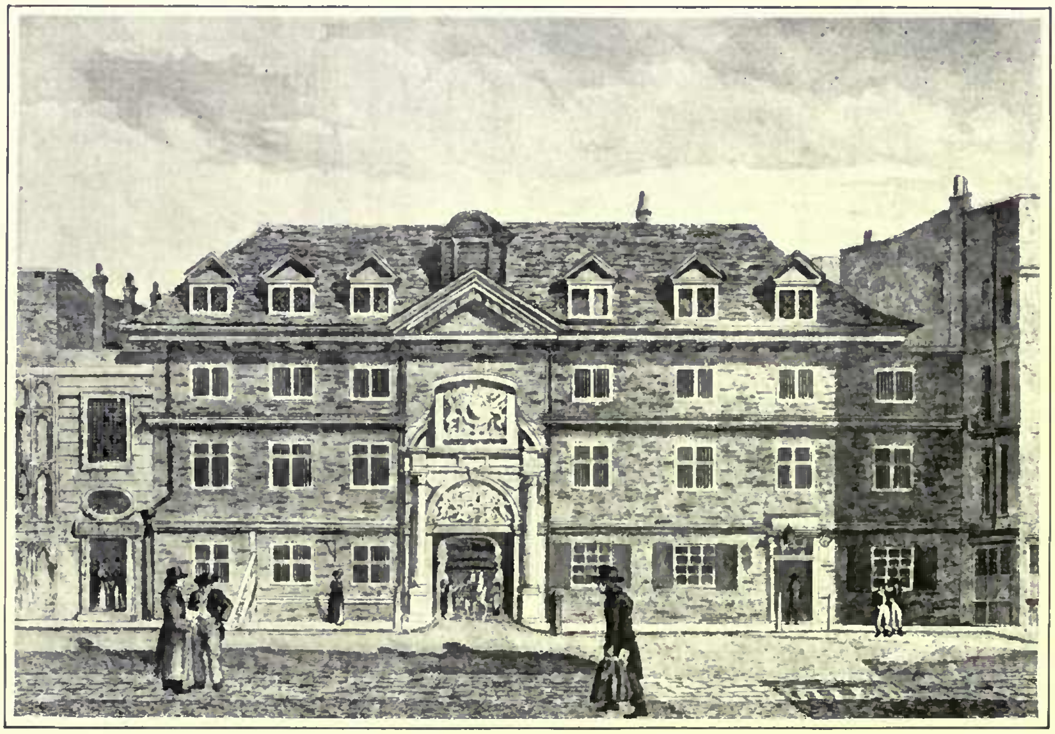


SIR HENRY PICARD (MAYOR IN 1357) ENTERTAINING THE KINGS OF ENGLAND, FRANCE, SCOTLAND, AND CYPRUS (*p.* 105).

From the painting by A. Chevallier Tayler, R.B.A., presented to the Royal Exchange by William Vivian Esq., 1903.

great outcry for him to come to her husband's protection, and Rote, telling Hughlot that he was an Alderman of the City, bade him desist and surrender himself. Instead of which Hughlot turned his dagger upon the Alderman, who, quite able to take care of himself, seized the man's hand and forced him to return the weapon to its sheath. Then, says the record, as translated from the Latin by Riley ("Memorials")—then "the said William, persisting in his malice, drew his sword upon the Alderman, and would have slain him with it, had not the Alderman manfully defended himself."

Now a Fleet Street constable intervened, but Hughlot was quite as ready to shed his blood as an Alderman's, and him he wounded with his dagger. How at last this very robustious person was suppressed we are not told, but in the end he was properly subdued. Even now he was not at the end of his offences against civic majesty, for in Newgate he fell to abusing the Mayor (Extone) and the Aldermen, saying that he had to thank Nicholas Extone for his imprisonment, but that seven years hence Extone would find himself deserted by his influential friends; and adding that the Guildhall Court was the worst and falsest Court in all England. When he was brought to book before the Mayor and Aldermen and Sheriffs he frankly admitted that he had spoken these ill things, and put himself upon the favour of the Court. The record proceeds to give an interminable list of reasons for the decision of the Court, which was that the hand which drew the sword upon the Alderman should be cut off, unless that personage interceded for him. The offender seems to have had influential friends, and the whole thing probably was pre-arranged, for no sooner had an axe been brought than the Alderman himself, "in reverence for our Lord the King, and at the request of divers lords," played the *rôle* of mediator, and the sentence was remitted. For his assault upon the constable, Hughlot was condemned to imprisonment for a year and a day, "unless he should meet with an increase of favour from the said Mayor and Aldermen"; and for having slandered the Mayor and the Court he was sentenced to the pillory, a whetstone to be hung about his neck in token of his being a liar. A few days afterwards, however, sureties for his better behaviour were accepted, and

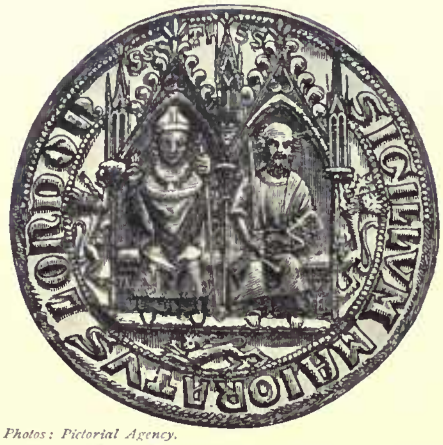


WEST VIEW OF BAKEWELL HALL (*p.* 107).
From a Drawing by Schnebbelie (1819).

having borne a lighted wax candle through Chepe and Fleet Street to the church of St. Dunstan—the parish in which his offences were committed—he was released.

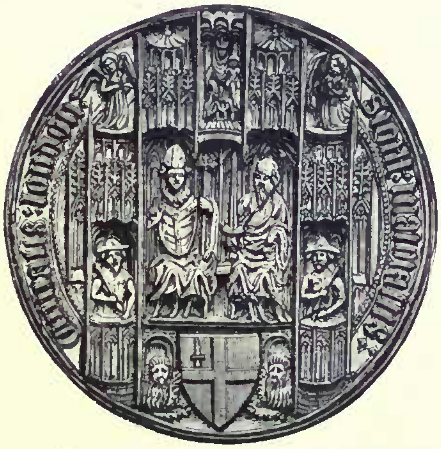
The Common Council.

In the performance of his duties each Alderman was assisted by a certain number of leading citizens chosen for the purpose by the inhabitants of the ward over which he presided, the number of these Councillors, or, as we should now call them, Common Councilmen, being fixed according to the population. "As time went on," says Price, "and the City became extended in every direction, and with a constantly increasing population, the number of members returned was gradually augmented. For a brief period, from 1376 to 1384, they were elected from the Guilds or Companies, and not by the wards.



Photos: Pictorial Agency.

THE MAYORALTY SEAL WHICH WAS BROKEN IN 1381 (*p.* 128).



THE MAYORALTY SEAL WHICH REPLACED THE EARLIER ONE (*p.* 129).

Trouble with Henry III.

Thus we have seen the municipality of London well started, with Mayor, Sheriffs, Aldermen, and Councillors of its own choosing. It was not long, however, before there was trouble between the monarch and the powerful authority which represented the citizens of the capital. It was still necessary that the Mayor, on election, should present himself to the King or his representatives for approval; and the municipality in its new form was still a long way from completing its first century when the Barons of the Exchequer refused to admit Mayor Fitz-Thomas on his presenting himself on his third election. There was trouble between Henry III. and the citizens at this time (1263). The King had attempted unsuccessfully to raise a loan in the City, and when his son Edward seized money and jewels lying in the Temple, the citizens retaliated by pelting Queen Eleanor with stones and mud as she attempted to pass in her barge under London Bridge on her way to the Tower, and by calling her opprobrious names. In these circumstances it was that Henry refused to ratify the election of Mayor.

After the triumph of Simon de Montfort at Lewes shortly afterwards, Henry was glad for the Mayor and Aldermen once more to do homage to him in St. Paul's. But Fitz-Thomas was in no mood of grovelling humility, and it was on this occasion that as he took the oath he promised that the citizens would be faithful and true so long as Henry was "a good king and lord," an expression of highly conditional loyalty which throws Alderman Beckford's address to George III. quite into the shade.

Teaching the City a Lesson.

When Simon de Montfort had been disposed of at Evesham, Henry felt that his time had come to teach the upstart Londoners a lesson, and taking the City into his own hands, he superseded the Mayor by a warden appointed by himself, an arrangement which continued for five years (1265-70). The first intimation the citizens had of the new order was when, the day after Michaelmas, they, with their Mayor, went to Westminster to present to the Barons of the Exchequer the new Sheriffs. They found no one to receive them, and so, with foreboding minds, returned to the City. Then the King demanded that Fitz-Thomas and the chief men of the City should come in person to him at Windsor, under safe conduct. "Trusting to the royal word," says Dr. Sharpe, "the Mayor and about forty of the more substantial men of the City proceeded to Windsor, there to await a conference with the King. To their great surprise, the whole of the party were made to pass the night in the Castle keep. They were practically treated as prisoners." Presently some of them were released, but of Fitz-Thomas nothing more is heard. In May, 1266, the citizens believed him to be still alive, for they clamoured for his release and that of his companions who were "at Windleshores." And about the same time we find them declaring: "We will have no one for Mayor save only Thomas Fitz-Thomas." When, in 1267, Henry and the citizens were reconciled, not a word is said in the terms of reconciliation about the missing Mayor! What had become of this stalwart champion of the City against royal tyranny, of the craft guilds against the more aristocratic mercantile guilds, may never be known.

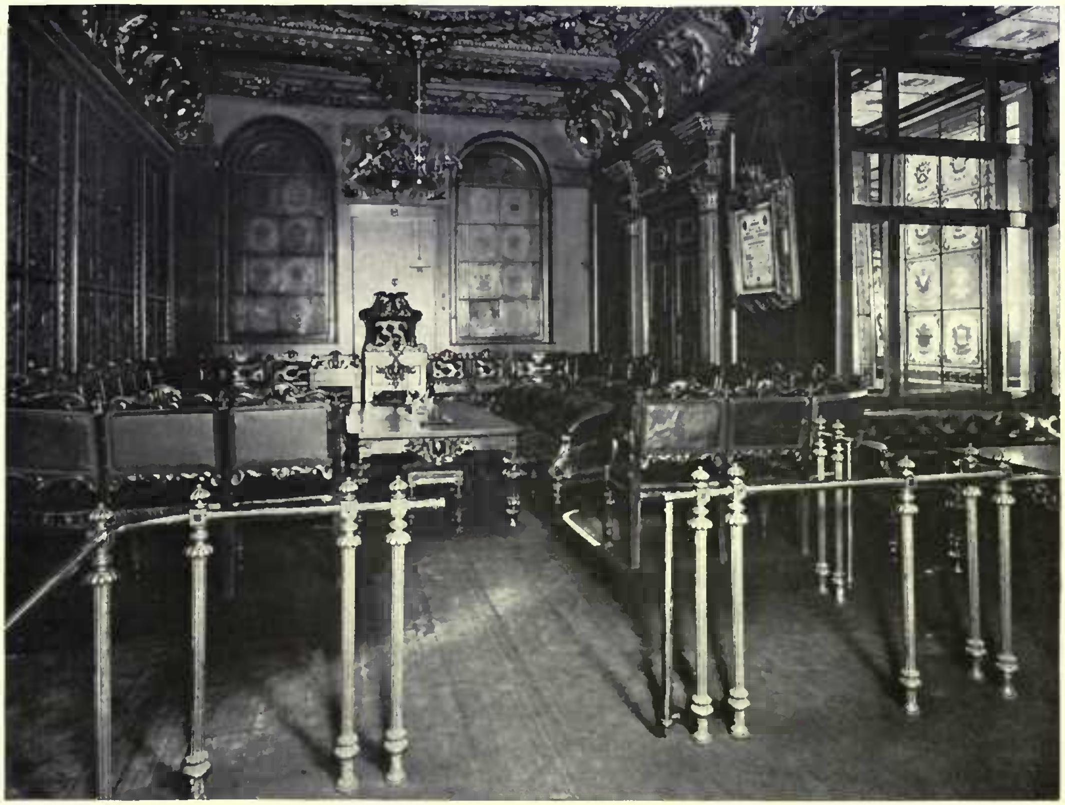


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE ALDERMEN'S COURT ROOM (*p.* 108).

In the following reign (Edward I.) the City lost its liberties for a period of thirteen years (1285-1298), owing, it would seem, to the pedantry of its Mayor, Gregory de Rokesly, wool merchant and goldsmith, though it may well be that more substantial causes, of which we know nothing, were in operation. On account of some informality in the document, de Rokesly refused to obey the summons officially, but on reaching the church of All Hallows, Barking, on the confines of the City, handed his seal of office to Stephen Aswy, one of the Aldermen. Then presenting himself before the King's justiciars, he excused himself for not appearing officially by alleging insufficiency of notice. This slight to the King's representatives, so different from the usual behaviour of the City's representatives on such occasions, was not to be borne, and it was declared that since the City was without a Mayor, the King took it into his own hands. The citizens were at the same time summoned

A Pedantic Mayor.

to appear before the King at Westminster the next day, and when they arrived eighty of them were detained in the Tower. After a few days, however, all were released except Stephen Aswy, who, as having received the City's seal, was haled to Windsor.

By 1298 the King's need of money, and his trouble with his barons, had brought him to a different frame of mind, and a month after the citizens had taxed themselves for his benefit, he restored to them the right of choosing their Mayor.

Chigwell Again.

In the troubles between the youthful Edward III. and his subjects caused by the Queen-mother's favourite, Mortimer, London's Mayor suffered. It was the same Hamo de Chigwell who three years before, in 1326, had cut so miserable a figure in the rising which ended in the murder of Bishop Stapledon (p. 66). Now, in 1329, Mortimer being master of the situation, de Chigwell was put upon his trial in the Guildhall, and only saved his life by claiming benefit of clergy. Taken possession of by the Bishop of London on the ground that he was a clerk, he was kept for some months in honourable confinement at the episcopal manor of Orset, in Essex, and was then released. Though at once a quarrelsome and a pusillanimous man, he was not without admirers among the citizens, and on his return to the City he was met by a crowd, who gave him an ovation. Both the Queen-mother and the King were alarmed, and a writ was issued for his arrest; but he made good his escape, and so disappears from the story of the City.

The First Lord Mayor.

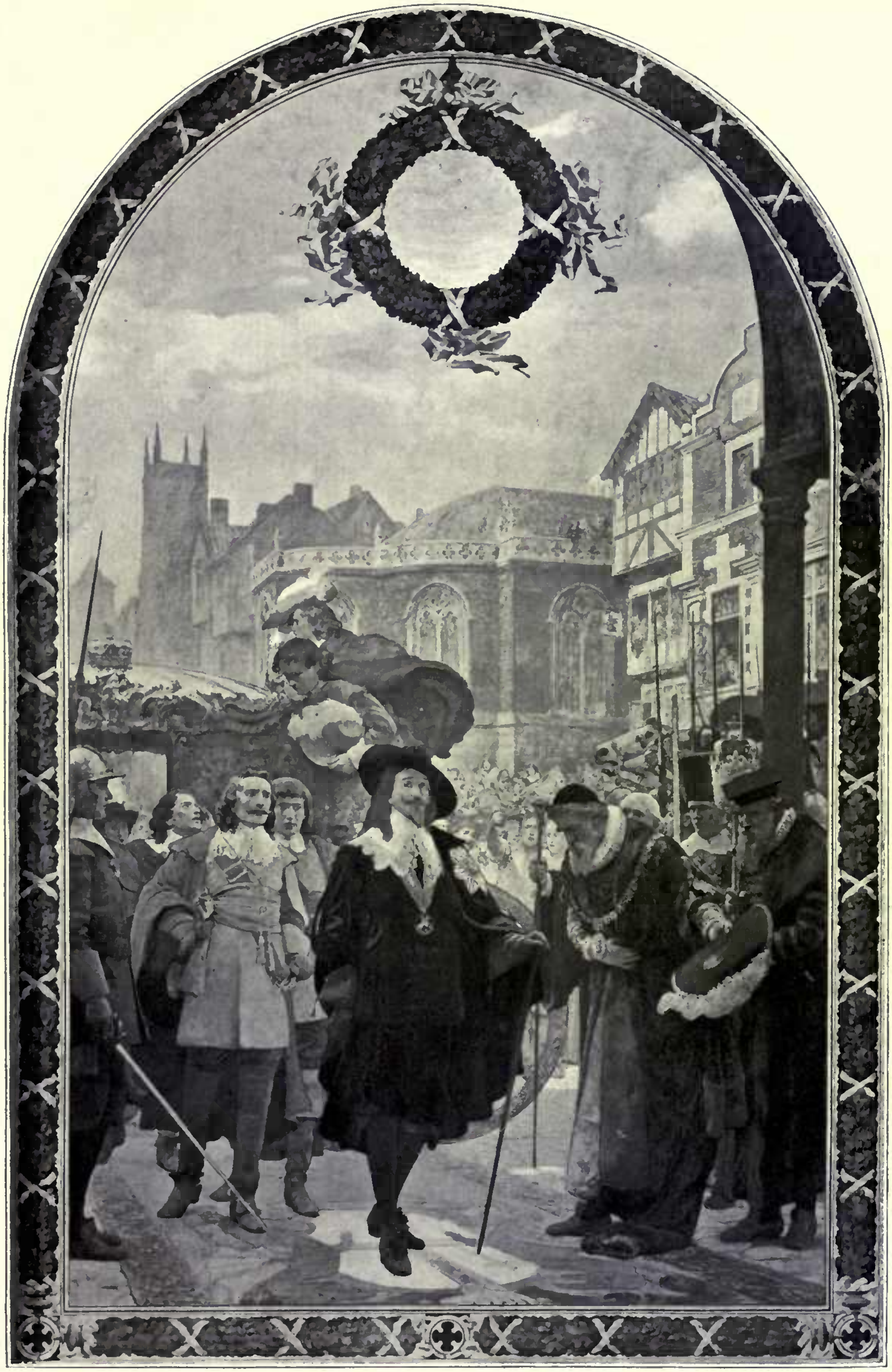
In this reign (Edward III.) the head of the municipality is said to have become a Lord Mayor, but there is no proof that this was so, and it was not till long afterwards that the title Lord Mayor came into general use. The story is that the first to bear the title was Alderman Thomas Legge, a member of the Skinners' Company, who had lent money to Edward III. for the expenses of the French War, and had married into the aristocracy, having espoused the daughter of Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. For a Legge of the next generation, John Legge, perhaps a son of Thomas, an evil fate was reserved, for he was seized by the followers of Wat Tyler and hurried to Tower Hill, where they smote off his head.

Charles I. and the City.

Among later kings Henry VII. dealt very high-handedly with the City, and there was trouble too with Henry VIII., owing to the backwardness of the citizens in filling the royal treasury. But it was reserved for Charles I. to bring to a head these quarrels between king and capital, and the events that fell out were of such moment and are of such interest that we must narrate them at some length. Charles probably little realised the full significance of what he was doing when, in the spring of 1640, two years and a-half before he raised his standard at Nottingham, he attempted to force a loan from Lord Mayor Garraway and the Aldermen. The money not being forthcoming, efforts were made to win over the Aldermen individually, and this endeavour also failing, they were called upon to appear collectively before the King on Sunday, the 11th of April. Charles then addressed them in the most insistent fashion: he must have the money, and must have it at once. Next the Lord Privy Seal, Henry Montague, Earl of Manchester, who many years before had been Recorder of the City, reminded them of the £100,000 which had been lent to James I., and repaid with interest, and quite seriously sought to show them that the City was rather beholden to that monarch for borrowing the money than he to the City for lending it. How the tongues of the Aldermen must have itched to reply to this proposition! But it was not for them to argue: they were simply bidden to go and devise means for raising the money.

Still the money was not found, and three weeks later, Garraway and his brother Aldermen were told that they must now provide £200,000, and were warned that if there were further delay this sum would be raised to £300,000. They must appear again the next Sunday, and have ready a list of the rich men of the wards.

Sunday came, and with it the Aldermen, but instead of the list they brought with them a petition to be excused from making it. At this Strafford lost his temper, and recommended the King to hang a few of the citizens; and Charles, though he rejected this policy of "thorough," would have deprived the Lord



VISIT OF CHARLES I. TO THE GUILDHALL TO DEMAND THE SURRENDER OF THE FIVE MEMBERS.

From the Wall Painting by Solomon J. Solomon, R.A., in the Royal Exchange.

Mayor of his sword and collar there and then but for the intercession of counsellors more prudent than Strafford. As it was, he contented himself with committing four of the Aldermen, one of whom rejoiced in the name, long afterwards to become famous, of Thomas Atkins. "I was an honest man whilst I was a commoner," one of the four, Alderman Soame, boldly declared, "and I would continue to be so now I am an Alderman."

The next day the citizens, wroth at these high-handed doings, swarmed to Lambeth to pay their attentions to Archbishop Laud, who, having been warned, had retired to Whitehall. The excitement showing no sign of abatement, martial law was declared; but fearing to provoke the City further, the King released the four Aldermen on the fifth day of their imprisonment.

Finding that he could get no loan from the City, Charles appropriated the money, amounting to £200,000, which the goldsmiths, for safety's sake, had deposited in the Royal Mint in the Tower. This dishonourable and high-handed proceeding was bitterly resented, not only by the goldsmiths themselves, but by the City generally. For the goldsmiths the situation was a serious one, but the confiscation of their money had not so impoverished them that they were unable to find both men and money for Parliament.

The Five Members.

When (Monday, January 3rd, 1642) the five members, Pym, Hampden, and the others, fled from Westminster to avoid arrest, it was in the City that they found refuge. Charles knew whither his birds had flown, and the citizens fully expected to hear from him. On Tuesday the 4th the City was under arms all night. At dawn on the Wednesday, word came from Whitehall that the King would visit Guildhall before noon. Preceded by warrants of arrest, delivered into the hands of the Sheriffs, he set out, unattended by any guard, soon after nine o'clock. As he passed through the streets of the City he was greeted with shouts of "Privilege of Parliament!" and one of those who pressed around his coach flung into the window a paper ominously inscribed, "To your tents, O Israel!"

The King Comes to Guildhall.

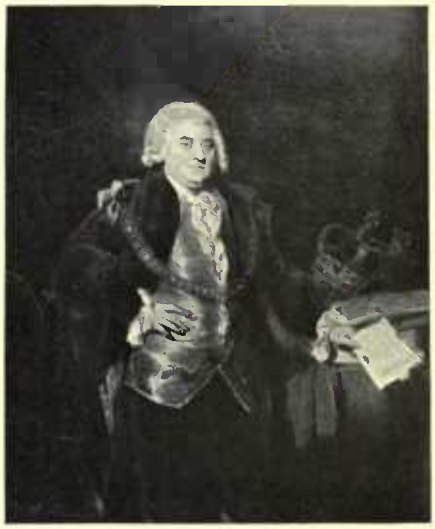
At the Guildhall the King was received with due homage by the Mayor, the Sheriffs, the Aldermen, and the Common Council. He protested his sorrow to hear that the City was apprehensive of danger, and said he was come to show them how much he relied upon their affections for his guard, since he had brought with him no other. He assured them that he was bent upon preserving the privileges of Parliament, but again and again he declared that he must question "those traitors," and again and again he demanded that they should be surrendered for trial by law. He ended by inviting himself to dinner with one of the Sheriffs, and was careful to choose for the honour of entertaining him Sheriff Garrett, who was thought to be less well affected towards him than the other Sheriff. There was a pause when the King ceased, and then from among the Common Council voices began to cry, "Privilege of Parliament!" Others exclaimed, "God bless the King!" and the two parties tried to shout each other down. In the outer hall was a multitude of "ruder people," who as the King passed through the midst of them set up a cry of "Privilege of Parliament!" and here no voices were raised in his favour. And the same cry came from thousands of throats when, at three o'clock, the King took his coach and returned to Whitehall, his heart aflame with anger and resentment.

Two days afterwards he received at Whitehall the answer of the City in the form of a petition read by the Recorder, praying him to consult with his Parliament, to cease from military preparations, and not further to proceed, otherwise than according to parliamentary right and privilege, against the five members.

The Commons at Guildhall.

On the day of the King's visit to the City the Commons decided to meet, in Committee of the whole House, at Guildhall; and here next morning, when they assembled, they were greeted by the leading members of the Common Council, in their robes and chains, and by a military guard in which figured some of the wealthiest of the citizens. As the Guildhall chamber was required for City uses, the Commons decided to meet next morning in Grocers' Hall. The King was still bent upon getting the five members into his clutches, and the City, alarmed and angry, shut up its shops and prepared for the worst. On Thursday night, the 6th, word came to the watch at Ludgate that the swashbucklers who had accompanied the King to the House on the Monday were going to raid the City. At once London, suburbs as well as City, became an armed camp. In little more than an hour forty thousand men were under arms, and close upon a hundred thousand more were furnished with halberds, swords, and clubs. Nothing, however, happened, and presently the citizens cooled down and went home to bed, disappointed, probably, that nothing had happened to justify their excitement.

At Grocers' Hall on the Friday the Commons boldly directed that the five members who were in hiding should attend, and accordingly on the Monday (the 10th) they presented themselves, and then it was arranged that they should be escorted to Westminster next day by a military guard provided jointly by the Common Council and the House. Charles, kept informed of what was afoot, now saw that London was lost to him, and by the time the Committee rose he had decided upon flight. He was not at Whitehall, therefore, to be humiliated by the triumphant return of the dauntless five to Westminster.



ALDERMAN BRASS CROSBY.

From the Portrait by J. Hardy (Guildhall Art Gallery).

Cromwell and the City.

The Restoration.

After the triumph of the Parliamentarians, the City authorities got along but ill with the Army, but they stood by Cromwell in the emergencies which successively arose. After Worcester they appointed a day of thanksgiving, and they celebrated his acceptance of the Lord Protectorship by entertaining him at dinner in Grocers' Hall. But they were always suspicious of the Army, and in other ways also the Puritan *régime* was little enough to the taste of large sections of the City. Thus it was that they were ready to welcome Charles II., as Monk found when he came to London to make sure of his ground before committing himself to a restoration. He was appointed Sergeant-Major-General of the City's forces, and besides raising a heavy loan, the City voted a gift of £10,000 to Charles, who was publicly proclaimed King by the Lord Mayor on the 8th of May, 1660, and entered his capital on the 29th of the same month, amid the most ecstatic rejoicings.

Ill was the City's loyalty requited. In 1672 (January 2nd) Charles brought many of the bankers, and many of their customers also, to bankruptcy by suspending payment of the interest upon money which, to the amount of £1,328,526, had been advanced to him and deposited in the Exchequer. Five years later, moved by the public indignation, the King issued letters patent covenanting to pay to the goldsmiths interest at the rate of 6 per cent., and interest was so paid until 1683, when it ceased, never to be resumed. In 1680 the City presented to Charles an address begging him to summon a Parliament. In effect he bade them mind their own business. He was offended by the election of unacceptable persons as Sheriffs, and when (1681) the Recorder and Sheriffs presented themselves to invite him to dinner, he replied, "Mr. Recorder, an invitation from my Lord Mayor and the City is very acceptable to me, and to show that it is so, notwithstanding that it is brought by messengers so unwelcome to me as these two Sheriffs, yet I accept it." At last, in 1683, the King obtained judgment in his favour, by process of law, in the matters at issue between him and the City, which now found itself deprived of its most cherished privileges of electing whom it would for its Lord Mayor and Sheriffs and officers. Next the King took the Court of Aldermen in hand, and having packed it to his satisfaction, he bestowed his attentions upon the Livery Companies. From 1683 to 1688 no Common Council was elected, but in the latter year, James II., who had if possible shown an even more bitter hostility to the City than his brother, was smitten with panic at the news of the preparations being made by William of Orange, and in his fright restored to London its charter. But repentance had come too late. The City had had enough of the Stuarts, and nowhere was the Deliverer more gladly welcomed than in the capital. To William's appeal for a loan the City responded with alacrity, and again and again during his reign did it willingly provide him with the large sums of money which the necessities of the State demanded.

James II.

The Deliverer.

Under Queen Anne the City had peace. Neither now nor later did it offer aught but the most determined hostility to Jacobite conspiracies and risings, and when Anne died it cordially welcomed the House of Hanover. But in the reign of George III. the Corporation found itself repeatedly in conflict both with Parliament and with the King and his Ministers. When John Wilkes was arrested on a "general warrant" (a warrant in which no name was mentioned) for his attack upon the Government and the King in No. 45 of the *North Briton*, in which he went so far as to insinuate that the King had been induced to countenance a deliberate lie, he became a popular hero in the City. The House of Commons ordered the offending paper to be burnt at the Royal Exchange by the common hangman; but the Sheriffs were mobbed and the paper was rescued from the flames, the while Lord Mayor Bridgen carried on his private business, and the Common Council upheld his official inactivity and condemned the behaviour of the Sheriffs. They also voted the Freedom of the City to Lord Chief Justice Pratt, who had pronounced the arrest of Wilkes illegal, and had his portrait painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds for the Guildhall. After Wilkes had been visited with fine and imprisonment for the libel in the *North Briton* and for an indecent essay which he had had printed at his press, he was elected Alderman. When for the fourth time he had been elected M.P. without being allowed to take his seat, the Livery, at its meeting in Common Hall on Midsummer Day, 1769, resolved to petition the King against the arbitrary action of the Government. It was at this juncture that William Beckford, though, as he himself said, "a worn-out man," consented to serve the office of Mayor a second time. No notice was taken of the Livery's remonstrance, and on the 6th of March, 1770, another remonstrance, stronger than the first, was drawn up in Common Hall, which only elicited from the King the statement that he would take time to consider the matter.

John Wilkes.

On his release from prison Wilkes, sworn in as Alderman for his ward, that of Farringdon Without, was nominated a member of a committee appointed by the Common Council to draw up yet another remonstrance to the King. It being couched in more respectful terms, the King consented to receive it, and the Lord Mayor and other members of the Corporation attended, but without their Recorder, Eyre, who, though by his absence he lost standing in the City, was rewarded by the Government by being created a Baron of the Exchequer. Dr. Sharpe thinks that Beckford himself must have read the address; but by whomsoever it was read, the King vouchsafed to it but a very curt reply, declining to use his prerogative of dissolving Parliament and dismissing his Ministers.

Now it was that Lord Mayor Beckford, flinging aside precedent and etiquette, stepped forward and supplemented the address with the speech which is inscribed on the pedestal of his monument. He began deferentially enough by assuring the King of the dutiful attachment of his fellow citizens, begged him not to dismiss them from his presence "without some comfort, without some prospect at least of redress," and then, striking a bolder note, ended with the words cited in our Guildhall chapter (p. 102). The King was so much taken by surprise at this daring innovation upon Court procedure that at first he hesitated whether to stay or withdraw. He remained until Beckford had made an end, and then got up and walked out without a word. According to one narrator, his countenance flushed with anger when Beckford began his speech. Beckford's reply suggests that his act was really conceived in no disrespectful spirit. "What I spoke in the King's presence," he wrote, "was uttered in the language of truth, and with that humility and submission which become a subject

Beckford's Speech.

speaking to a lawful king: at least, I endeavoured to behave properly and decently: but I am inclined to believe that I was mistaken, for the language of the Court is that my deportment was impudent, insolent, and unprecedented. God forgive them all!" And it was in the same spirit that the Common Council approved of Beckford's conduct, for they thanked him for having vindicated "at the foot of the throne the loyalty and affection of the citizens of London."

THE CORPORATION SCEPTRE.

THE PEARL SWORD.

THE STATE SWORD.

THE MACE.

When Beckford thus secured for himself immortal renown the sands of his life were fast running out. Eight days afterwards, on the 31st of May, he laid the first stone of the new prison of Newgate—his last public act. He had caught a chill on his way from Fonthill to town, which developed into rheumatic fever, and on the 21st of June this bold and eloquent Mayor died.

Brass Crosby.

The election, at the following Michaelmas, of Brass Crosby as Lord Mayor introduces us to another breach between the Commons and the King on the one hand and the City Corporation on the other, the subject of the dispute this time being the right of reporting Parliamentary debates. In the course of the conflict, which began with the arrest of two City printers by order of the House of Commons, Crosby and Alderman Oliver were committed to the Tower, and there they remained until the prorogation of Parliament set them at liberty, when they were welcomed back to the City with tumultuous enthusiasm.

The American Rebellion.

To the policy which issued in the loss of the American Colonies the City offered uncompromising resistance. In 1775 the Livery in Common Hall solemnly warned the King that the proceedings of the Government were at once ruinous to trade and calculated to alienate the colonists. "Your petitioners conceive the liberties of the whole to be inevitably connected with those of every part of an empire founded on the common rights of mankind. They cannot, therefore, observe without the greatest concern and alarm the Constitution fundamentally violated in any part of your Majesty's dominions. They esteem it an essential, unalterable principle of liberty, the source and security of all constitutional rights, that no part of the dominion can be taxed without being represented." And they thanked Chatham and Burke for the measures those great statesmen had advised for conciliating the colonists.

After hostilities had broken out, the Common Council petitioned more than once that an end should be put to them. When at last Lord North's Ministry fell, the Common Council presented an address of thanks to the King, and so ended the conflict between George III. and the municipal authority of his capital. Through all its differences with the Sovereign the Corporation was not without some sense of his virtues, and when in 1810 he lost his reason it commissioned Chantrey to carve the statue of the King which looks down upon the Lord Mayor to-day as he presides over the Court of Common Council.

Under the Regency the Common Council repeatedly protested against the policy of repression with which the Government sought to delay the era of reform, and after the Regent had come to the throne it sympathetically espoused the cause of Queen Caroline as against her unkingly husband. It exerted its influence against the Corn Laws and in favour of Catholic and Jewish emancipation and Parliamentary reform, and when to its unbounded delight the Reform Bill became the Reform Act, it succeeded in saving its livery franchise.

Since the days of George IV. there has been nothing to ruffle the relations between the Corporation and the Court, and little to disturb those between the Corporation and the Government of the day. Towards the end of the eighteenth century the influence of the Corporation suffered some decline, owing, as Sir Walter Besant suggests, to its being chiefly recruited from the ranks of retail tradesmen of humble origin; for the younger sons of the country gentry no longer came to London to make their fortunes there as the Whittingtons and the Greshams had done, the wars finding them other employment. It is certain, however, that whatever prestige the Corporation may have lost in the eighteenth century it recovered in the nineteenth and still enjoys in the twentieth.

Photo: *Pictorial Agency.*

IN GUILDHALL COURTYARD.

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CHAPTER XI

THE CITY CORPORATION: ITS CONSTITUTION AND FUNCTIONS

How the City Corporation is Constituted—The Common Council—The Officials—The Corporation's Duties and Responsibilities—The Maces—The Swords—The Seals—The Collar of S'S—The Lord Mayor's Coach

Present Constitution.

As now constituted, the City Corporation consists of the Lord Mayor and twenty-five other Aldermen, elected for life, and 206 Common Councillors, annually elected for the respective wards in varying numbers, Cripplegate and Farringdon Without having the largest number of representatives, sixteen each, and Bassishaw and Lime Street the smallest number, four each. The wards are twenty-six in number, not reckoning that of Bridge Without (Southwark), which is not substantially a part of the City, though it has repeatedly petitioned to become so, for it is not represented on the Common Council, and its Alderman is chosen not by the ward itself, but by the other Aldermen from among their own number, and when so chosen he vacates his seat for the ward he previously represented, which proceeds to elect his successor. That while there are twenty-six wards there are (not including the Alderman for Bridge Without) only twenty-five Aldermen is explained by the fact that the two Cripplegate wards have but one Alderman between them.

Common Council.

The voters for the Aldermen and Common Councillors are the registered householders, lodgers, and occupiers of buildings of £10 annual value. These, at their Wardmotes, elect the Aldermen and Common Councillors, the former as vacancies arise, the latter annually, on St. Thomas's Day, the 21st of December. The Aldermen and Common Councillors, with the Lord Mayor, form the Court of Common Council which does much of its business by commissions or committees, such as the "Irish Society," which has the management of large estates in Ulster; the Police Committee, which has the control of the finest police force in these islands; the Bridge House Estates Committee, which maintains the City bridges; the Corn, Coal, and Finance Committee; the Markets Committees; the Public Health Department, which carries on the work formerly done by the City Commission of Sewers; the Valuation and Rating Department, and so forth.

Sheriffs.

The City Sheriffs, two in number, are elected by the liverymen, in Common Hall, on Midsummer Day. Their duties are now mainly ceremonial, but they have shrieval functions to perform at the Old Bailey, and they help the Lord Mayor in the discharge of his duties. It is their business also to attend Parliament in State to present petitions from the Corporation. In these days the right is not often exercised, but in 1903 the Sheriffs petitioned against the London Education Bill, and the next year against an abortive Bill for administering the Port of London.

Election of Lord Mayor.

The choice of Lord Mayor rests in the first place with the Common Hall, composed of liverymen who are of one year's standing, and are free of the City and have paid their livery fines, with at least four Aldermen and the Lord Mayor. From the Aldermen who have served the office of Sheriff the Common Hall, on Michaelmas Day, nominates two, usually the senior Aldermen who have not yet passed the chair; and of the two so nominated, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen select one, almost always the senior of the two. In practice, therefore, every Alderman becomes Lord Mayor unless he dies before his turn comes, or resigns his Aldermanship, or fails to obtain nomination by the Common Hall or the votes of his aldermanic brethren, which does sometimes happen, though very seldom. Membership of the City Companies, in addition to seeing that on ceremonial occasions the City enjoys all its ancient rights. Of these officers the appointment is vested in the Common Council.

Miscellaneous Functions.

Besides doing the work which outside the City devolves upon the Borough Councils, controlling the City Police, maintaining the City bridges and the various markets, including the Cattle Market at Islington and the Foreign Cattle Market at Deptford, and superintending the sanitation of the Port of London, from Teddington to the mouth of the Thames, the Corporation owns and manages large recreation grounds, among them Epping Forest, Burnham Beeches, Coulsdon Common, Highgate Wood, and West Ham Park. Its directly educational activities are represented by the City of London School for Boys and that for Girls, the Guildhall School of Music and the Freemen's Orphan School; it appoints governors to the ancient royal hospitals, of which the Lord Mayor is the official head, as well as to Christ's Hospital; and it built and maintains a Lunatic Asylum for the City at Stone, near Dartford, Kent, as well as an infectious hospital at Denton, near Gravesend, for the Port of London.

Insignia: The Maces.

Of the insignia of the Corporation, the famous crystal mace, which has been in use at least since the fifteenth century, and which some authorities believe to be of Saxon origin, consists of a tapering shaft of rock crystal, a foot and a half long, mounted in gold, with a coroneted head also of gold, embellished with jewels and pearls. At the election of Lord Mayor it is handed to the incoming Chief Magistrate. Except at this function it is used only on such very special occasions as a Coronation, when it is borne by the Lord Mayor in his capacity of Chief Butler.

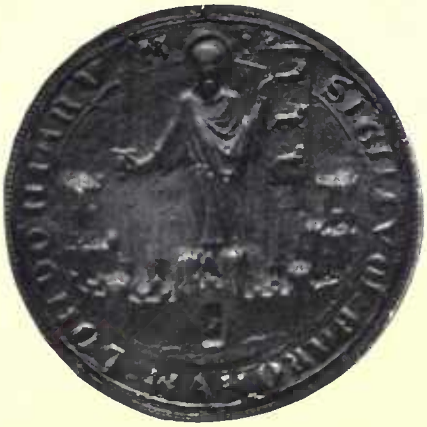
The ordinary mace, of silver gilt, dates from 1735, when it superseded one made at the Restoration by Sir Thomas Vyner, the famous goldsmith. According to Mr. Deputy Baddeley's Handbook to the Guildhall, so early as the fourteenth century there was a City functionary styled the Mace-bearer; and in the year 1514 there is a reference to "the Mace for the Sergaunt of Armes," handed over by the outgoing Mayor to his successor.

The Swords.

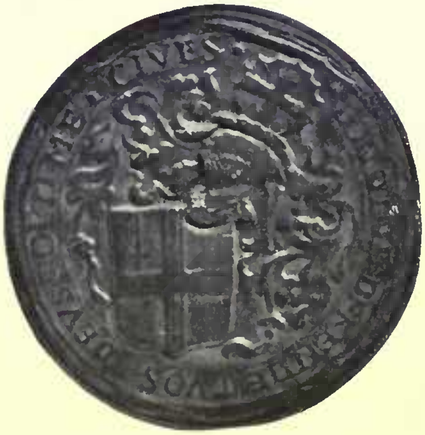
There are no less than four City swords—the Pearl Sword, its scabbard studded with pearls, which Queen Elizabeth is said to have presented when she opened Gresham's Royal Exchange in 1571; the Sword of State, first used about 1680, which is borne before the Lord Mayor point upwards, except in the presence of the Sovereign or any of the Judges, when its point is inverted; the Black Sword, employed on fast days in Lent and at the death of a member of the Royal Family; and lastly the Old Bailey Sword, which is placed above the Lord Mayor's chair when he sits at the Central Criminal Court. The Sword-bearer wears his Cap of Maintenance, of sable fur lined with black silk, on all occasions, even in the presence of the Sovereign. Until the Mayoralty of Sir Robert Fowler (1883) it was the custom for the Lord Mayor to go in state on Sundays to one or other of the City churches, escorted by the Mace-bearer and the Sword-bearer, the latter carrying the State Sword and wearing the Cap of Maintenance. It was soon after the Great Fire that it became customary for the Sword to be borne into church before the Lord Mayor, though when the practice began is not known. The State visits of the Lord Mayor to the churches were at last discontinued because of the inconvenience they entailed upon the City officials, who of course preferred to spend the Sunday at their homes in the country.

The Seals.

The Mayoralty Seal, which bears the legend *Sigill : Maioratus : Civitatis : London :* dates from 1381, when it replaced one which was not considered sufficiently handsome. We read in Price's "Descriptive Account," the passage being taken from one of the City Letter Books, that on the 17th of April, 1381, at a meeting at Guildhall summoned by William Walworth, Mayor, and the Aldermen, it was by common consent agreed that the old Mayoralty Seal should be broken, "seeing that it was too small, rude, and ancient, and was unbecoming and derogatory from the honour of the City; and that another new Seal, of honourable aspect and a work of art, which the said Mayor had had made, should in future be used for that office in place of the other." The record adds that "therefore the old seal of the office of Mayoralty was then delivered to Richard Odyham, the Chamberlain, who broke it, and in its place the said new Seal was delivered to the Mayor."

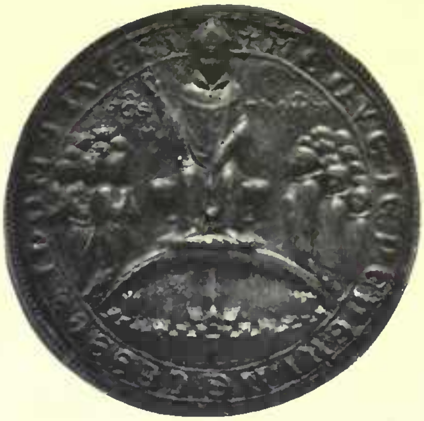


OBVERSE OF THE COMMON SEAL.



REVERSE OF THE COMMON SEAL.

In this new seal appears the City Shield, with the sword which is still often said to have been added to the shield in commemoration of Lord Mayor Walworth's feat in slaying Wat Tyler. The date upon which this new seal was formally handed to Walworth, the 17th of April, 1381, was two months before he smote the rebel down in West Smithfield; and it has long been a truism of City history that the sword has nothing whatever to do with him, but is emblematic of St. Paul, the City's patron saint.



OLD REVERSE OF THE COMMON SEAL.

The Common Seal of the City dates from the early part of the same century, the fourteenth. The obverse bears a figure of St. Paul, with a sword in his right hand and in his left a banner of England. The legend is *Sigillum Baronum Londoniarum.* Until the Reformation the reverse showed a figure of St. Thomas Becket, with kneeling figures on either side, but at that epoch the City Arms were substituted. There are three keys of the Common Seal, all of them different, one kept by the Lord Mayor, another by the Chamberlain, as representing the Court of Aldermen, the third by the Comptroller, as the representative of the Court of Common Council; and the seal is only affixed in open Court, and after formal resolution, to documents that have been examined and signed by one of the Corporation's Law Officers.

The Lord Mayor's collar of S'S, bequeathed by Alderman Sir John Alen, of the Mercers' Company, who died in 1544, was enlarged in 1567 by the addition of four S'S, two knots, and two roses, and it now consists of twenty-eight richly-worked S'S, with a Tudor rose and knot inserted alternately between the two letters, the ends joined by a portcullis from which hangs the jewel. The material is gold; the Tudor roses, white upon red, are of enamel. A pendant was first presented by Sir Martin Bowes, the goldsmith, in 1588, but in 1607 this was replaced by the present jewel, purchased by the City.

The Lord Mayor's Coach.

The Lord Mayor's coach was built and decorated at a cost of £1,065. At first it was kept in repair by a fee of £60 paid by each Alderman on his appointment to an aldermanic chair, but the charge was presently shifted to the Lord Mayor for the time being, and it occasionally proved to be so burdensome that eventually the coach was taken over by the Corporation.

CHAPTER XII

AROUND THE GUILDHALL

St. Lawrence Jewry—Sir Richard Gresham—Lad Lane—Gresham Street—Haberdashers' Hall—Aldermanbury—St. Mary the Virgin—Judge Jeffreys—Gresham College—Coopers' and Girdlers' Halls—Masons' Avenue and the "Dr. Butler's Head"—Coleman Street and the Fifth Monarchy Men—Great Bell Alley and Robert Bloomfield—Old Jewry and the Jews—Dr. Richard Price—The London Institution and Richard Porson—The City of London Poliee—Poultry: Its Chapel and its Compter—The Crusade against the Slave Trade—Old Poultry Taverns

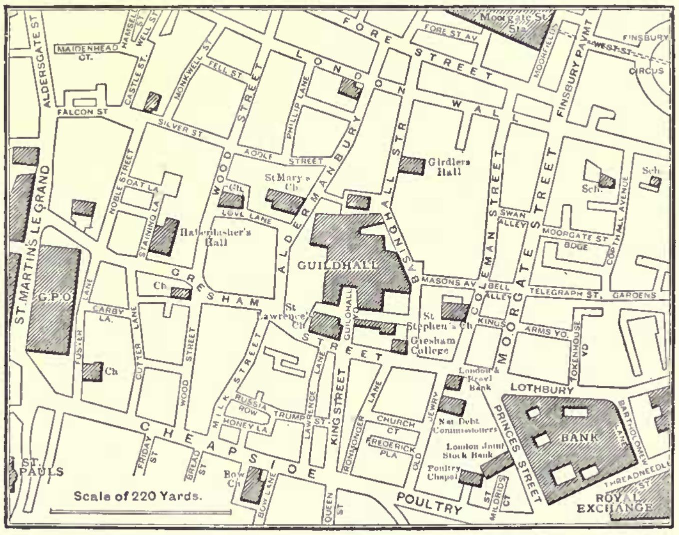
St. Lawrence Jewry.

THE church at the corner of Gresham Street and King Street, close to the south-west corner of Guildhall Yard, is that in which the Lord Mayor and Corporation attend service on Michaelmas Day as a preliminary to the election of the new Chief Magistrate of the City. Dedicated to St. Lawrence, it is styled St. Lawrence Jewry from the circumstance that in olden time the district around was London's Ghetto.

In designing St. Lawrence's, Wren, with characteristic alertness to his opportunities, gave his attention not so much to the steeple—though that, with pyramidal finials at the angles of the tower, which suggest the spire, has merits of its own—as to the east front, which looks down upon all who pass to or from the Guildhall. This consists of four Corinthian columns, supporting an ornate entablature from which springs an effective pediment. Internally the church is beautiful with moulding and panelling, with carved oak and stained glass, and, as befits the St. Margaret's of the City's Parliament, it is kept in admirable condition. The visitor to the church should not miss the little vestry, with its oak panelling and its moulded ceiling bearing a painting by Sir James Thornhill. In 1908 there were presented to the church two valuable specimens of Spanish art of the seventeenth century, the subjects being the "Immaculate Conception" and the "Entombment."

Sir Richard Gresham.

No fewer than six Lord Mayors have been buried in St. Lawrence's, the most eminent of them being Sir Richard Gresham, whose tomb perished in the Great Fire. Father of the founder of the Royal Exchange, he was a scion of a family long resident at the village of Gresham, in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WOOD STREET
MILK STREET
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TRUMP ST.
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PLAN OF THE STREETS AROUND THE GUILDHALL.

Norfolk. In the fifteenth century a member of the family removed to Holt, three miles distant, and here, about 1485, the future Lord Mayor was born. After a while his father and mother lived chiefly in London, and brought up their four sons to trade, Richard being apprenticed to a leading Mercer, and being in 1507 admitted to the freedom of the Mercers' Company. Four years later we find him lending money to Henry VIII., and having an extensive connection with the Low Countries, he frequently acted as the State's financial agent, and was confidential correspondent of Wolsey and Cromwell in foreign affairs. From 1536 to 1539 he was Alderman for the ward of Walbrook, and from 1539 till his death he represented the ward of Cheap on the aldermanic body. Elected Lord Mayor in 1537, he was knighted in the same year. He died at his house at Bethnal Green on the 21st of February, 1548-9. His younger brother John also rose to be Lord Mayor in 1547-48.

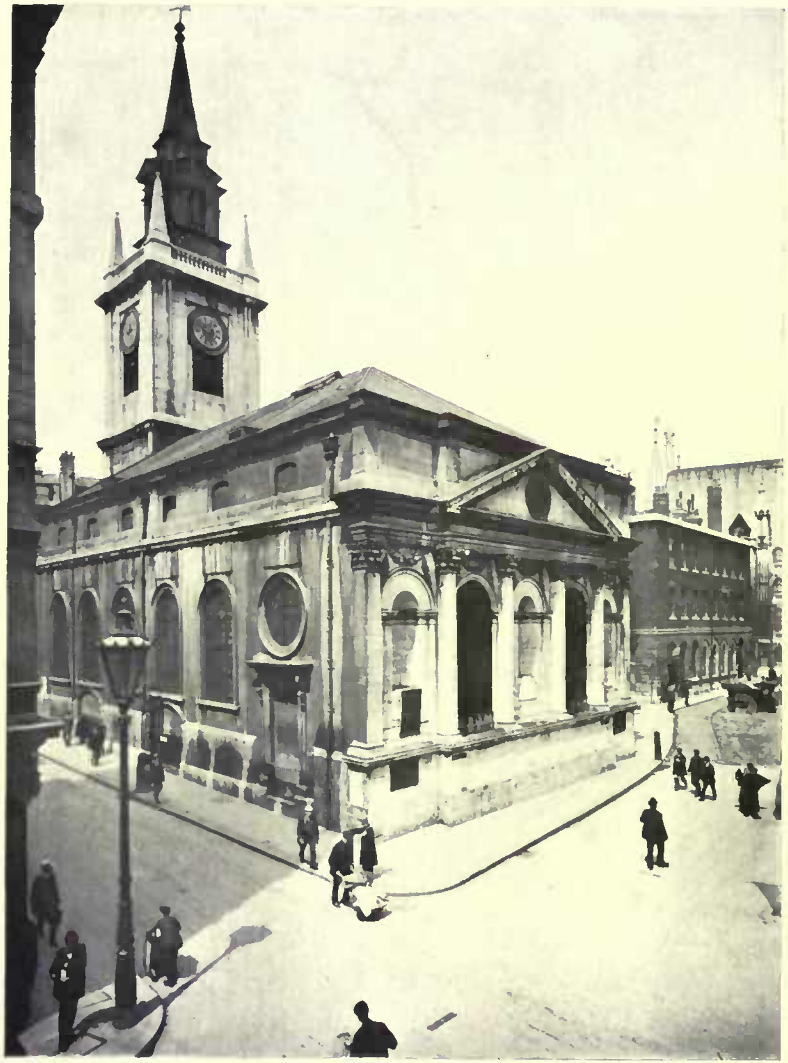


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

ST. LAWRENCE JEWRY.

Another of the Lord Mayors who were buried in St. Lawrence's was Geffrey Bullen, Chief Magistrate in 1457, and great-grandfather of Henry VIII.'s second wife. Here, too, lies Archbishop Tillotson (died 1694), whose monument is to be seen against the north wall, and who had a double association with the church; for he once held the Tuesday lectureship here, and here he was married.

Gresham Street, upon which the church

of St. Lawrence abuts, and which stretches from Lothbury to Aldersgate Street, has borne its present name only since 1845 when it was widened and straightened, and absorbed Cateaton Street, Lad Lane, and Maiden Lane. In Lad Lane was for more than a century one of the great coaching inns of the City, the "Swan with Two Necks" (Nicks). The last owner of this famous house was a Mr. William Chaplin, who began as a coachman and lived to be the greatest coach proprietor of the age. According to "Nimrod," he occupied the yards of five of the most important inns in London, the other four being the "Spread Eagle" and the "Cross Keys" in Gracechurch Street, the "Angel" behind St. Clement's, and the "White Horse" in Fetter Lane. With the coming of the railways he turned his attention to a cognate industry, the carrying business, of which Gresham Street is still an important centre.

Gresham Street.

Gresham Street has two churches to its name, for near its Aldersgate Street end is the church, quaint as to its exterior, but well-proportioned and graceful as to its interior, of St. Anne and St. Agnes, dedicated, according to legend, to two sisters at whose charges it was originally built. It also serves the parish of St. John Zachary, the church of which was not rebuilt after the Fire, and of which a piece of the graveyard is still to be seen close by.

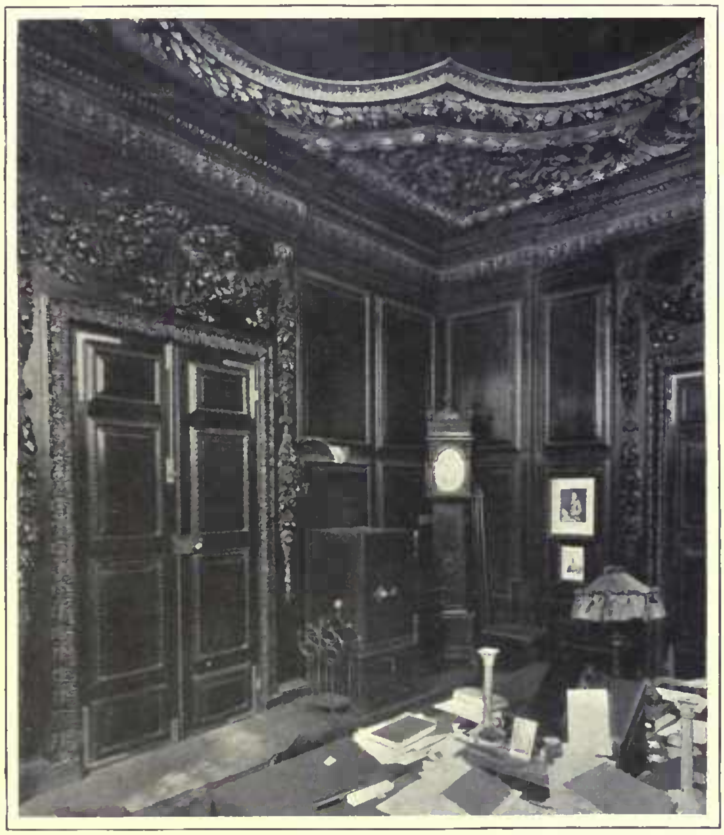


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE VESTRY OF ST. LAWRENCE JEWRY, SHOWING THE OAK PANELLING (*p.* 130).

In Gresham Street, abutting upon Staining Lane, so called, Stow conjectures, "of painter stainers dwelling there," is the hall of one of the twelve great City Companies, the Haberdashers, who come eighth on the list. At first a branch of the Mercers, the Haberdashers formed two separate fraternities, with St. Catherine and St. Nicholas for patron saints, but in the reign of Richard III. or that of Henry VII. these guilds coalesced, and under the latter king the Cappers and

Haberdashers' Hall.

Hatters were combined with them. The first extant reference to a hall is in a document belonging to the reign of Elizabeth, and the ground upon which it stood, in what was then known as Maiden Lane, was bequeathed to the Company by William Baker, a haberdasher, in 1478. The Hall built by Wren after the Fire was again assailed by the same enemy on the 19th of September, 1864, and had to be to a great extent rebuilt, and it was after this event that the present entrance from Gresham Street was constructed. Among the portraits in the Hall is that of Robert Aske, who, dying in 1688, left £20,000 in trust to the Company for eleemosynary and educational purposes. Out of these funds the Company maintains large schools at Hatcham, New Cross, Hampstead, and Acton. It also administers charities and schools at various places in the provinces, has exhibitions to the Universities, and subscribes liberally to public causes.

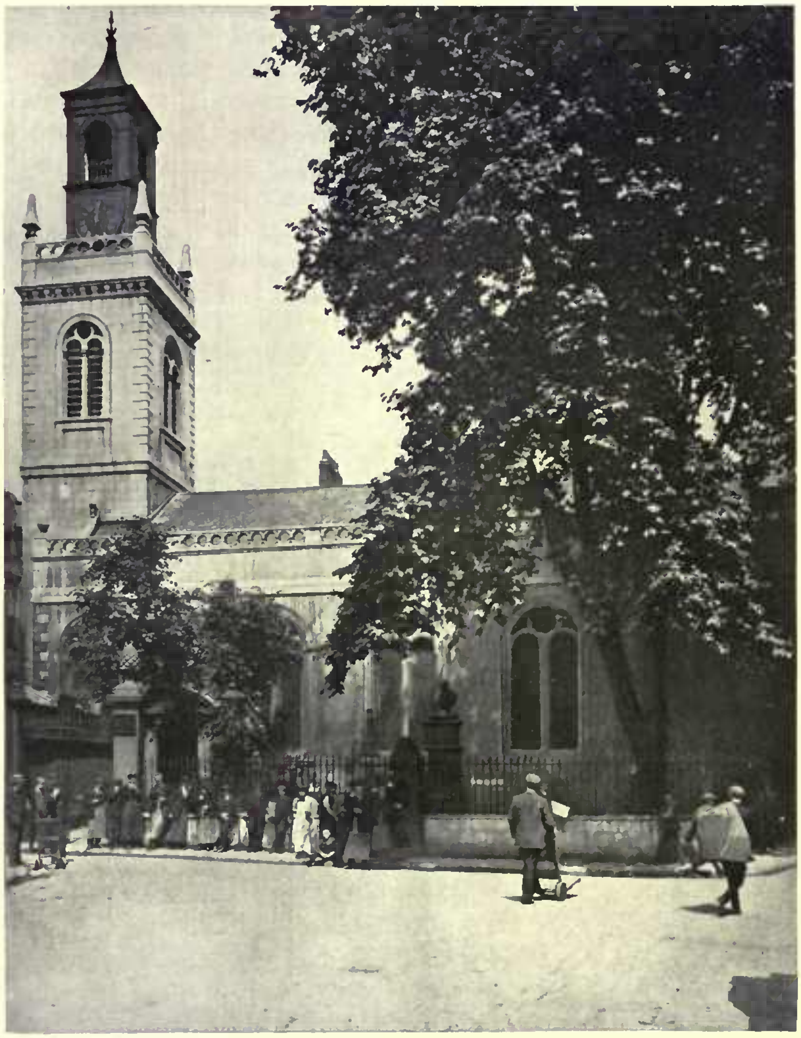


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

ST. MARY THE VIRGIN, ALDERMANBURY, WITH THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL (*p.* 134).

The old Hall was placed at the service of the Parliament Commissioners before and during the Commonwealth, and here in 1650 was founded an Independent church which had a succession of distinguished pastors.

Aldermanbury.

It has already been mentioned that Aldermanbury, which runs from Gresham Street northwards to London Wall, a little to the west of the Guildhall, was so named because it gave entrance to the earlier Guildhall, the court or hall of the Aldermen—that is, the Guildhall.

About half-way along the street stands the church of St. Mary the Virgin, built by Wren, and opened in 1677. The eastern façade presents to the street an enriched cornice with pediment, and the tower, with its pierced parapet and with pedestals at the angles, is, with the turret it supports, an effective structure. On the south side of the church is a shady graveyard, adorned with a bust of Shakespeare, with an inscription setting forth that it is in memory of John Heminge and Henry Condell, "fellow-actors and personal friends of Shakespeare, who lived many years in this parish and are buried here." They were the editors of the first Shakespeare folio, published in 1623, and beneath the bust is a representation in stone of that work, open at the title-page. The monument was erected in 1896 by Mr. Charles Clement Walker, of Lilleshall Old Hall, Shropshire.

Judge Jeffreys.

St. Mary's has other interesting associations. The register records the marriage of Milton with his second wife, Catherine Woodcock, who lived in this parish. And here, in a vault beneath the Communion-table, was buried, on the petition of his family, Judge Jeffreys, his remains being removed hither in 1693 from the Tower, where he had died in 1689. Jeffreys was a resident of this parish in the days when he was Common Serjeant and Recorder of the City, and several of his children, including the second Baron Jeffreys, were also buried here. A racy account of Jeffreys and of the lady who became his wife is given by Timbs in "The Romance of London." He lorded it over the City in the most absolute fashion; "was Lord Mayor, Common Council, Court of Aldermen, and supreme Judge, all in one. . . . At the feasts he was a tippling, truculent fellow—browbeating the men and staring the most dauntless of the women out of countenance. In the latter pastime he was well matched, perhaps excelled, by his learned brother Trevor; and my Lord Mayor Bludworth had good reason to remember both of them. The Mayor had a fair daughter, the young and wild widow of a Welsh squire, and one who made City entertainments brilliant by her presence and hilarious by her conduct and her tongue. . . . When she finally accepted the hand of Jeffreys, her own was in the hand of Trevor; and no City match was ever so productive of a peculiar sort of satirical ballad as this one. . . . Poets and poetasters pelted him with anonymous epigrams; aldermen drank queer healths to him in their cups; and lively-tongued women, in his own court, when he was too hard upon them, would thrust at him an allusion to his lady from Guildhall which would put him into a fume of impotent indignation."

Timbs goes on to point out that the blood of this able but unjust judge afterwards flowed in noble veins. His son, the second and last Baron Jeffreys, who also was buried in St. Mary's, was a dissolute, drunken fellow whose undeserved fortune it was to marry a daughter and sole heiress of the house of Pembroke. Their only child, Henrietta, became Countess of Pomfret and Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Caroline, and one of her many children, Charlotte Finch, became governess to George the Third's children, whom she often escorted into the City to see the Lord Mayor's Show.

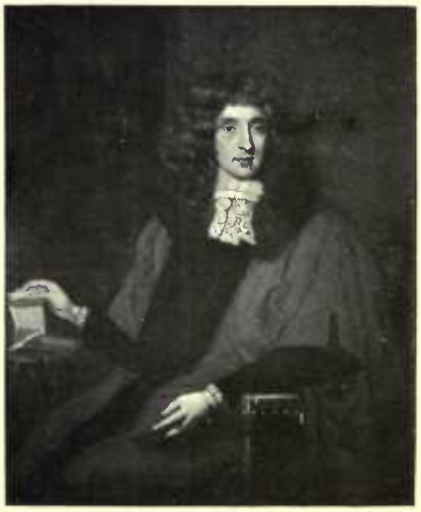
Among distinguished vicars of St. Mary's appears the name of Edmund Calamy, the Presbyterian divine, one of the authors of "Smectymnuus," and one of the victims of the Act of Uniformity, who is believed to have died of shock caused by the destruction of the church with which he had been obliged to sever his pastoral connection. He found a resting-place beneath its ruins.

Let into the string-course above one of the first-floor windows of No. 70, Aldermanbury, is the sign of the Pelican. This is identified by Mr. Philip Norman, the author of "London Signs and Inscriptions," with the crest of two merchants of the name of Chandler, who occupied the house, and whose monument in St. Mary the Virgin shows that they died, the one in 1686, the other in 1691. Above the inscription appears the Pelican, as in the sign on the house. It was one of these Chandlers, Richard, who gave the font, in 1675.

Basinghall Street.

At the corner of Gresham Street and Basinghall Street is Gresham College, a large stuccoed building in the enriched Roman style, with a Corinthian portico, built in 1843, from the designs of George Smith, architect to the Mercers' Company, at a cost of £7,000. It is named, of course, after Sir Thomas Gresham, who transferred to the Corporation of the City and the Mercers' Company the Royal Exchange which he had built, on the condition that they should institute courses of lectures on seven subjects—Divinity, Civil Law, Astronomy, Music, Geometry, Rhetoric, and Physic. He also bequeathed for the purposes of the College his fine house in Bishopsgate Street, where the lectures were delivered from 1597 until 1768, when the house was demolished; and from that time until the present College was built the lectures were delivered in a room over the Royal Exchange. In Gresham College, too, are the offices of the City and Guilds of London Institute.

In Basinghall Street, at the southern end, is the Coopers' Hall, which in 1868 superseded the hall rebuilt after the Fire. The Coopers were incorporated in 1501, when they were invested with the duty of gauging all beer casks within the City and for two miles beyond. On the east side of the street, standing back around a courtyard, is the Girdlers' Hall, rebuilt after the Fire, and again in 1878-79 as the centre of a handsome group of offices. The Girdlers, who had to do with the making of girdling-irons, were incorporated by Henry VI. in 1448, but they existed as a brotherhood at least as far back as the days of Edward III. In the reign of Elizabeth the wire-workers and pinners were united with them.



JUDGE JEFFREYS (*p.* 134).
From the Portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller in the National Portrait Gallery.

A building which has more recently disappeared from Basinghall Street is one of the many City churches dedicated to St. Michael —St. Michael Bassishaw, taken down in 1899, when the benefice was united with that of St. Lawrence Jewry. It was not one of the best of Wren's churches, and it had been much neglected during its later years, but it had an effective arched and panelled ceiling.

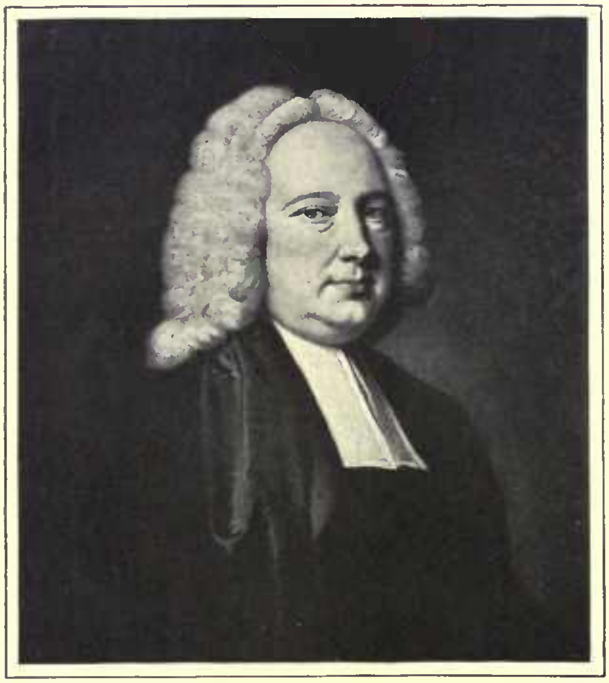
Leading from Basinghall Street to Coleman Street on the east is Masons' Avenue, named after the hall of one of the City Companies which was incorporated in 1677 but was in existence at least as early as 1410. The site is now occupied by Masons' Hall Tavern, with its sale-rooms; and here, too, is a quaint old tavern known as the "Dr. Butler's Head." The head displayed as a sign might very well be that of another Dr. Butler, the profound thinker who wrote "The Analogy." But the house is named after a Dr. William Butler, a physician born at Ipswich in 1535, who acquired so great a reputation, largely by the employment of empirical methods, that many years after his death practitioners found it to their interest to set up as his disciples. He attended Henry Prince of Wales in his last illness in 1612, and two years later he had for a patient King James himself, who had met with a hunting accident, and who, when he came to Cambridge in 1615, visited Dr. Butler, and stayed with him nearly an hour. The "Dr. Butler's Head," founded in 1616, appears to have been one of a number of inns established to supply an ale of his own brew. This appears to be the only one of them which has kept its name to the present day.

A Famous Quack.

Coleman Street.

Coleman Street, in which we now find ourselves, and which runs roughly parallel with Basinghall Street, is named after the charcoal-burners, or "colemen," and not, as Stow records, from one "Coleman, the first builder and owner thereof." At its north-east corner, with an exceedingly plain Doric front, is the hall of the Armourers' and Braziers' Company, built in 1840 on the site of the old hall. The Armourers' Company was in existence at the beginning of the fourteenth century, and was incorporated in 1453. Early in the next century the Armourers were joined by the Blacksmiths, and by the Braziers in 1708.

On the west side of the street is the Wool Exchange, built in 1874, and on the same side, and nearer the Lothbury end, is the church of St. Stephen, with a gateway that attracts the attention of passers-by by its curious alto-relievo of the Last Judgment. This gateway dates only from 1780, but the church itself was rebuilt by Wren. It is one of the least effective of his works, though the interior is not unpleasing, and the east window contains in vivid colours a representation of the Descent from the Cross, after Rubens.



By permission of the Royal Society.

DR. RICHARD PRICE (*p.* 137).
From the Painting by Sir Benjamin West, P.R.A.

The Fifth Monarchy Men.

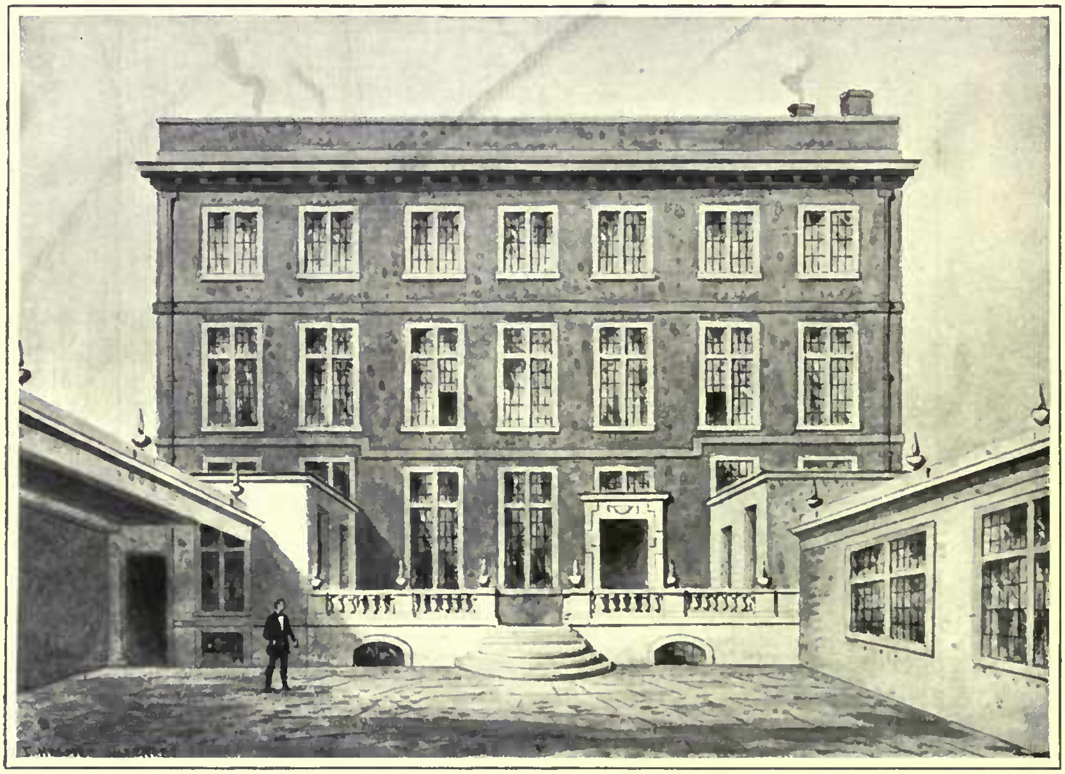
Coleman Street was one of the Puritan quarters of the City. It was here that the five members lay when they fled from Westminster to avoid arrest; and at the Star Tavern Oliver Cromwell held meetings with some of his party. The street, too, is associated with one of those fanatical movements which gave successive Governments, both Parliamentarian and Royalist, so much trouble. In a conventicle in Swan Alley, leading out of Coleman Street on the east side, Venner, a wine-cooper, preached his Fifth Monarchy gospel, and on Sunday, the 6th of January, 1661, his followers armed themselves and sallied forth, posted sentinels around St. Paul's, and killed a person who declared himself to be for God and King Charles. Put to flight by the trained bands, they took refuge in Caen Wood, Highgate, until they were driven out and thirty of them taken prisoners. The rest returned to the City on the Wednesday, and were not overpowered until there had been some sharp fighting in Threadneedle Street, Bishopsgate Street, Wood Street, and finally at Cripplegate. Altogether twenty-two of the fanatics and an equal number of the King's men were killed. Venner, who was taken wounded, was hanged and quartered here in Coleman Street on the 19th of January, and certain of his followers were executed in various parts of the City.

In another narrow turning out of Coleman Street on the east side, Great Bell Alley, lived Robert Bloomfield, the poet, who in 1781, at the age of fifteen, was sent here from his home in Suffolk to learn shoe-making because he was not strong enough to follow the plough. Presently he brought to his lodgings a wife to double his poverty, and it is said that it was some years before they could scrape together enough money to buy a bed of their own. It was while working here in a garret, which he had to share with half-a-dozen other shoemakers, that he wrote "The Farmer's Boy," which, when published in 1798, had an immense vogue, due chiefly to factitious circumstances, 26,000 copies being sold in three years, while it was translated into French, German, and Italian. The Duke of Grafton gave Bloomfield a small post in the Seal Office, but this he was compelled by ill-health to resign, and then the Duke bestowed upon him a pension of a shilling a day. After a time he set up as a bookseller, but failed, and retired to Shefford, in Bedfordshire, where he died a hypochondriac in 1766, at the age of fifty-seven.

Old Jewry.

Coleman Street is continued by the Old Jewry to the Poultry. In this thoroughfare settled many of the Jews who came over from Rouen at the invitation of William the Conqueror, others of them, however, taking up their abode in the liberties of the Tower. From the erudite article on London in the "Jewish Encyclopædia," it appears that the earliest reference to a collective Jewish settlement in this country is in a document of about 1115, "The Terrier of St. Paul's," in which mention is made of some land in Jew Street, corresponding to a part of the Old

Jewry. The dreadful massacre in 1189 was the first indication that the Jews in England were in ill favour with the populace. After that event, probably crowded out by the houses which the Church established in this part of the City, they appear to have begun to desert Old Jewry, and to spread westwards in the streets around Chepe, such as Gresham Street, Milk Street, and Wood Street. Their chief synagogue was probably the one that stood on the site afterwards occupied by Bakewell Hall (p. 107), and this, it is believed, continued in use until the expulsion; but they had another in the north-east corner of Old Jewry, which was handed over to the Fratres de Sacca, and a third where now stands the London City and Midland Bank.



SIR ROBERT CLAYTON'S HOUSE (*p.* 138).
From a Drawing by T. Hosmer Shepherd.

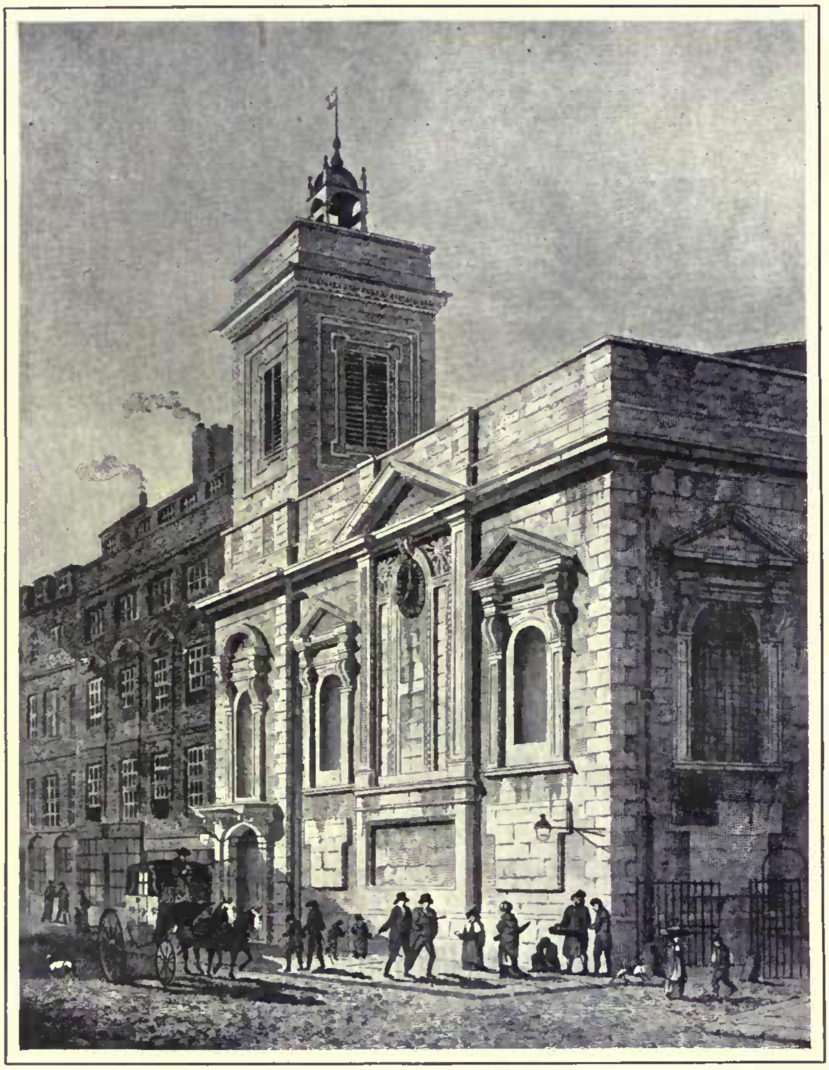
We need not tell over again the dismal and revolting story of the persecutions suffered by the Jews in successive reigns: enough to say that in and around Old Jewry they remained until they were expelled from the country by Edward I. in 1290, when some 15,000 of them, of whom about 2,000 dwelt in London, were driven from these shores, being generously allowed to take with them part of their money and of their movables. It was not until the seventeenth century that this embargo upon a race was removed; but the Jews who then came to London did not return to the Old Jewry, but settled at Aldgate.

Dr. Price.

In the eighteenth century, Old Jewry, as if determined not to be in the main stream of religious orthodoxy, was one of the great centres of London Nonconformity, and so it remained until 1808, when the congregation of Presbyterians removed to Jewin Street The most distinguished of the divines who ministered here was Dr. Richard Price, politician and publicist, as well as philosopher and theologian, whose lecture on Civil Liberty, in which he denounced the policy of the Government towards the American Colonies, induced the Corporation to present to him the freedom of the City, while on the other side his efforts were recognised by the degree of LL.D., confirmed upon him by Yale College at the same time that the degree was bestowed upon Washington. Still more memorable was the sermon he preached here on "The Love of our Country," for it was chiefly this expression of satisfaction at the outbreak of the French Revolution which provoked Burke to write his "Reflections," in which he criticises Price with unsparing severity. Dr. Price, who died in 1791, and did not therefore live to witness the excesses which Burke had so sagaciously foreseen, was one of the ablest thinkers and publicists of his day, and when Lord Shelburne took office in 1782, he offered him the post of private secretary.

The London Institution.

Old Jewry has associations also with the London Institution, which was established in 1805 by a proprietary in the City, "for the advancement of literature and the diffusion of useful knowledge," and was first housed in the mansion built for himself by Sir Robert Clayton, who was Lord Mayor in the time of Charles II. Here it remained until 1812, when it was transferred to King's Arms Yard, Coleman Street, and thence, seven years later, to Finsbury Circus. Sir Robert Clayton's fine old house, of a rich red brick, stood on the east side of the street, upon a balustraded terrace, in a courtyard. After it ceased to be the home of the London Institution the house became the Museum of the London Missionary Society, and for a time furnished accommodation for the Lord Mayor's Court. It was demolished in 1863.

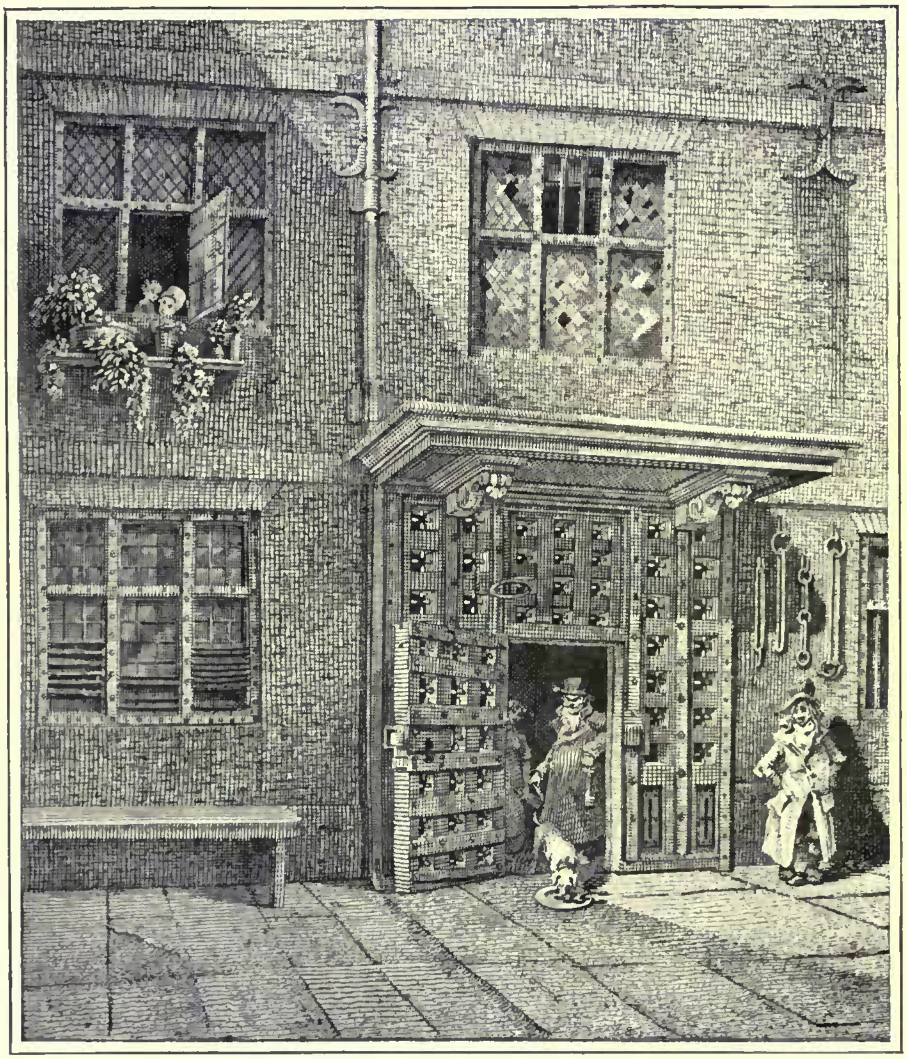


ST. MILDRED'S POULTRY.

From a Drawing by G. Shepherd.

Richard Porson.

The first librarian of the London Institution was Richard Porson, the dissolute Greek scholar, who was so irregular in his attendance and so negligent of his duties that the directors told him they only knew he was their librarian from seeing his name on the salary receipts. At last they determined to dismiss him, but he saved them the trouble by dying. On the 19th of September, 1808, he was smitten down in the Strand by a stroke of apoplexy, and taken into the St. Martin's Lane Workhouse. Here he was found by the under-librarian, as the result of an announcement in the Press, and was brought home to the Institution. He had recovered consciousness, and was able to converse with Dr. Adam Clarke about a Greek inscription from Ephesus, and Dr. Clarke noticed that the Greek came to him much more readily than the English. He lingered until the night of the 25th, expiring just as the clock struck twelve.



INSIDE THE POULTRY COMPTER.
Drawn and Etched by J. T. Smith.

Old Jewry has been a good deal altered of late years, though there are still not a few houses of respectable antiquity in Frederick's Place, a turning on the west side, as well as some in the street itself. On the east side, occupying the site of the old offices of the National Debt Commissioners, is a handsome stone building of Mr. A. C. Blomfield's designing, occupied by the National Debt Commissioners and the Public Works Loan Board. The latter authority created in 1817 for the purpose of advancing money to municipal bodies for public works, migrated from Princes Street in 1903; the National Debt Commissioners went into occupation in 1905. In a court on the west side of the street are the insignificant headquarters of the most intelligent, most efficient, and most courteous police force in this country, the City of London Police. It numbers about a thousand men of all ranks, and is the only purely municipal body of police in the land; for, alone among police forces, it receives no Government grant and is free from the control of the Home Office. To the capital, therefore, belongs the paradoxical distinction of possessing the only strictly municipal police, and the only police—the Metropolitan Force—which is entirely free from municipal control.

The Poultry.

The Poultry, which continues Cheapside eastwards to the heart of the City, was, until just before Stow's time, when they flitted to Gracechurch Street and Newgate Market, the quarter of the poulterers, who sent their birds to be plucked in Scalding Alley hard by. Until 1872 Poultry had, on its north side, its church, that of St. Mildred, of which the name is preserved by St. Mildred's Court. It stood at the corner of Scalding Alley, and was rebuilt by Wren after the Fire.

Poultry Chapel.

Poultry Chapel, built in 1819, still survives, but in an altered form, for in 1872 the site and premises were acquired by the London Joint Stock Bank at a cost of £50,200, which was employed by the congregation for the erection of the City Temple on Holborn Viaduct. The old chapel underwent no structural alteration, but the gallery and pews having been removed, and the pulpit presented to the City Temple congregation, the interior was adapted to the requirements of the Bank.

The Congregational church which worshipped in the Poultry Chapel is much older than the chapel itself—is, indeed, the oldest Congregational church in London, having been founded in the early years of the seventeenth century by the famous Thomas Goodwin, D.D. (1600-1679), preacher to the Council of State, chaplain to Oliver Cromwell, whom he attended on his deathbed, member of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, and sometime President of Magdalen College, Oxford. It first met in Anchor Lane, Thames Street; thence it migrated to Paved Alley, Lime Street, and after a sojourn there of eighty-three years removed (1755) to Miles Lane. There it made but a brief stay, passing on to Camomile Street, where it remained until in 1819, during the pastorate of the Rev. John Clayton, Poultry Chapel was built for it. The chapel was closed as a place of worship on Thursday, the 26th of June, 1872. On the previous Sunday evening Dr. Joseph Parker, the minister of the church, had preached from two felicitously complementary texts: "The door was shut" (Matt. xxv. 10), and "I have set before them an open door, and no man can shut it" (Rev. iii. 8).

Poultry Compter.

The building which bore the name of Poultry Chapel occupies a part of the site of the old Poultry Compter, and from information supplied by Mr. Edward Clodd, the courteous secretary of the London Joint Stock Bank, it appears that in excavations made in 1903 cross walls were discovered which were no doubt a part of this old sheriff's prison. It was of immemorial antiquity in Stow's day, and was not superseded until 1817, when its inmates were transferred to the Whitecross Street prison. From its vicinity to the Old Jewry it had a ward set apart for Jews, and it is said to have been the only prison in London which contained such a ward. Into this prison Dekker, the Elizabethan dramatist, was cast for debt, and here died Dr. Lamb, the wizard, who, on the 13th of June, 1628, had been nearly torn limb from limb in the streets of the City, because he was believed to have assisted the Duke of Buckingham, by his unholy arts, to deceive the King.

The Slaves' Champion.

The Poultry Compter was not without associations of a nobler kind. Here was confined John Bradford, the Protestant martyr, and herefrom, on the 30th of June, 1550, he was smuggled out at night to meet his fiery doom at Smithfield. Here, too, were imprisoned some of those slaves whose cause was espoused by Granville Sharp, the philanthropist. The first of his negro *protégés* was Jonathan Strong, whose owner, David Lisle, had used him so ill that he was crippled and almost blind. In this condition Lisle cast him aside, but when afterwards, thanks to the care of Granville Sharp, and of his brother, a surgeon, the poor fellow recovered his health, Lisle induced an officer of the Lord Mayor to arrest him and lodge him in the Compter. Granville Sharp procured his release, and prosecuted Lisle for assault and battery, but an action was brought against him in turn for unlawfully detaining the property of another, and he was advised that in the then state of the law there could be no valid defence to such a suit. Nothing daunted, Sharp went on taking up one case after another, and in 1772, seven years after Jonathan Strong was flung into the Poultry Compter, the judges laid it down in the case of James Somersett that as soon as a slave sets foot upon English territory he becomes a free man. The glory of this noble example of "judge-made law" Sir James Stephen awards to Granville Sharp, who, "though poor and dependent, and immersed in the duties of a toilsome calling, supplied the money, the leisure, the perseverance, and the learning required for this great controversy."

Since about the middle of the last century the Poultry has been widened and rebuilt, and almost the only house left with any look of antiquity is that used for the purposes of Pimm's oyster-rooms. Among the houses which the pilgrim will look for in vain is that (No. 31) in which Tom Hood was born, over the bookseller's shop carried on by his father and a partner (Vernor and Hood), and that (No. 22) occupied by a more celebrated bookseller, Dilly, where Boswell's "Life of Johnson" was published, and where Dr. Johnson was inveigled by his future biographer into a meeting with John Wilkes in which the demagogue bore himself with such tact and made such excellent play with his wit that leviathan was charmed into his most amiable mood. Gone also with these booksellers' shops are the old inns of Poultry, the "Three Cranes," and the "Rose," afterwards the "King's Head," the change of title being made about the time of the Restoration by William King, who lived up to his name by being a zealous royalist. It is said that his wife was on the point of childbirth when Charles II. made his entry into his capital, and that, hearing of her anxiety to see him, the King stayed his progress at the door of the "King's Head" and saluted her.

RELIEF OVER THE GATEWAY OF ST. STEPHEN'S, COLEMAN STREET (*p.* 135).

ldes on state occasions has
since the year 1757.

CHAPTER XIII

THE MANSION HOUSE

The Stocks Market—Fitting the Penalty to the Offence—A Statue Transformed—The Mansion House Built—The Pediment—The Egyptian Hall and other Features of the Interior—The Lord Mayor's Duties—Deaths during Office—Lord Mayor Wilkes and how he treated his Creditors—His Wit—Some Memorable Scenes at the Mansion House

The Stocks Market.

Punishment in Kind.

THE official residence of the Lord Mayor of London occupies the site of the old Stocks Market, of which some account must here be given. Named after a pair of stocks which had formerly stood here, the market was one of great antiquity, being first built in 1282, for the sale of fish and flesh, by Henry Walis, the Mayor, who allocated the rents to the repair of London Bridge. We read in Riley's "Memorials" that on November 1st, 1319—not many years, therefore, after the market was opened—a West Ham butcher named William Sperlyng was brought before the Mayor and Aldermen charged with being in possession of two putrid and poisonous oxen which he intended to sell at "the shambles called les Stokkes." Sperlyng "readily admitted that he did intend there to have sold those two carcases"; but boldly maintained that the flesh thereof was "good and clean, and fit for human food." The jury to whom he appealed held, however, that the charge was established, and the Mayor and Aldermen, inflicting one of those penalties in kind in which the older records abound, adjudged that he "should be put upon the pillory, and the said carcases burnt beneath him." Let us in charity hope that since he believed them to be fit for human food, he found the odour appetising.

Story of a Statue.

In the reign of Henry IV. the market was rebuilt, and it continued to be used for the sale of meat and fish until it perished in the Great Fire of 1666, although a trade in fruit, flowers, and vegetables was also carried on here. But when it was again rebuilt the butchers and fishmongers deserted or were excluded from it, and it became a fruit and vegetable market, for which, says Strype, it surpassed all other markets in London. At the north end of the market, says the same historian, there stood, beside a water conduit, "a nobly great statue of Charles II. on horseback, trampling on slaves." The origin of this piece of statuary is related by Pennant. It was inaugurated on the 29th of May, 1672, and was the gift of Sir Robert Vyner, who had "fortunately" discovered a statue, made at Leghorn, of John Sobieski trampling on a Turk. The good knight caused some alterations to be made and christened the Polish monarch by the name of Charles, and bestowed on the turbaned Turk that of Oliver Cromwell. If Horace Walpole may be believed, the statue "came over unfinished, and a new head was added by Latham." When in 1737 the market was demolished and the business transferred to what is now Farringdon Street, where it came to be known as the Fleet Market, the statue was lost sight of, but in 1779 the Common Council presented it to Mr. Robert Vyner, a descendant of Lord Mayor Vyner, and by him it was removed to Gautby Park, his seat in Lincolnshire. Its original destination, we may add, was the centre of the quadrangle of the Royal Exchange, but the Gresham Committee, while thanking Sir Robert Vyner for what they termed his "noble offer," declined it, considering that the statue would take up too much room and would obstruct the view from both the entrances to that building.

The Mansion House Built.

The first stone of the Mansion House was laid by Lord Mayor Perry on the 25th of October, 1739, but the ground was found to be so honeycombed with springs that piles had to be laid down, and owing to this and other difficulties the building was not finished till 1753, when Sir Crisp Gascoigne moved

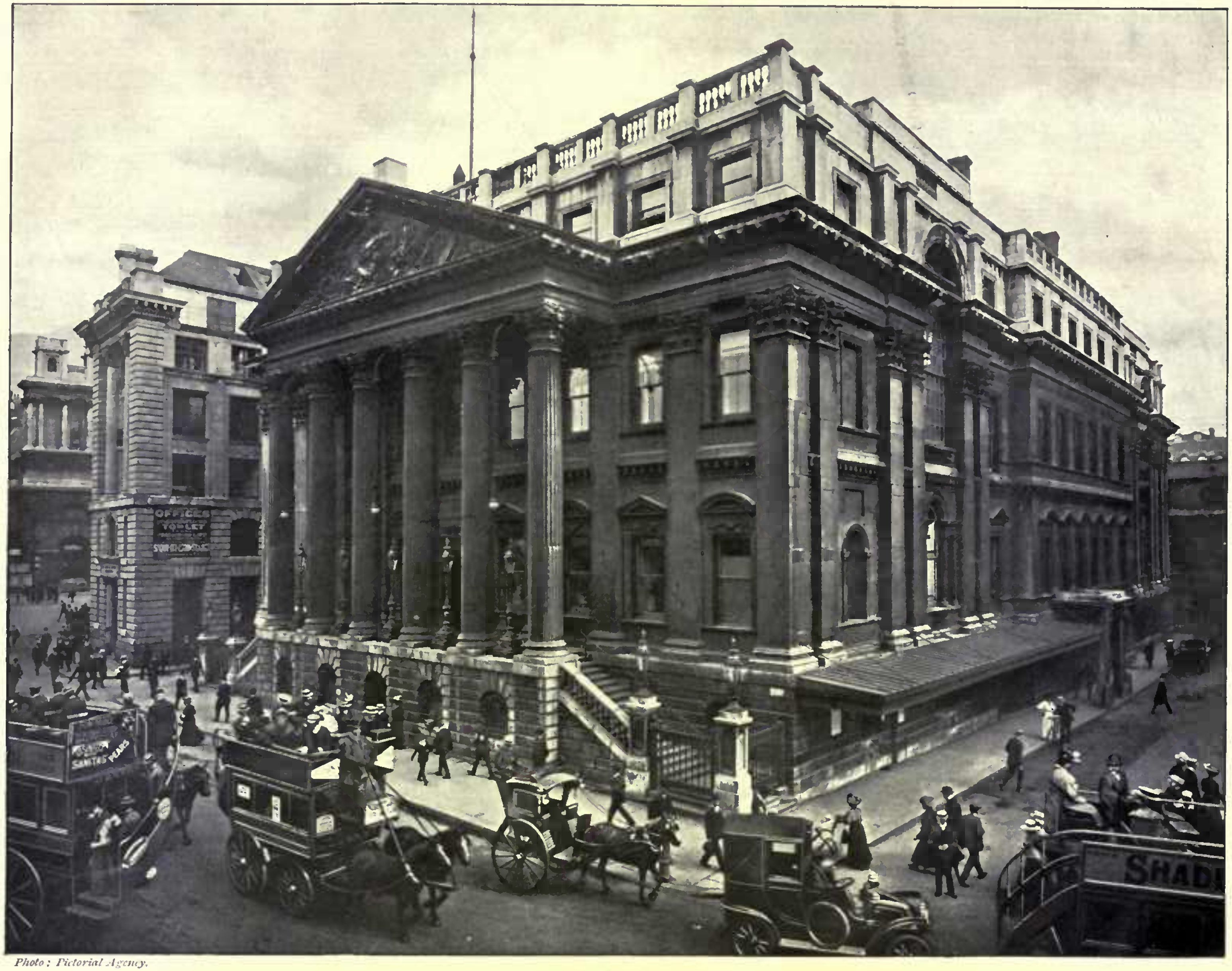
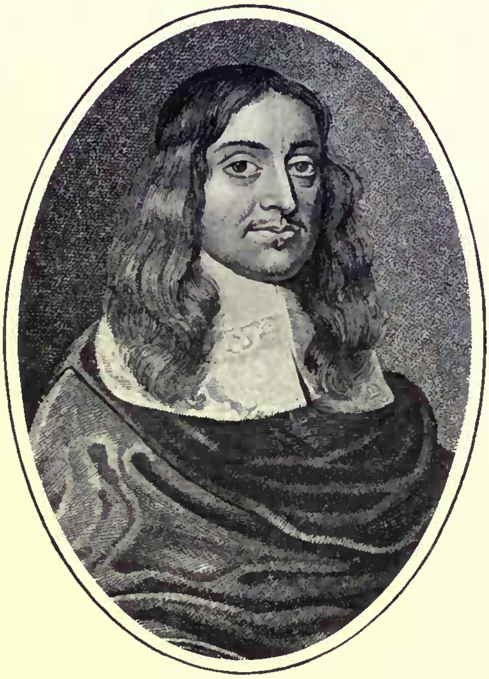

OFFICES
TO LET
PEARS
SHAD

Photo: *Pictorial Agency.*

THE MANSION HOUSE.

into it. Up to this time the Lord Mayors had exercised their hospitality in one or other of the halls of the great City Companies, or in their own houses, but ever since 1753 each Lord Mayor has spent his year of office at the Mansion House. The cost of the building, with the furniture, was—to be very exact—£70,985 13s. 2d., of which about £9,000 was provided out of the City's income, while the rest was derived from the accumulated fines paid by persons to be excused from serving the office of Sheriff. The architect was George Dance the elder, the City Surveyor; and it is said that a design by Palladio which Lord Burlington, the builder of Burlington House in Piccadilly, offered to the City was rejected on the ground that Palladio was not a freeman, but *was* a Roman Catholic! However this may be—and the story is probably too good to be true—Dance had no great reason to be proud of his work when it was finished. It had behind the portico a cumbrous attic storey, and over the Egyptian Hall, at the other end of the building, was a corresponding attic. The latter of these was removed in 1796 by Dance's son; the former, which had been dubbed the Mare's Nest, remained until 1842, when it also was removed. Seldom has a building been so improved by a considerable alteration as was the Mansion House by the removal of these attics, which imparted to it a look of top-heaviness.



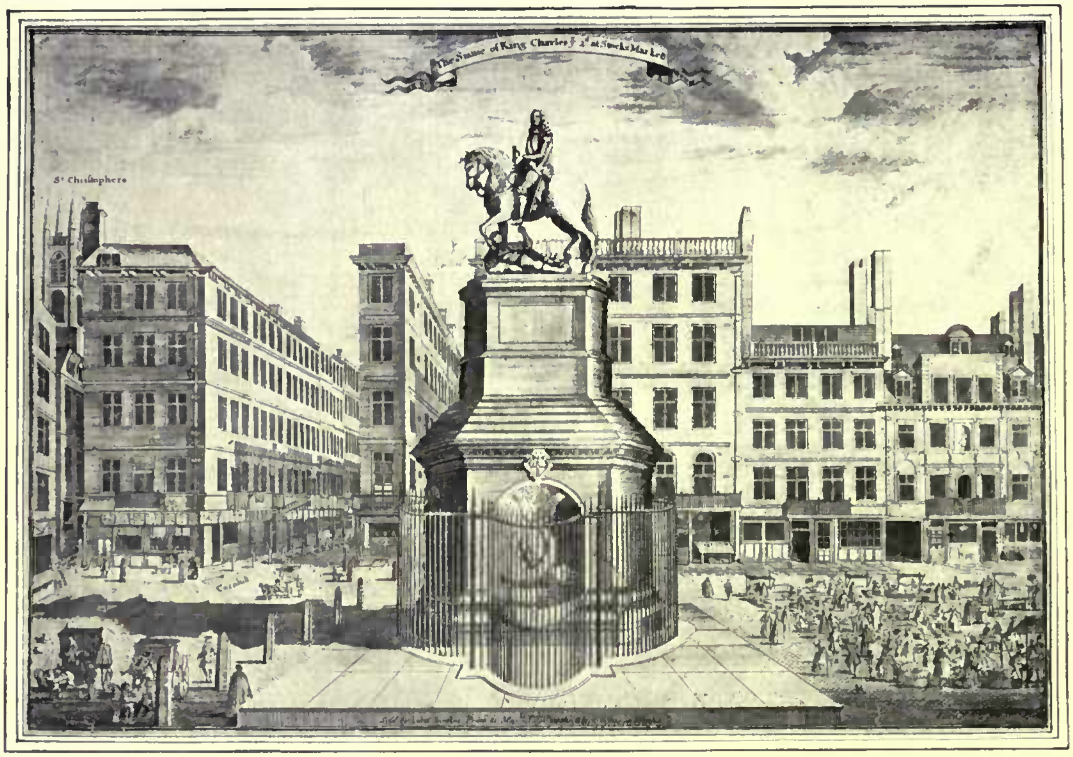
SIR ROBERT VYNER, THE DONOR OF THE STATUE IN THE STOCKS MARKET.
From a scarce Print by Faithorne.

Descriptive.

Built of Portland stone, the structure has a massive rusticated basement, with a portico of six fluted Corinthian columns supporting a pediment filled with sculpture in high relief, the work of Mr. (afterwards Sir) Robert Taylor, architect to the Bank of England, whose object was to set forth in symbol the dignity and opulence of the City. London is personified by a female form crowned with turrets, who is vigorously trampling upon squirming Envy, while other figures represent Plenty, Commerce, the Thames, and so forth. But the Mansion House is remarkable rather for the splendour and sumptuousness of its interior than for any exterior feature. The most stately of its rooms, glowing with colour and gilding, is the Egyptian Hall, so called because its creator, the Earl of Burlington, based his design upon an Egyptian chamber described by Vitruvius. This apartment, which has only two windows, one at each end, and these filled with painted glass, so that it is dependent upon artificial light, has a vaulted roof supported by two side screens of Corinthian columns. Measuring ninety feet by sixty feet, it can seat from 350 to 400 guests, and here it is that balls take place and that the Lord Mayor gives those multifarious feasts for which his office is renowned all the world over. From the ceiling depend the banners of successive Chief Magistrates of the City; and behind the Lord Mayor, as he presides over his guests, glitters the magnificent collection of silver-gilt plate which, when the Mansion House was built, cost about £11,500, and to which of recent years each Lord Mayor has made an addition as a souvenir of his year of office. Some of the plate is ordinarily displayed on a side-table in the Long Parlour, where the Lord Mayor lunches with such friends as he may informally be entertaining.

The other rooms in the Mansion House, the Saloon—where the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress receive their guests, and where is Onslow Ford's bust of Queen Victoria, presented in the last year of the last century—the Drawing-room and the rest are also sumptuous in their appointments, and even the Justice Room, just inside the portico, on the left, where the Lord Mayor or one of the

City Aldermen adjudicates upon police cases arising in the southern part of the City, has a dignity not characteristic of police courts.


The Statue of King Charles y 2d at Stocks Market
St Christophers

THE OLD STOCKS MARKET, WITH THE "CONVERTED" STATUE OF CHARLES II.
From a Drawing by Sutton Nicholls.

The Lord Mayor's Duties.

During his year of office the Lord Mayor is as busy a man as the Prime Minister or the Archbishop of Canterbury. It is seldom that a Lord Mayor at the end of his year of office is re-elected, though the late Sir Robert Fowler, who was Lord Mayor in 1883, stepped into the breach created by the death during his year of office (1885) of Alderman Nottage, and in 1860 and 1861 Alderman Cubitt served the office two years in succession. It is well that the custom of the City does not favour the re-election of its Chief Magistrate, for few men would be able to withstand the strain of a second year of office. The dispensation of hospitality, with the speechmaking that it involves, whether the guests be His Majesty's Judges, the Archbishops and Bishops, or representatives of the great commercial and other interests of the City, is in itself a serious tax upon the Chief Magistrate's time and energies. But besides this he has to preside over the Court of Aldermen and the meetings of the Common Council, to administer justice in the Police Court, to attend at the opening of the Sessions of the Central Criminal Court, where he is the Chief Commissioner, and entertain the Judges, to go to St. Paul's in state on given occasions, such as the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy, and in many other ways to play his part in public functions as London's first citizen, in addition to discharging a mass of routine and other duties. Fortunately for themselves the Lord Mayors of London have not only served a long apprenticeship to the public work of the City but are captains of commerce, and the habits of mind which they have acquired in the conduct of large business operations stand them in good stead when they come to assume the heavy burden of the mayoralty. Even so, they would find their task much more difficult than it is if there were not at the Mansion House an experienced official in the person of Sir William Soulsby, who has been the efficient and courteous private secretary of over thirty successive Lord Mayors.

It is not often that a Lord Mayor has died during his year of office. There is, however, as is noted in the introduction, one case on record of two Mayors dying in one year. In 1485, the year of the Sweating Sickness, the Mayor, Sir Thomas Hille, was one of the earliest victims, dying on the 23rd of September. The next day William Stocker was appointed, and four days afterwards he too succumbed; and before the week was out six aldermen also had perished. In 1688, when Lord Mayor Sir John Shorter, on his way to Smithfield on horseback to open Bartholomew Fair, called at Newgate, as usual, to partake of a tankard of wine, the flapping of the tankard lid frightened the horse and poor Sir John was thrown and killed. Curiously enough, in the following year Sir John Chapman died during his tenure of office, on the 17th of March, a few weeks after he had officiated at the coronation of William and Mary.

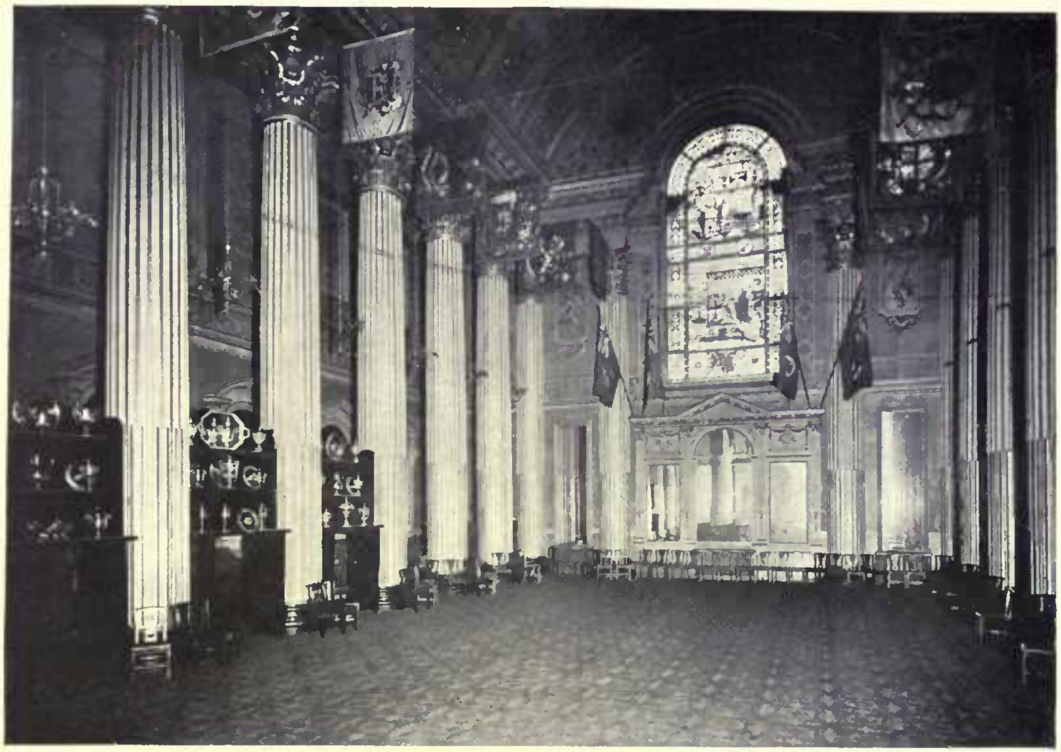


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE EGYPTIAN HALL OF THE MANSION HOUSE.

In the next century three Lord Mayors died while holding office, Alderman Godschall in 1742, Sir Samuel Pennant, a kinsman of the historian, in 1750, the result of gaol fever caught at Newgate, and Alderman Beckford in 1770. After Beckford, no Lord Mayor died during office until Alderman Nottage, in 1885, and to him was accorded a public funeral in the crypt of St. Paul's, where, as we saw in an earlier chapter, he is commemorated by a brass.

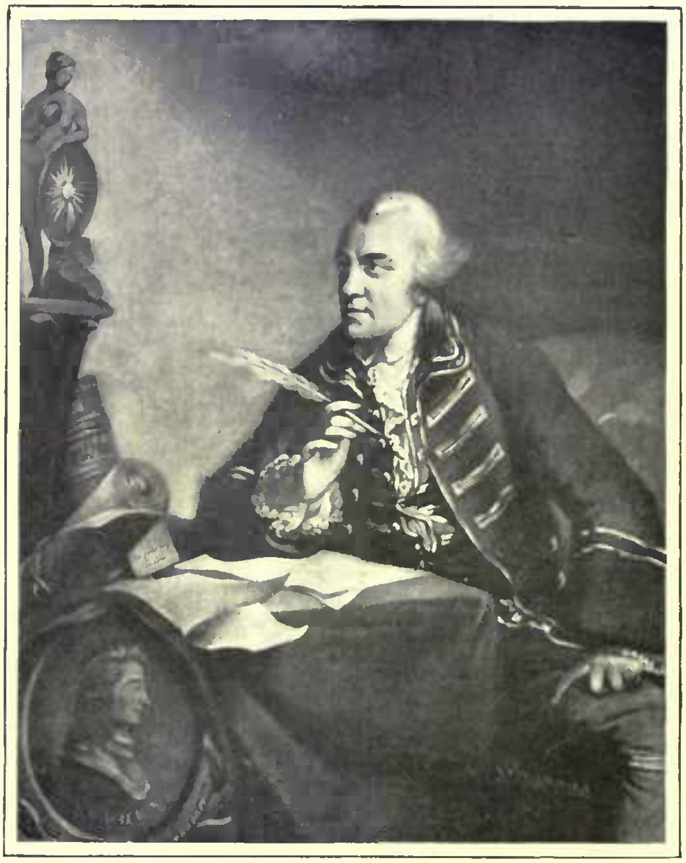
The Lord Mayor's salary is £10,000, but it is well known that his expenditure considerably exceeds that allowance, liberal as it may seem. When Wilkes, of whose conflict with the Government we have had something to say in an earlier chapter, served the office, in 1774-75, he entertained so lavishly that he would have been nearly £3,500 out of pocket had he paid his bills. This he did not do simply because he could not. When his creditors became importunate he coolly assured them that he had expended the whole of his salary in carrying out the duties of his office, and that as their claims were in excess of the allowance he was unable to discharge them. Afraid to put the law in motion against so resourceful an antagonist, who had fought the Government and beaten it, they appealed to the Common Council for redress, but in vain. In 1779 Wilkes was elected to the well-paid office of City Chamberlain,

Lord Mayor Wilkes.

and so was relieved of his pecuniary embarrassments. That post he held, with credit to himself and to the City, until his death, eighteen years later. It is only fair to the memory of this singular man, in whom brilliant gifts and genuine public spirit were allied with an abnormal lack of moral sense, to say that if he brought discredit upon the mayoralty by running into debt, he discharged the duties of the office with a distinction that has probably never been excelled. To him it fell to present to George III., on the 10th of April, 1775, the remonstrance of the Livery against the Government's policy of coercing the American Colonies, and so tactfully and with such dignity did he acquit himself of the task that the King, bitterly as he resented the City's action, confessed he had never known "so well-bred a Lord Mayor."

Of the wit of this eminent occupant of the Mansion House we may give two of the less familiar examples. That brilliant *raconteur*, the late Earl Granville, was fond of telling the story of Wilkes's reply to the Middlesex elector who, when he asked him for his vote, uncompromisingly replied, "No, I'd rather vote for the devil!" "Very good," said Wilkes. "But in case your friend doesn't stand?". . . . The other specimen of his wit has also a theological savour. When Lord Thurlow solemnly exclaimed, "May God forget me if I forget my sovereign!" Wilkes retorted, "God forget you! He'll see you damned first!"

Wilkes's Wit.



JOHN WILKES.
After the Portrait by C. E. Pine.

The Mansion House has borne its full share in the national festivities of these latter days. On the wedding day of the Duke and Duchess of York, now Prince and Princess of Wales, the 6th of July, 1893, their Royal Highnesses drove through the City on their way to Sandringham. In St. Paul's Churchyard the royal procession was met by the Lord Mayor and other members of the Corporation, and conducted to the Mansion House, which was draped with crimson cloth and festooned with

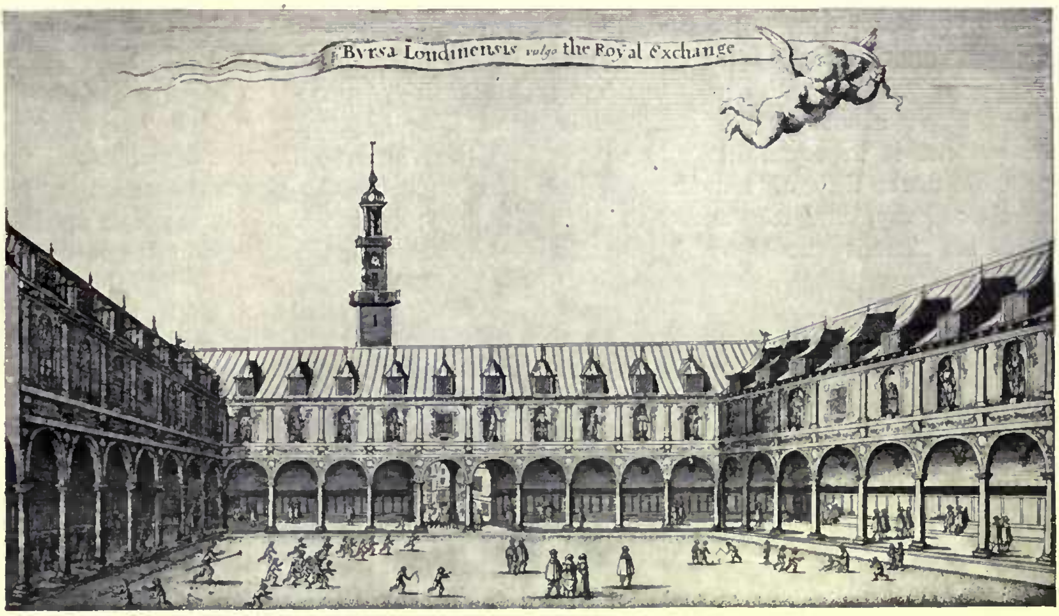
National Ceremonies.

flowers, and here the City's congratulations were offered. Still more memorable, though marked by even less formality, was the scene enacted at the Mansion House at the Diamond Jubilee in 1897. When Queen Victoria arrived in her carriage drawn by the eight cream-coloured Hanoverians, and had been greeted with the National Anthem played by massed bands, the Lord Mayor, Sir George Faudel-Phillips, Bart., who had met the procession at Temple Bar on horseback, and accompanied by his Sheriffs, advanced and presented to the Queen the Lady Mayoress, who offered a bouquet of flowers in a silver basket of her own designing. The gift was received with very manifest pleasure. and. the National air having once more been played, Queen Victoria's triumphal progress through the streets of her capital was continued.

On both these occasions the Mansion House, like the Bank and the Royal Exchange, was splendidly illuminated in the evening, as it was also on the evening of the day on which King Edward and Queen Alexandra were crowned, the 9th of August, 1902. This was the point in the City upon which the crowds converged from east and west, from north and south, and for hours on each of those great nights the open space in the heart of the City was packed with a mass of enthusiastic but sober and orderly humanity, constantly changing its elements without growing less, until long after the Royal Exchange had sounded its midnight chimes.

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE MANSION HOUSE PLATE.


Bvrsa Londinensis vulgo the Royal Exchange

THE FIRST ROYAL EXCHANGE.

CHAPTER XIV

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE

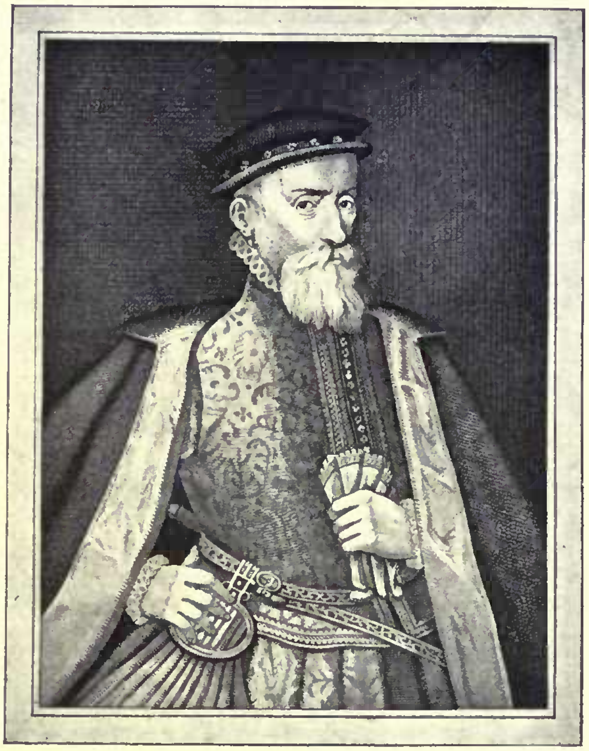
How Gresham came to Build the First Bourse—He drinks a Carouse to his Kinsman—Aliens among the Workmen—Queen Elizabeth's Visit—The "Pawn"—The Building described—Gresham's Bequest—What Manner of Man he was—End of the First Exchange—The Second Exchange—Cibber's Work—Dilapidation—Destruction—A Royal Exchange Foundling—Sir William Tite's Career—Roman Remains found on the Site—The Portico—The Clock and Chimes—The Interior—The Ambulatory—Encaustic Paintings—The "Frescoes"—The Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation—"Lloyd's" and its Origins—Lloyd's Bell

Sir Thomas Gresham's Offer.

IN 1564 Sir Thomas Gresham, the chief London merchant of his day, lost his only son Richard, a young man of twenty, in whom all his hopes had centred. This heavy blow seems to have turned his mind towards the devotion of his wealth to public objects. At a Court of Aldermen, held on the 4th of the following January, he formally offered to build at his own cost and charges "a comely Burse," on the understanding that a site was provided by the City, and in Mr. Deputy White's "History of the Three Royal Exchanges," based upon official records which the author, Chairman of the Gresham Trust, had diligently searched, we read that a small committee was at once appointed to make enquiries and report to the Lord Mayor and his brother Aldermen at eight o'clock on the following Sunday morning, "in the Chapel in Paule's Church wherein they usually assembled before sermon time"—an entry which shows that the City Fathers in that age began the day early, and that they saw no incongruity in commingling divine worship and the transaction of public business.

The selection of the site and the conclusion of arrangements for its acquisition caused some delay, but by June, 1566, some eighty houses in Cornhill and adjacent alleys had been pulled down, and on the 11th of that month, the site having formally been delivered to him, the first stone was laid by Gresham himself, attended by certain of his brother Aldermen, each of whom put down a piece of gold for the workmen. The records also tell of a less formal ceremony enacted earlier in this year. On the 9th of February, being at the house of Alderman Sir John

Ryvers, in common with other members of the Corporation, Gresham "most frankly and lovingly promised that within a month after that the Burse should be fully finished he would present it in equal moieties to the Corporation of the City of London and the Mercers' Company," and it is added that "in token of his sincerity he therefor gave his hand to Sir William Garrard, and in the presence of his assembled friends drank a carouse to his kinsman Alderman Rowe." It is pleasant to find that Sir Thomas Gresham's great enterprise was thus at its inception touched with conviviality and good fellowship.



SIR THOMAS GRESHAM, FOUNDER OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

From Pennant's "London."

Aliens at Work.

In connection with the building of Gresham's Royal Exchange there was a strong foreign element, as was natural, seeing that its founder did much of his business abroad, and was taking a leaf out of the book of Antwerp and other Continental cities which had long had their Bourses. The City, besides the site, provided a hundred thousand bricks, and the timber came from Gresham's estate at Battisford in Suffolk; but of the rest of the material the greater part was brought from other lands—the stone, glass and slate from the Low Countries, and the small stones which formed the floor, and which still form the floor of the present Exchange, from Turkey; and, as Dr. Sharpe points out in his "London and the Kingdom," not only the clerk of the works, Henryk, but most of the workmen were foreigners, Gresham having got permission from the Court of Aldermen to employ these "strangers," as they were delicately termed. It is not improbable that the dislike of aliens which has often manifested itself in the history of the City led to disturbance, for in 1567 the Court of Aldermen directed that an officer should attend daily to see that the workmen were not molested. Possibly, too, it was owing to some unpopularity which Gresham incurred on this score that within a few weeks of the informal opening of the building his arms and crest on the building were defaced.

Once begun, the building operations went on with remarkable rapidity. By November, 1567, the Exchange was slated in, and shortly afterwards was ready for occupation. It bore, in Latin, French and Dutch, as well as in English, an inscription setting forth that "Sir Thomas Gresham, knight, at his own costs and charges, to the ornament and public use of this royal City of London, caused this place from the foundation to be erected the 7th June *anno* 1566, and is fully ended *anno* 1569." But "this place" was not the *Royal* Exchange until Queen Elizabeth visited it in state on the 27th of January, 1570. On that day, says Stow, "the Queen's majesty, attended with her nobility, came from her house at the Strand, called Somerset House, and entered the City by Temple Bar, through Fleet Street, Chepe, and so by the north side of the Burse, through Threadneedle Street, to Sir Thomas Gresham's in Bishopsgate Street, where she dined. After dinner her Majesty, returning through Cornhill, entered the Burse on the south side; and after that she had viewed every part thereof above the ground, especially the pawn, which was richly furnished with all sorts of the finest wares in the City, she caused the same Burse by a herald and trumpet to be proclaimed the Royal Exchange, and so to be called from thenceforth, and not otherwise."

The "Royal" Exchange.

The "pawn," a word which is a corruption of the Dutch "Baan," or of the German "Bahn," a path or walk, was a corridor surmounting the piazza that ran round the interior of the quadrangle, divided into shops so as to form a bazaar. At first some difficulty was found in letting these shops, and, in view of Queen Elizabeth's visit, Gresham himself went round to the tradesmen there and promised that if they would adorn with wares and illuminate with wax lights the empty shops, they should have them rent free for a year. This proved to be a good stroke of business: it was not long before Gresham was able to raise his rents all round to £4 10s. a year, and the "pawn" became a fashionable lounge. The shops were occupied by "milliners or haberdashers," says Howes, one of Stow's editors, writing in 1631; but how little differentiation trade had undergone in those days may be gathered from his remark that their wares consisted of "mouse-traps, bird-cages, shoeing-horns, lanthorns, and Jews' trumps"!

The Building Described.

The first Royal Exchange, as now we may call it, closely resembled the Bourse of Antwerp. It was a long building, with a ground floor and good courtyard for the merchants, and above the piazza the "pawn" with its hundred shops. On the south or Cornhill front was a lofty bell-tower which was not a mere ornament, for its bell summoned merchants to 'Change daily at noon and at six in the evening; and both this tower and a lofty Corinthian column on the north side were surmounted by a large grasshopper, Gresham's crest. The Exchange indeed was powdered with grasshoppers, for the peak of every dormer window had one, and there was one at each corner of the building. It was open to the heavens, but in wet weather the piazzas beneath the "pawn" gave shelter to the merchants as they struck their bargains. In niches above this ambulatory were statues of English monarchs, from the Confessor to Queen Elizabeth, and near the north end of the western piazza stood an effigy of Gresham. To the royal statues were in turn added the three Stuart kings. When Charles I. had been beheaded his statue was removed, but the pedestal was left, inscribed with the words, in gilt, *Exit tyrannus, regum ultimus*—"The tyrant has gone, last of the kings."

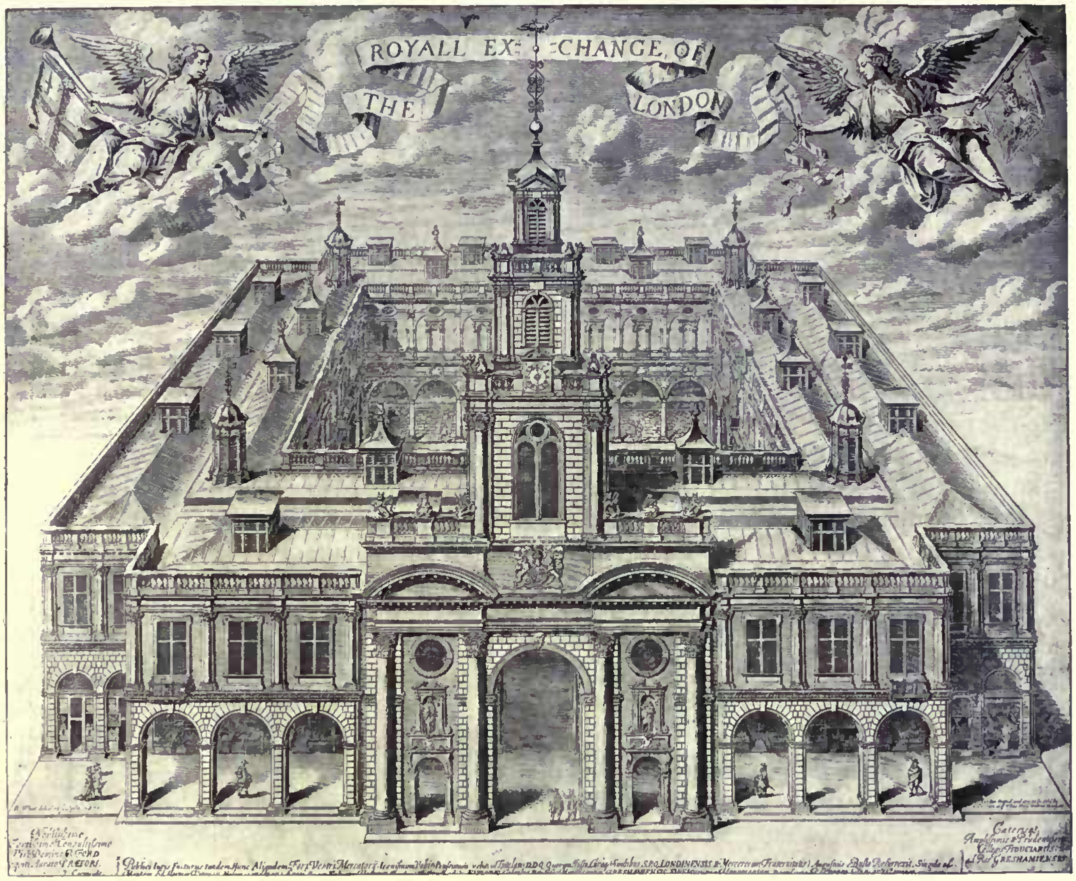
In these days of devotion to football it is not without interest to recall the fact that in the early years of the Royal Exchange this game was allowed to be played, or at any rate *was* played, within its walls. In 1576, however, eight years after the informal opening of the building, it was prohibited not only within the Exchange but in any of the wards of the city. In those days, too, as Dr. Sharpe records, the city waits used to play in the Exchange of an evening, after business hours.

Gresham's Bequest.

Gresham duly fulfilled his promise of bequeathing the building to the Corporation and the Mercers' Company, and to this magnificent gift he added the noble house which he had built for himself in Bishopsgate Street, and to which in 1559-60 he "moved" from his shop in Lombard Street. To Lady Gresham a life interest was reserved, and when she died in 1596, having survived her husband seventeen years, it was found that the revenues of the Exchange amounted to £731.

His Career.

Let us now ask ourselves who and what manner of man was the founder of the Royal Exchange. A native of London, he was born about the year 1519, and both his father, Sir Richard (p. 130), and his uncle, Sir John, filled the office of Lord Mayor. On leaving Cambridge he was apprenticed to his uncle, who, like his father, was a leading mercer. In 1551 or 1552 he was appointed royal agent or king's merchant, which necessitated his spending a large part of his time at Antwerp. His chief duties, says Mr. C. Welch in the article on Gresham in the "Dictionary of National Biography," were "to negotiate loans for the Crown with the wealthy merchants of Germany and the Netherlands, to supply the State with any foreign products that were required, and to keep the Privy Council informed of all matters of importance passing abroad." Gresham was a Protestant, and at the accession of Queen Mary he was deprived of his office, but the change did not improve the Queen's credit abroad, and he was soon reinstated. He was the intimate friend of Sir William Cecil, and in 1555 received that statesman at his house in Antwerp, and when Cecil became Queen Elizabeth's Secretary of State Gresham once more found himself in the highest favour at Court. In 1574 he ceased to be the Queen's agent. His accounts had not been audited for eleven years, and the Commissioners for the Government now found that after making all allowances due to him he owed the Government about £10,000. Gresham tried to wipe out this debt by claiming exorbitant interest and an excessive rate of exchange on sums due to him at the last audit. In this way he sought to make out that instead of his owing the Government £10,000, they owed him £11,506, or, to be as precise as he was himself, £11,506 18s. 0¼d.! "This exorbitant demand," says Mr. Welch, "was at once disputed


THE ROYALL EX- -CHANGE OF LONDON

THE SECOND ROYAL EXCHANGE.
From Pennant's "London."

by the Commissioners. Gresham promptly obtained a duplicate copy of his accounts and caused a footnote to be added to the document acknowledging the impudent claim for interest and exchange which had already been practically rejected. With this paper he set out for Kenilworth, where the Queen was staying as the guest of Leicester. Through the good offices of her host, Elizabeth was induced to allow the claim, and, fortified by the royal endorsement, Gresham obtained the signatures of the Commissioners to his duplicate account, with its deceitfully appended note."

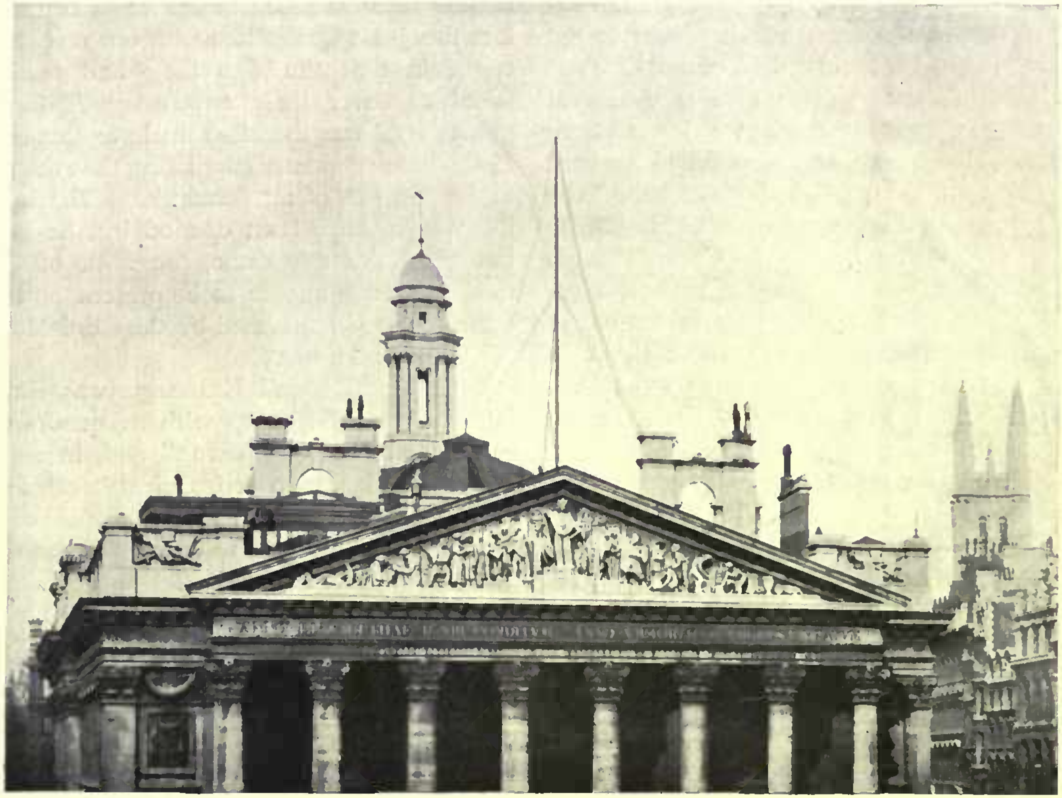


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

TYMPANUM OF THE PRESENT ROYAL EXCHANGE (*p.* 157).

His Prosperity.

That Sir Gresham, adding to his shrewdness and sagacity and industry such smartness as this, should have grown rich is not surprising. Besides the mansion which he built for himself in Bishopsgate Street, he had several country houses, and at two of these, Mayfield in Sussex and Osterly in Middlesex, he received Queen Elizabeth in 1573 and 1575. It was of the visit to Osterly that Thomas Fuller in his "Worthies" relates a familiar anecdote. The Queen, he says, "found fault with the court of the house as being too great"; it would have been more handsome, she thought, if divided by a wall in the middle. Gresham thereupon sent to London for a little army of workmen, who, in the course of a single night, noiselessly built a wall, so that "the next morning discovered that court double which the night had left single before." Gresham died suddenly, probably from apoplexy, on the 21st of November, 1579, on his way home from 'Change in the afternoon, and was buried in Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate. If Fuller is to be believed, Lady Gresham lived on no very amicable terms with her husband.

When Hentzner, the German traveller, visited London in 1598, he was struck with the stateliness of the building and "the assemblage of different nations," as well as the quantities of merchandise exposed for sale. And yet, effective as it may have been—and it is not improbable that the extant views fail to do it justice—it was ill-built. The inquest book of the Ward of Cornhill shows that in 1581, within a few years of its completion, it was reported to be "dangerous for those which walk under, part being broken and like to fall down." Another extract from official records quoted by Mr. Deputy White informs us that in 1624 the clock was "presented" for telling stories, the solemn allegation being preferred that though "standing in one of the most public places in the Cittie," it was "the worst kept of any Clocke."

A Word Picture.

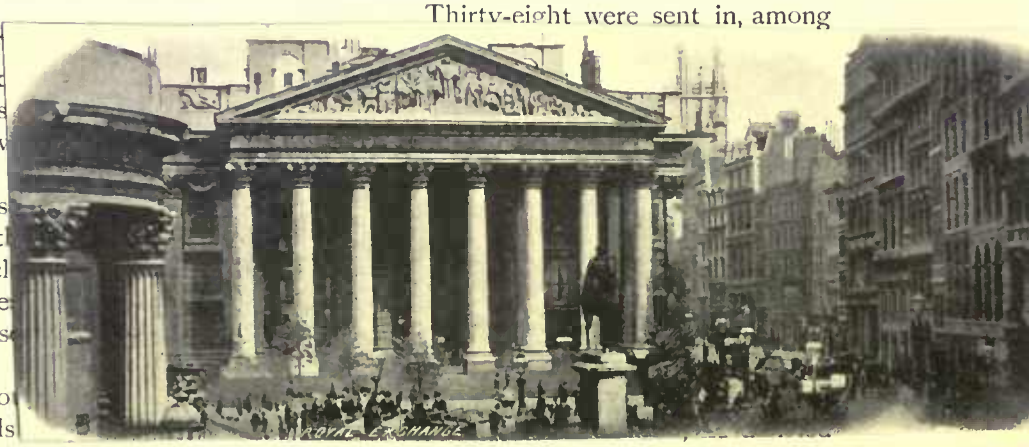
How in the Great Fire the Royal Exchange was attacked, we learn from Vincent, the preacher whose vivid account of the partial destruction of the Guildhall we have quoted. Some of the houses in Cornhill were pulled down, but the timbers were not removed, and this graphic writer makes us see the flames "licking up the whole street as they go; they mount up to the top of the highest houses; they descend down to the bottom of the lowest vaults and cellars, and march along on both sides of the way with such a roaring noise as never was heard in the City of London; no stately building so great as to resist their fury: the Royal Exchange itself, the glory of the merchants, is now invaded with much violence, and when once the fire was entered, how quickly did it run round the galleries, filling them with flames; then came downstairs, compasseth the walks, giving forth flaming volleys, and filleth the court with sheets of fire; by-and-bye, down fell all the kings upon their faces, and the greatest part of the stone building after them." Vincent adds that of the statues the only one which escaped destruction was that of the founder. The flames, it would seem, were visited with a solitary touch of compunction.

The Second Exchange.

The Joint Gresham Committee, constituted then, as now, of twelve members appointed by the Corporation, and twelve by the Mercers' Company, with the Lord Mayor an *ex-officio* member, lost no time in setting to work to replace the Exchange. The fire took place in the first week of September, 1666, and on the 18th of that month they met to consider what should be done. The task of rebuilding was committed to the hands of Edward Jerman, one of the City surveyors, who died before it was finished, as is so often the fate of architects of great buildings. The foundation stone was laid on the 6th of May, 1667, and the stones of columns on the eastern and western sides were laid respectively by the King, the Duke of York, and Prince Rupert. On each of these occasions a banquet was provided, and it is curious to find that, in 1670, the butlers who officiated at the feasts came before the Joint Committee with one consent to complain that the £20 they had received failed to cover their expenses. A further grant of £8 was therefore made to them, the Committee prudently stipulating that this was to be "in full of all demands." The building was to have been opened by the King, but when the day came, the 28th of September, he was unable to be present, and the ceremony was performed by the Lord Mayor, Sir William Turner.

The second Royal Exchange was similar in plan to the first, with a quadrangle, piazzas supporting "pawns," and, in niches above the piazzas, a series of statues of our monarchs looking down into the open courtyard, in the centre of which was a statue of King Charles II., chiselled by Grinling Gibbons. But the design was classical. The principal entrance was in the south or Cornhill front, where was a lofty archway flanked on each side by two Corinthian columns, and surmounted by an imposing clock tower in three stages, the lower of stone, the two upper of timber, the topmost stage rising into a cupola. It was the King's wish that there should be a portico on each of the four sides, but there was difficulty in securing the necessary ground, and this feature was found to be so expensive that the Committee begged Dr. Wren, not yet Sir Christopher, to persuade his Majesty, should he be consulted on the point, that it might be dispensed with on the east and west sides. The Committee also enjoyed the good offices of Sir John Denham, the King's Surveyor-General of Works, and an entry in their minutes records how certain of their number were desired "to make provision of six or eight dishes of meate at the Sun Tavern on Wednesday next to entertain him withal at his coming down, and to present him with thirty guinea pieces of gold, as a token of their gratitude."

The cost of the second Exchange was £58,962, in addition to a sum of £7,017 expended in acquiring additional land. As time went on the building was found to need extensive repair. In 1767 a petition was presented to Parliament, setting forth that it was "so much decayed as to threaten its total demolition unless speedily and effectively repaired," and seeking authority to raise a sum of £10,000 for its renovation. Many thousands of pounds were spent upon it in later years, and in 1821 the tower of the Cornhill front was rebuilt, but was now carried up to a height of only 128 feet against the 178 feet of the old one.



The Second Exchange Destroyed.

It was on the night of
1838, that the second Ex
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upon the new tower abo
presently the eight bells
they had chimed, pitifully enough, "Life let us cherish" and "There's nae Luck aboot the Hoose." Had the wind been from the south, the Bank would almost certainly have shared the fate of its neighbour. As it was, the blaze was big enough for its reflection to be seen at Roydon Mount, near Epping, a distance of eighteen miles, and even at Windsor, twenty-four miles away. Of the statues, curiously enough, that of Gresham was again spared by the flames,* and with it the statue of Charles II. What became of the former I have not been able to discover, nor could Mr. Deputy White throw any light upon its fate.

A Royal Exchange Foundling.

Before passing from the second Royal Exchange we must recall a curious incident connected with it. On the 16th of September, 1787, a child was discovered on the stone steps leading from Lloyd's (p. 161) to Cornhill. Mr. Samuel Birch, the confectioner, who was churchwarden of the parish of St. Michael's Cornhill, made himself responsible for the upbringing of the foundling, who was named Gresham after the original founder of the Exchange, and Michael after the patron saint of the parish. When he grew to man's estate Michael Gresham prospered, established in Sackville Street, Dublin, an hotel to which he lent his surname, and about 1836 sold it for £30,000 and retired to his estate at Raheny Park near Dublin, distinguishing himself by his benevolence and the interest he took in the orphan societies of the Irish capital.

For the third Royal Exchange, the Gresham Committee invited competitive designs. Thirty-eight were sent in, among

him in rebuilding the body of the church of St. Dunstan-in-the-East. After the completion of the Royal Exchange, he occupied himself mainly with the valuation of land for railways and the building of railway stations; but in 1853-4 he planned the Woking Cemetery, and after this built Gresham House, Old Broad Street, and the enormous warehouse of Messrs. Tapling and Co. in Gresham Street. A man of many interests, he represented Bath in the House of Commons, was a Fellow of the Royal Society and the Society of Antiquaries, was an excellent linguist, and founded a scholarship named after him at the City of London School. He died childless, leaving personalty of the value of £400,000.

At an early stage of the arrangements for rebuilding the Exchange, there was a dispute between the Lords of the Treasury and the Corporation which involved the jealously guarded rights of the City. The Treasury Lords demanded that the designs should be submitted to them; the Corporation maintained that as the State was to provide none of the funds, since the building was to be erected at the cost of the Gresham Committee with money to be raised on the credit of the Bridge House Estate, its right of criticism or veto was limited to the site and the approaches. For some time neither side would give way, but at last the Government, not caring probably to incur the odium of delaying an enterprise so necessary to the commerce of the capital, consented to limit their functions to the consideration of the ground plan and the approaches.

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* In its report of the fire, the day afterwards, the *Times* speaks of it as "uninjured."

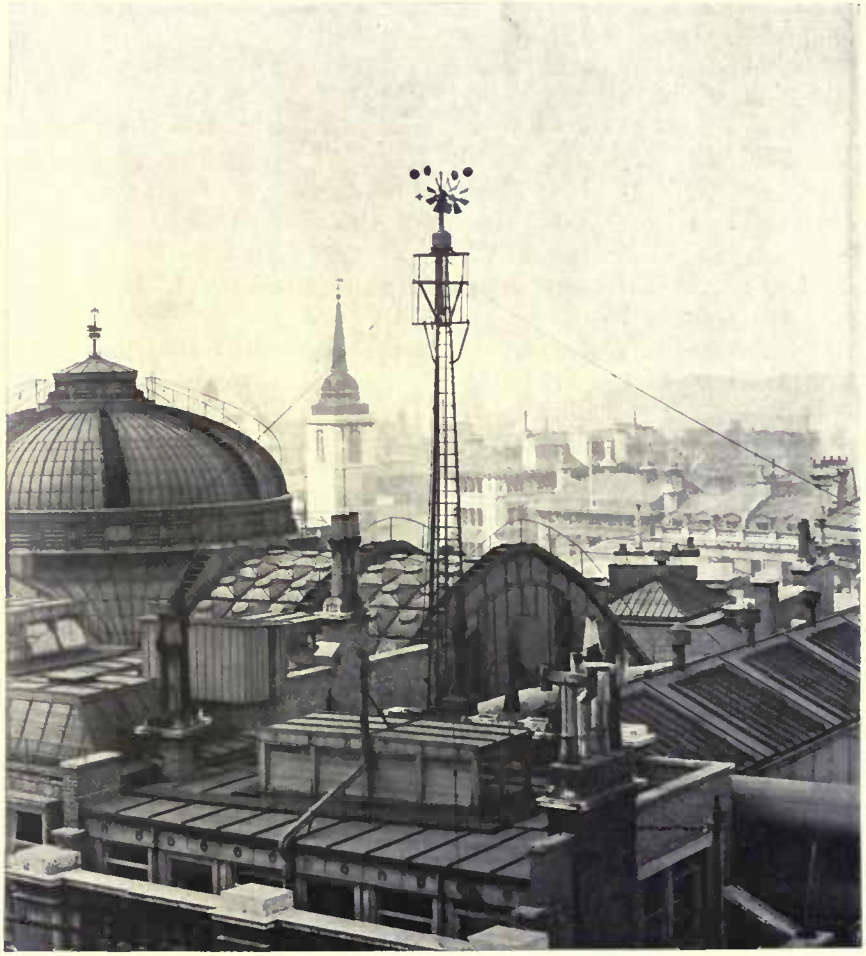


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

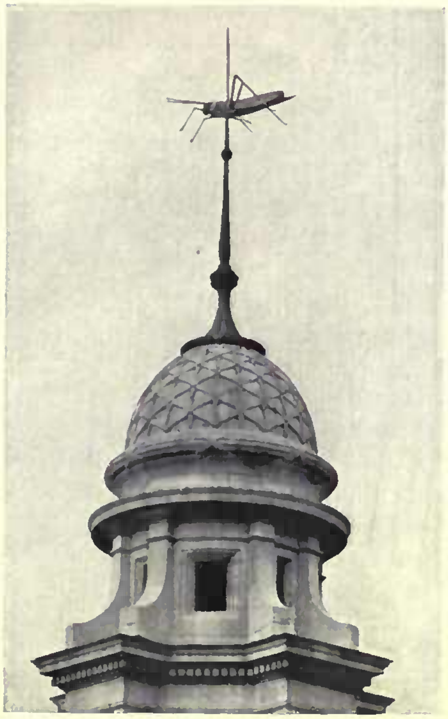
DOME AND ROOF OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, SHOWING THE WHIRLIGIG (*p.* 162).

Roman Relics.

In excavating for the foundations the workmen came upon a huge hole which appeared to have been a gravel-pit in the time of the Romans, and afterwards a receptacle for rubbish. Here were found a large number of Roman remains—coins of various reigns, bits of stucco, painted shards of Samian ware, jars, urns and vases, styles and wooden tablets, terra-cotta lamps, an amphora, artificers' tools, soldiers' sandals, and so forth. They were carefully preserved, and were afterwards catalogued by the learned architect, and they may now be seen in the Guildhall Museum.

It was not till the beginning of 1843 (the 17th of January) that the foundation stone, a huge block of granite weighing nearly four tons, was laid by Prince Albert, who, after the charity children of Broad Street Ward had sung the National Anthem, was conducted by the Lord Mayor to the Mansion House to dine. A beginning once made, rapid progress was effected, and towards the end of the following year (October 28th), the building was opened with great state by Queen Victoria, who was accompanied by the Prince, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord John Russell.

When finally completed, the structure was found to have cost £168,534, and a much larger sum, £233,700, had been expended in enlarging the site and improving the



A RELIC OF THE FIRST ROYAL EXCHANGE: GRESHAM'S GRASSHOPPER.

approaches, alterations which involved the demolition of the church of St. Benet Fink in Threadneedle Street, of the French Protestant Church, of the Bank Buildings, and of Sweeting's Alley—where the Stock Exchange had its quarters before it removed to Capel Court—and the widening of Cornhill, Freeman's Court, and Broad Street.

The Exterior.

The glory of the Royal Exchange, viewed from without, is its noble portico, which, consisting of eight Corinthian columns, with intercolumns and pediment, looks westward. Pity that so fine a façade is in alignment with neither of the great thoroughfares by which it is approached—neither with Cheapside nor with Queen Victoria Street; but it is in no worse case—if that is any consolation—than the even grander west front of St. Paul's. On the frieze is inscribed, ANNO ELIZABETHAE R. XII. CONDITUM: ANNO VICTORIAE R. VIII. RESTAURATUM—a legend which ignores the second Royal Exchange altogether. In the spacious tympanum is allegorical sculpture from the chisel of Richard Westmacott, a crowned figure of Commerce, holding the charter of the Exchange, occupying the centre, and standing upon a pedestal inscribed with the splendid words, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." It is often said that this most apposite motto was selected by Prince Albert, but the truth is, as the architect himself testified, that when the difficulty of suitably relieving the aggressive plainness of the pedestal was mentioned to the Prince, he simply suggested a religious inscription, and it was Milman, the Dean of St. Paul's, to whom belongs the credit of the actual selection.

In the centre of the open space in front of the portico, looking westwards, is Chantrey's bronze equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, cast from captured French cannon. It was the last work of the sculptor, who died before it was finished, and it was unveiled in the year in which the Exchange was opened, on the anniversary of Waterloo.

At the east end the building is considerably wider than the west end, with an entrance dignified by four Corinthian columns, supporting a clock tower 170 feet high. In niches flanking the northern entrance, that from Threadneedle Street, is a statue, by Joseph of Sir Hugh Middleton, the creator of the New River, and another, by Carew, of the great Sir Richard Whittington, who disputes with Gresham the honour of being the most distinguished of Mercers. Behnes's statue of Gresham fills a niche in the front of the clock tower, a position in which the

SIR WILLIAM TITE, ARCHITECT OF THE PRESENT ROYAL EXCHANGE.

By permission of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

founder of London's Bourse has nothing better to do than to stare at the range of offices—Royal Exchange Buildings—opposite. So placed, Gresham, it is to be feared, gets less attention than Sir Rowland Hill, founder of the penny postage system, whose statue, by Onslow Ford, faces Cornhill from the open space between the Royal Exchange and Royal Exchange Buildings, or even than the sitting figure of George Peabody, the American philanthropist, the work of W. W. Story. At the top of the clock tower sprawls the same gilded grasshopper, eleven feet in length, which served as vane to Gresham's Exchange. The clock and the machinery for the chimes were supplied by Dent, but at Sir William Tite's suggestion the number of bells was afterwards increased from nine to fifteen. In June, 1894, the bells came to grief, and the carillon machine, being entirely worn out by its fifty years' service, had to be replaced by a new one, with three interchangeable barrels, each barrel furnishing forth seven tunes—an English, a Scottish, and an Irish set. The chimes are changed weekly, so that each section of the United Kingdom gets its week in turn. The new chimes were set in motion in July, 1895, by the Master of the Mercers' Company, the whole repertory of twenty-one melodies being gone through to the delight of crowds that filled the surrounding streets. The tunes, as given by Mr. Deputy White, are played in the following order, beginning in each case with Monday :—

The Clock and Chimes.

ENGLISH WEEK.

"God Bless the Prince of Wales."
"The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington."
"Rule Britannia."
"Oh dear! What can the Matter be?"
"Tom Bowling."
"God Save the King."
"When I Survey the Wondrous Cross."

SCOTTISH WEEK.

"Auld Lang Syne."
"Kelvin Grove."
"Keel Row."
"The Blue Bells of Scotland."
"Ye Banks and Braes."
"There's nae Luck aboot the Hoose."
"Hanover."

IRISH WEEK.

"Believe me if all."
"The Minstrel Boy."
"The Last Rose of Summer."
"Kathleen Mavourneen."
"The Harp that once through Tara's Halls."
"St. Patrick's Day."
"Abide with me."

Entering the Exchange, one sees that, like Gresham's and Jerman's, it is quadrangular. The square courtyard, as we have said, is paved with the Turkey stones, arranged in patterns, which formed the floor of the first and second Exchanges. At first the courtyard was open to the skies, an arrangement which suggests that our merchants were anxious to have cool heads while doing their business. Very tardily different counsels prevailed, and in 1883 Mr. Charles Barry, son of the architect of the Houses of Parliament, constructed, of glass and stone, at a cost of £20,000, what is, perhaps, the most graceful of modern roofs in the City of London, the centre taking the form of a low dome, while the eastern and western sections are slightly arched. In the middle of the courtyard is a statue of Queen Victoria by Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., which was unveiled by the Lord Mayor, Sir Walter Wilkin, on the 20th of June, 1896, the fifty-ninth anniversary of her accession, to replace one by Lough which had suffered exposure to the weather in the years when the Exchange had no roof. It represents Queen Victoria as she was at the time she opened the Royal Exchange. Crowned and wearing the ribbon and order of the Garter, she is holding in her right hand a sceptre, and in her left a figure of Victory in silvered bronze, alighting on an orb—a sufficiently daring emblem of universal dominion. The statue, of which a model had been approved by the Princess Louise, herself a practitioner of the sculptor's art, was the joint gift of the City Corporation and the Mercers' Company. In the south-east corner is the statue of Charles II. which occupied the centre of the second Exchange and survived the fire of 1838, and in the north-east corner is one of Queen Elizabeth, by Watson. All the monarchs in whose reigns the successive Exchanges were built are therefore represented in the interior.

The Interior.

The ground floor consists of Doric columns and rusticated arches, and above these is a series of Ionic columns with arches and windows. In the keystones of the arches of the upper storey appear the arms of the

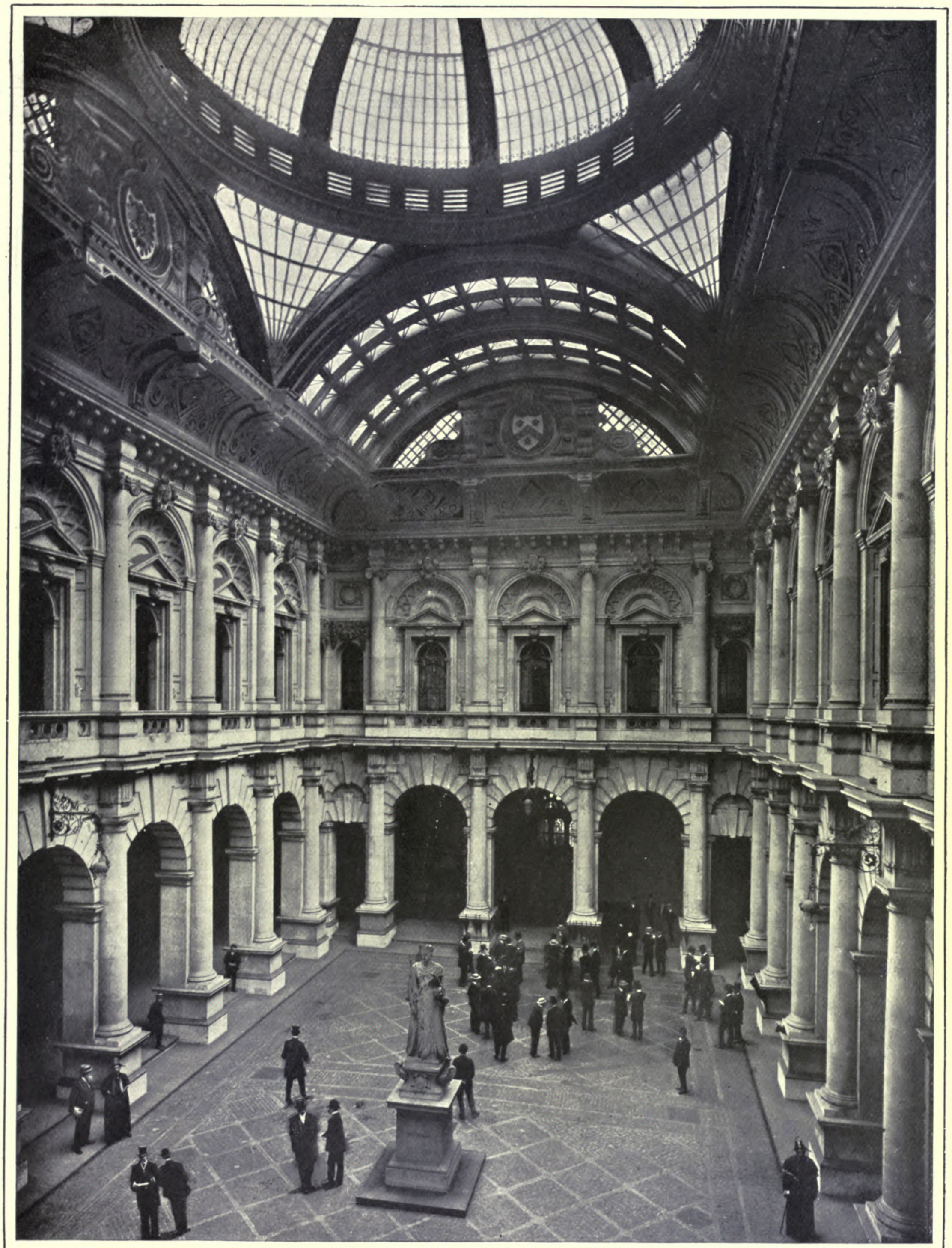


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

INTERIOR OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, SHOWING PART OF THE GRACEFUL ROOF.

principal nations of the world, in the order determined by the Congress of Vienna, the arms of England being in the centre of the eastern side. Just beneath the roof on the northern side is the Maiden's Head of the Mercers' Company, faced on the opposite side by the arms of the City; and in the corresponding position on the eastern side are the arms of Gresham, including the familiar grasshopper. Sown about the interior are familiar mottoes—that of the City Corporation, "Domine dirige nos"; that of the Mercers' Company, "Honor Deo"; and Gresham's, "Fortun—à my." The rooms in the upper storey are occupied as offices by Lloyd's (of which more presently), the Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation, and other companies.

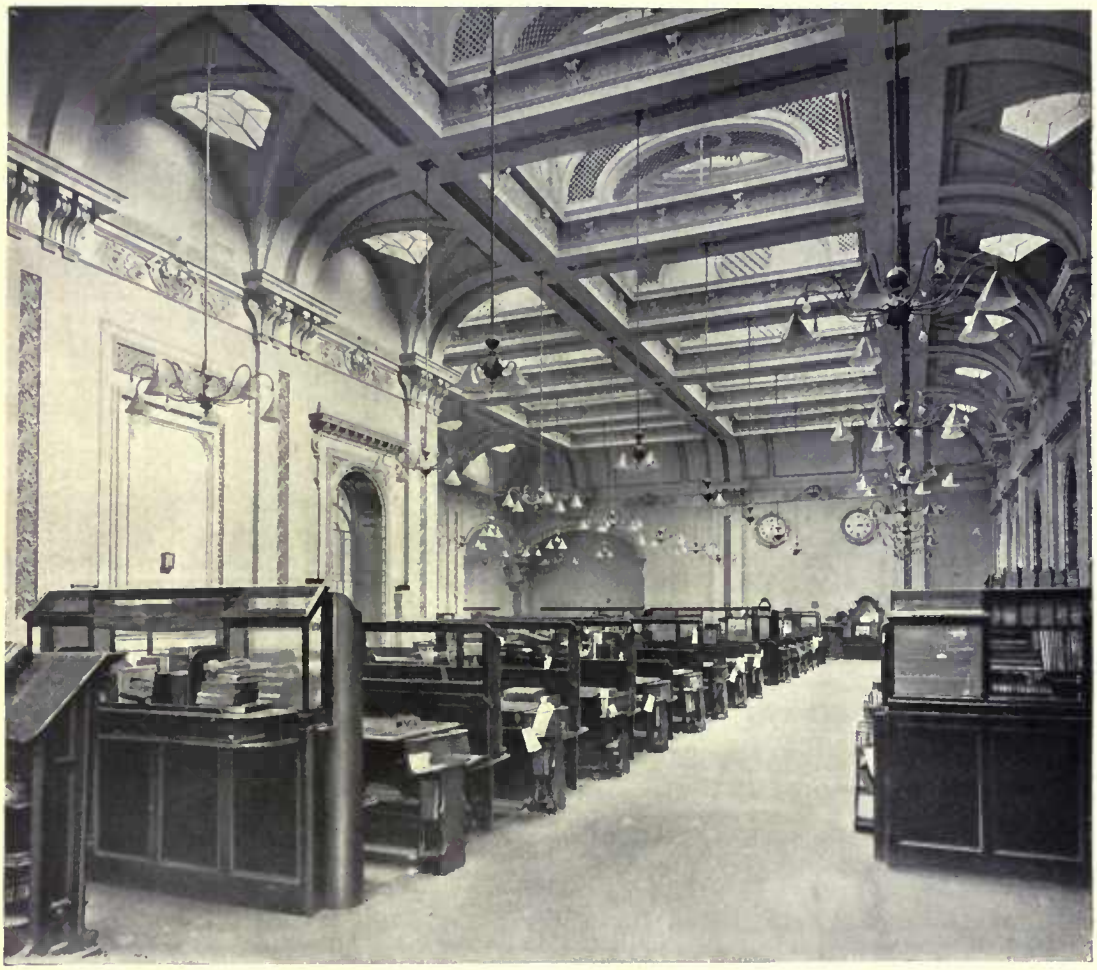


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

LLOYD'S: THE UNDERWRITERS' ROOM.

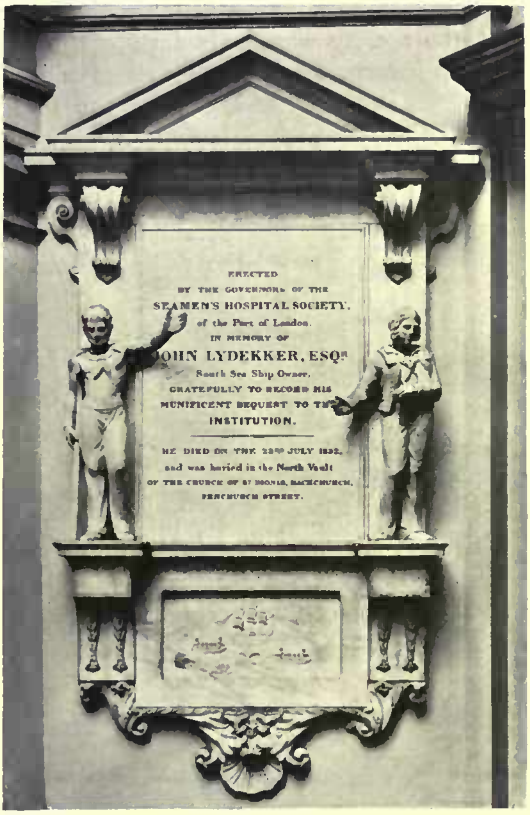
The Ambulatory.

The ceiling of the spacious ambulatory which runs round the courtyard, and the angles and panels, are decorated with a series of encaustic paintings in wax, the work of a Munich artist. The designs include the arms of the nations, emblazoned in their proper colours; those of Edward the Confessor, who granted to the City its first charter, of Edward III., in whose reign London made notable advance in wealth and power, of Queen Elizabeth and of Charles II.; and the arms of the three Mayors and of the three Masters of the Mercers' Company in whose terms of office the present Exchange was built, with those of the architect and of the then chairman of the Gresham Committee, Mr. R. L. Jones. So far the colours have successfully endured the test of time, though they form a scheme somewhat lacking in vividness.

But in these later days the ambulatory has been beautified with another and more glow-

"Frescoes."

ing scheme of colour. In 1895 the late Lord Leighton presented to the Royal Exchange his canvas "The Phœnicians Trading with the Early Britons on the Coast of Cornwall," which was attached to the panel of the ambulatory just inside the chief entrance on the left-hand side. Of the twenty-four panels many others are now similarly embellished with specimens of the work of Seymour Lucas, Ernest Crofts, S. J. Solomon, Stanhope Forbes, Edwin A. Abbey, Robert Macbeth, and other artists, and the work of beautification will be continued until the whole series is completed. The pictures, though not literally frescoes, since they are canvases, are said to be painted in a medium not less durable than that of frescoes proper. The one which secures perhaps the greatest notice, by reason of its vivid colouring and dramatic treatment, is that in which Mr. Stanhope Forbes depicts riverside dwellers at the time of the Great Fire escaping in boats. High up on the banks are gabled houses fiercely burning, and a great cloud of purplish smoke is drifting across the river. The subject was particularly appropriate for a picture of which the donors were the Sun Fire Office, for it was owing to the Great Fire that the fire insurance system was originated. Moreover, it was almost on the exact spot where the picture is placed that for nearly 130 years the old Sun Fire Office stood. It is only of late years, and owing mainly to the attraction of the frescoes, that the general public in any numbers have cared to enter the Royal Exchange. The only restriction upon the right of entry is from half-past one to half-past two on Tuesdays and Thursdays, when bill exchange business is in full swing, and ladies, for some occult reason, are not admitted. Apart from this the busiest hour on 'Change is from half-past three, when the produce merchants hold the floor.



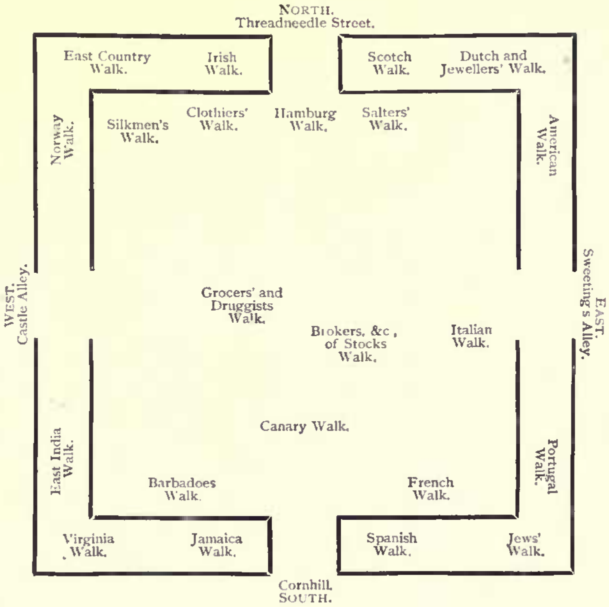
THE LYDEKKER MEMORIAL IN LLOYD'S.

A series of rooms at the west end of the Exchange is occupied by the Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation, which has a long history, having received a royal charter in 1720. At the east end is the entrance to the offices of a yet more famous corporation—Lloyd's. Here, in spacious and handsome chambers running along the north side of the Exchange—the Captains' Room, the Merchants' Room, the Underwriters' Room, and so forth — the members of the corporation carry on the business of marine insurance, to which are added the protection of the interests of members of the corporation in respect of shipping and cargoes and freight, and the collection, publication, and diffusion of intelligence with respect to shipping. Lloyd's is, in fact, in conjunction with Lloyd's Register—a quite separate institution, established in Fenchurch Street, of which some account will be found in a later chapter—as truly the centre of the mercantile marine of the world as the Admiralty is the centre of the British Navy. It is named after one of those coffee-houses which in the seventeenth century were frequented by merchants and sea-captains. In 1688 Edward Lloyd was carrying on his coffee-house in Tower Street; in 1692 he removed to Lombard Street, and in 1696 he established a paper, *Lloyd's News*, afterwards styled *Lloyd's List*, for the shipping interest. In 1770 those engaged in the business of marine insurance—underwriters they were and are now called—and those who do business with them banded themselves together into a society which bought *Lloyd's List* and took offices in Pope's Head Alley. Four years later they moved into the second Royal Exchange, which they continued to occupy until the building perished. When the present Exchange was completed they took possession of the rooms they still occupy. In 1811 the society was reorganised, and in 1871 it was incorporated by Act of Parliament.

Lloyd's Bell.

Lloyd's has its agents in all the shipping ports in the world, who send to headquarters immediate news of the arrival or departure of the ships of all nations, as well as of wrecks and casualties. Every important piece of information is at once posted up, and entered in the index, and a summary of each day's shipping news is given in *Lloyd's List*. When any news of importance has to be announced—the loss of a vessel, it may be, or the tidings that it has been sighted after having been given up for lost—the crier tolls a bell, and having thus secured silence, tells his story, which is sometimes the occasion of "a scene." The bell which figures in this ceremony belonged to an old frigate, the *Lutine*, which in 1770 foundered off the Dutch Coast, carrying with her to the bottom a fortune in British treasure. Many years later a part of this treasure was recovered, and Lloyd's acquired the bell of the ship and some of its timbers, out of which were made a table and chairs for the use of the members.

Mounting the stairs, one comes to a vestibule in which are a statue of William Huskisson by Gibson, and another of the Prince Consort by Lough, the latter erected, as its inscription sets forth, "by the merchants, bankers, and underwriters of London to commemorate the laying of the first stone of the new Royal Exchange." There is also a memorial of Captain Lydekker, a South Sea shipowner, who bequeathed upwards of £50,000 to the Merchant Seamen's Society; and a tablet on the walls commemorates the public spirit of the *Times* in exposing a fraudulent conspiracy. The most interesting of the rooms in which the business of Lloyd's is carried on is perhaps the Underwriters' Room. Here, elevated on desks are the famous "Lloyd's Books," two huge ledger-like volumes, of which one records the arrival of ships in the various ports, the other the losses and accidents. In this room is an anemometer, which, animated by the whirligig appliance to be seen from Cornhill high above the roof of the Exchange, automatically records the force and direction of the wind.


NORTH.
Threadneedle Street.
East Country Walk.
Irish Walk.
Scotch Walk.
Dutch and Jewellers' Walk.
Norway Walk.
Silkmen's Walk.
Clothiers' Walk.
Hamburg Walk.
Salters' Walk.
American Walk.
WEST. Castle Alley.
Grocers' and Druggists Walk.
Brokers, &c., of Stocks Walk.
Italian Walk.
EAST. Sweeting's Alley.
Canary Walk.
East India Walk.
Portugal Walk.
Barbadoes Walk.
French Walk.
Virginia Walk.
Jamaica Walk.
Spanish Walk.
Jews' Walk.
Cornhill.
SOUTH.

PLAN OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE IN 1837.

CHAPTER XV

THE STOCK EXCHANGE

Beginnings of Stockbroking—The Corporation's Impost—In 'Change Alley—In Sweeting's Alley—The Present Buildings—The De Berenger Fraud and Lord Cochrane—Nathan Meyer Rothschild—Abraham Goldsmid—Not One but Two—Defaulting Members—A Great Crash—Outsiders—Flamboyant Patriotism

Stockbrokers in the Royal Exchange.

AT first the dealers in stocks and shares carried on their operations in the Royal Exchange, not the present structure of that name, but its immediate predecessor, destroyed by fire in 1838. The quadrangular courtyard of this, the second Royal Exchange, was divided into "Walks," the Hamburg Walk, the French Walk, the Spanish Walk, the Barbadoes Walk, and so forth, and the Walk for the brokers of stocks was just on the east side of the statue of Charles II., which occupied the centre of the quadrangle, as the statue of Queen Victoria occupies the centre of the quadrangle of the present Royal Exchange.

Origins of Stockbroking.

In his entertaining works on the Stock Exchange,* from which some of the following facts are derived, Mr. Charles Duguid points out that stockbrokers made their first appearance upon the commercial stage at the end of the seventeenth century, the age in which the national bank—the Bank of England—was established and the National Debt was floated. The abuses to which this kind of business is liable at once began to manifest themselves, and in 1697 an Act was passed to check them. It prescribed heavy penalties for brokers acting as such without the licence of the Lord Mayor and the Court of Aldermen. The stockbroker must not only take out his licence, but was compelled to carry a badge of his calling in the form of a silver medal inscribed with his name, and bearing on one side the royal arms and on the other side the arms of the City, and this medal had to be produced at the completion of every bargain. If he dealt in Government funds he had to obtain a further licence from the Lords of the Treasury; and whatever the nature of his transactions, his brokerage was limited to ten shillings per cent., under a penalty of twenty times that amount for each instance in which it was exceeded, while the number of brokers was restricted to one hundred. This oppressive measure remained in operation for ten years, and was then replaced by an Act which simply imposed upon brokers a tax of forty shillings per annum, payable to the City authorities. Soon afterwards, however, the brokerage limit was cut down to 2s. 9d. per cent. The new Act presently became inoperative, but it was not expunged from the statute-book until 1867.

One curious feature of the history of the Stock Exchange is that for a long period the number of Jewish stockbrokers was limited to a dozen. The result was, of course, the keenest competition for the City's licences, and in the days when most men engaged in public life had their price, competitors were prepared to bribe on a lavish scale anyone who had influence with the Corporation. The brilliant but impecunious Wilkes, who was Lord Mayor in 1774, counted upon such bribes as one of the perquisites of his office, and when there was a prospect of a vacancy arising in the Hebrew band his eager inquiries after the progress of one sufferer became the jest of the town, and provoked the latter's son to accuse him of desiring his father's death. "My dear young fellow," Wilkes replied, "you wrong me. I would rather see all the Jew brokers dead than your father!" Who could gainsay that?

The annual tax of forty shillings which went into the City's coffers, together with an annual fee of £3, provoked remonstrance

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* "The Story of the Stock Exchange," 1901 (Grant Richards), and "The Stock Exchange," 1904 (Methuen and Co.).

The Corporation and the Stock Exchange.

again and again, and in later days, when stockbrokers came to be numbered by the hundred, the impost produced a considerable sum, whereas the City rendered no service to the Stock Exchange, the control it once exercised having entirely fallen into abeyance. The grievance therefore became a substantial one. But the City has always been tenacious of its privileges, and it was not till 1884 that the Corporation consented to the promotion of a Bill which deprived it of a revenue of from £8,000 to £10,000.

DOMINE DIRIGE NOS
DIEU
DROIT

A STOCKBROKER'S BADGE (*p.* 163).

But this is to anticipate, and we must go back to the early days of London's Money Market. The stockbrokers had not long installed themselves in their "Walk" in the Royal Exchange before the merchants began to clamour for their expulsion. Their numbers were rapidly growing, and their way of doing business lacked restraint. The Gresham Committee adopted a harrying policy, and in 1698 the dealers in money shook the dust of the Turkey stones of the Royal Exchange from their feet and migrated to Exchange Alley, or, as it has come to be called, 'Change Alley, a winding street named after the Exchange, and separated from it by Cornhill. Here they had no house of their own, but took refuge as occasion required in the coffee-houses, and especially in Jonathan's and Garraway's.

In 'Change Alley.

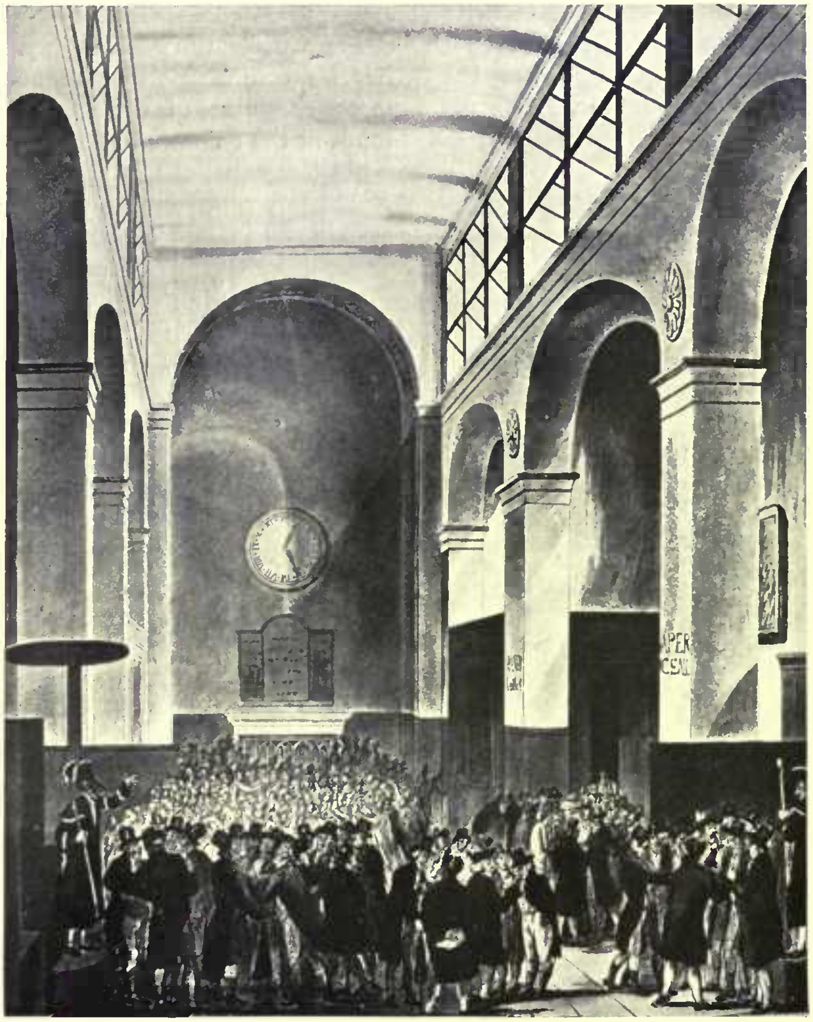
On Lady Day in 1748, Change Alley was the scene of a destructive fire, which made a clean sweep of Jonathan's and Garraway's, but both were at once rebuilt, and stockbroking went merrily on. In 1762 certain of the stockbrokers, to the number of about a hundred and fifty, formed themselves into a club at Jonathan's, and eleven years later they removed to Sweeting's Alley, in Threadneedle Street, over against the north-east angle of the Royal Exchange. Here they established themselves in a building which was used partly as a coffee-house, but over the door of which were inscribed the words, "The Stock Exchange."

In Sweeting's Alley.

The new Stock Exchange styled itself "the House," as the present Stock Exchange does, and its affairs were administered then, as now, by a Committee for General Purposes, which settled disputes and laid down rules for the conduct of business. That the stockbrokers who forgathered in Sweeting's Alley were a lively set is to be inferred from what we may read in "The Bank Mirror," a publication which appeared in the last decade of the eighteenth century. The writer gives an almost endless list of the cries that were to be heard, and then proceeds to sum them up. "The noise of the screech-owl," he says, "the howling of the wolf, the barking of the mastiff, the grunting of the hog, the braying of the ass, the nocturnal wooing of the cat, the hissing of the snake, the croaking of toads, frogs and grasshoppers—all those, in unison, could not be more hideous than the noise which these beings make in the Stock Exchange." What a notion of unison the writer must have had !

"The House."

In Sweeting's Alley the Stock Exchange remained until the end of the century. Then the need for more organisation and for larger accommodation became imperative, a capital of £20,000 was raised, members were elected by ballot, property was acquired in Capel Court, which, named after Sir William Capel, Lord Mayor in 1504, was bounded, as it is now, by Threadneedle Street on the south, by Throgmorton Street on the north, and by Bartholomew Lane on the west, and the building was opened early in 1802. Another step in the way of organisation was taken in 1812, when the rules of the Stock Exchange were for the first time printed.



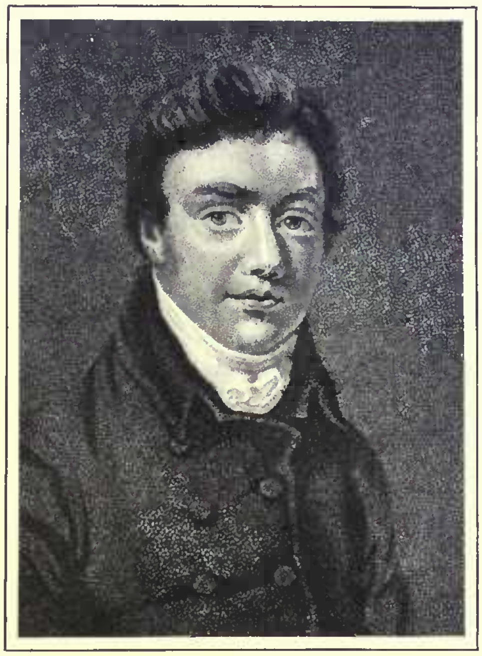
THE STOCK EXCHANGE IN CAPEL COURT.
From a Print in the Guildhall Library.

In Capel Court.

By the middle of the nineteenth century the accommodation, in spite of extensions, had once more become totally inadequate. The managers, therefore, decided upon an entire reconstruction. Adjoining property was acquired, and the new works were begun in 1853. For what remained of this year and a part of the next, business was conducted in the Hall of Commerce, Threadneedle Street. The building in which members assembled in March, 1854, is what is now known as the Old House. For though extensions were from time to time carried out, the Stock Exchange was always more or less overcrowded, and in the 'eighties the New House had to be undertaken. At the beginning of this decade plots of land in Old Broad Street and Throgmorton Street were acquired, and the new building was erected, with entrances in Throgmorton Street and Old Broad Street, and was opened on the 9th of January, 1885. Further extensions, though not on the same scale, have since had to be undertaken. The Settling Room and the House itself were enlarged in 1889, and further works have had to be carried out at various times. The builder might, indeed, consider himself "a member," by virtue of almost unintermittent occupation.

The Strange Case of Lord Cochrane.

A few years after the dealers in money removed to Capel Court there was contrived one of the many frauds of which the Stock Exchange has been the theatre—a fraud which stands out from among all the rest because it had dire consequences for one of the greatest of British sailors, the man who in dash and daring was hardly second even to Nelson. We may therefore retell the strange story in some detail. In 1813 Lord Cochrane, afterwards Earl of Dundonald—grandfather, by the way, of the present Earl, the gallant soldier who rode across the desert with the news of Gordon's death, and who distinguished himself as a cavalry leader in the Boer War—received the command of the *Tonnant* from his uncle, Sir Alexander Cochrane, Commander-in-Chief of the North American Station. Before he could set sail, something happened which turned awry the current of his career. On the 21st of February a man dressed in the uniform of a volunteer, and giving himself out to be Lieutenant-Colonel de Bourg, aide-de-camp of Lord Cathcart, presented himself at Dover and announced that he had just crossed the Channel bringing with him the news that Napoleon had been defeated and that the Allies had entered Paris. He then posted to London, taking every possible means of circulating his story, which was not long in reaching the Stock Exchange and sending up the funds with a bound. The same news was brought to London the same day by others, including two persons dressed as French officers who drove slowly over London Bridge in a post-chaise, scattering billets announcing not merely the fall of Paris but the death of Napoleon. They then paraded Cheapside and Fleet Street, crossed Blackfriars Bridge into Lambeth, got out and disappeared, as De Bourg had done.

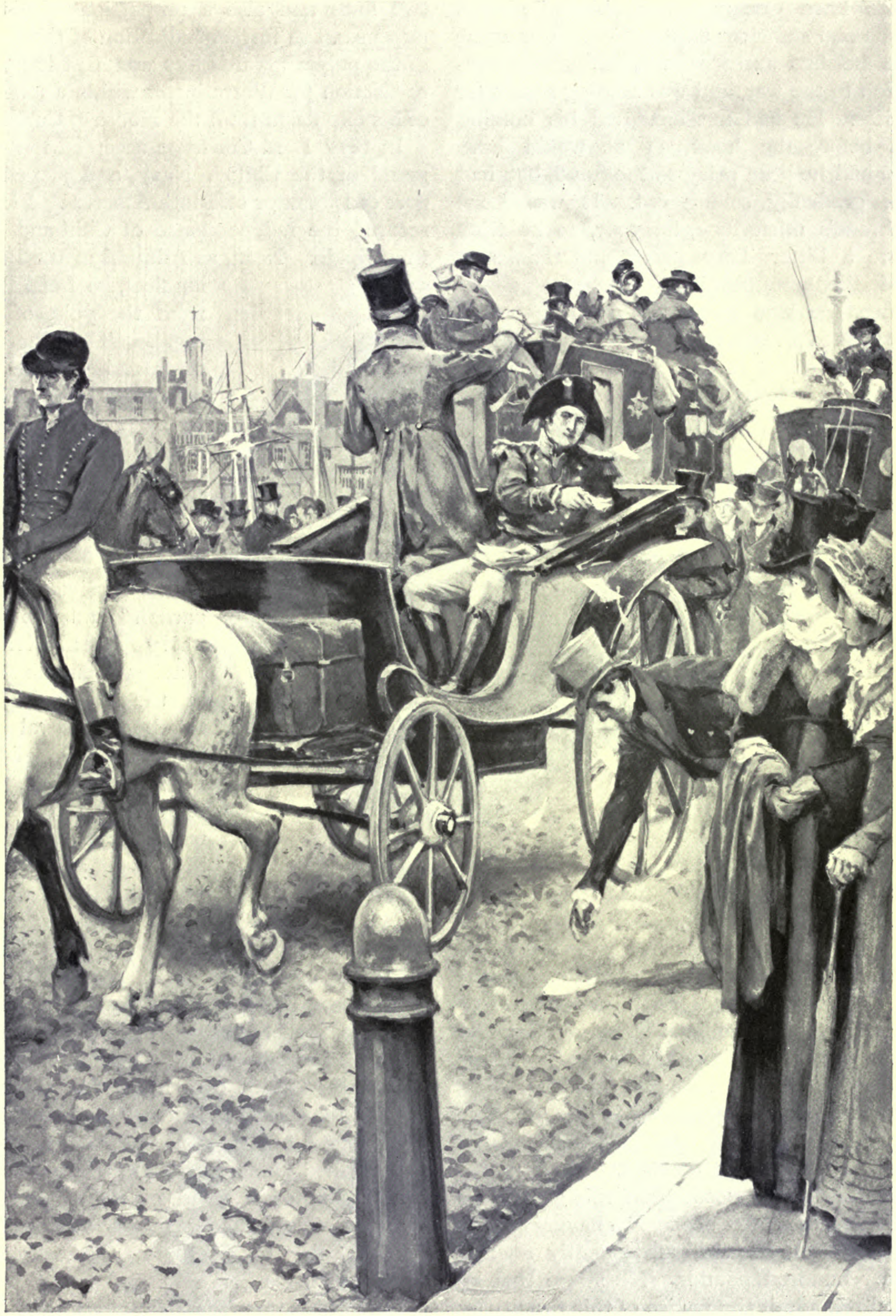


LORD COCHRANE.

From an Engraving in the Print Room, British Museum.

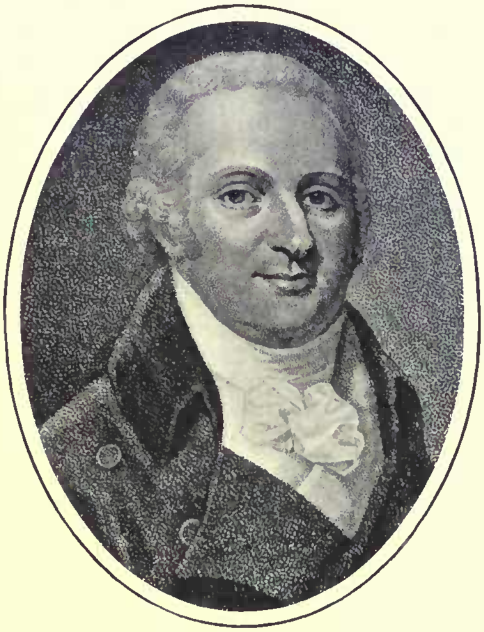
For a while, the good tidings was believed, but no confirmation came and at last the most sanguine of those who had bought funds at the enhanced prices had to see that they had been hoaxed. Now it so chanced that some weeks before this, Lord Cochrane had given instructions to his stockbroker to sell consols when they reached a certain figure, and when the prices rose as a result of the hoax, the instructions were acted upon. Most unfortunately for Cochrane, he had made the acquaintance of "De Bourg," whose real name was De Berenger, the man having been recommended to him as a skilled rifle instructor and pyrotechnist. After disseminating his false news De Berenger had driven in a carriage to Lord Cochrane's house to beg him to release him from the clutches of his creditors, by taking him to America in the *Tonnant.* On learning the part which De Berenger had played in the swindle Lord Cochrane gave information which led to his arrest. But this did not save himself from suspicion and formal accusation. He had made many enemies, political as well as professional, and fate seemed to be in league with his foes to bring him to disgrace and ruin. Among those who had profited from the conspiracy was an uncle of his, who had assumed the name of Johnstone. Worse still was the fact that he himself had to some slight extent been advantaged by the swindle, shares which stood in his name having been sold at the enhanced prices on the day of the fraud.

Of this, as of every other suspicious circum-



THE DE BERENGER FRAUD: PSEUDO-FRENCH OFFICERS SCATTERING BILLETS ANNOUNCING THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON (*p.* 166).

stance Lord Cochrane was able to give a simple and sufficient explanation. For some time he had anticipated a favourable conclusion to the war, and was holding shares for the rise. He had not increased his holding just before the hoax, as he would have done had he been privy to the fraud, but had been gradually selling out. It was Lord Cochrane's misfortune, however, to be tried before a bitter Tory judge, and, thanks to Lord Ellenborough's influence, he was found guilty, fined £1,000, sentenced to stand in the pillory and to endure a year's imprisonment; and this penalty carried with it his dismissal from the Navy and his expulsion from the House of Commons. He was stripped also of his orders of knighthood, and his banner was torn down from his stall as a Knight of the Bath and contumeliously kicked out of Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey by the public executioner. The Government, however, were afraid to put their victim into the pillory, but they saw to it that he served his year's imprisonment, which was made exceptionally rigorous on the ground that he had escaped from custody. Even at the end of the year's imprisonment Lord Cochrane was not released till he had paid his fine, and to this day is preserved in the Bank of England, in a frame, the thousand pound note which secured his release.


ABRAHAM GOLDSMID.
From a Print by Ridler.

Nor did the persecution of this greatly ill-used man cease even now. For having broken out of prison he was subsequently fined a further hundred pounds. He swore that he would not admit the justice of this penalty by paying the fine, his contention having been that, as a Member of Parliament, his arrest was illegal, and no doubt he would have been as good as his word. But a penny subscription among working men and others was started, and the sum thus raised was sufficient to defray the two fines and also a proportion of his law expenses. A further indication of the feeling of the public towards him was his triumphant re-election for Westminster within a few days of his expulsion from the House of Commons.

In 1817 Lord Cochrane accepted the command of the Chilian Navy, and played the part of Liberator of South America. First he secured the independence of Chili and Peru from Spain. Next, as Admiral of the Brazilian fleet, he freed Brazil from the yoke of Portugal. Then he took command of the disorganised Greek Navy. In 1831 he succeeded his father as Earl of Dundonald, and with the accession of King William and the formation of a Whig Ministry he received a "free pardon" and was gradually rehabilitated. Having been reinstated in the Navy he rose to be Admiral and Rear-Admiral of the United Kingdom. But to the last he never received the arrears of his pay, and though reinstated in the Order of the Bath his banner was not replaced in Henry VII.'s Chapel till after his death. In his will, made in the year of his death, 1860, he concludes with a pathetic reference to his disgrace: "I leave exclusively to my grandson, Douglas," he wrote with his own hand, "all the sums due to me by the British Government for my important services, as well as the sums of pay stopped (under perjured evidence) for the commission of a fraud on the Stock Exchange. Given under my trembling hand this 21st day of February, 1860, the anniversary of my ruin."

In 1877 Lyon Playfair, afterwards Lord Playfair, who had been a personal friend of Lord Dundonald's, obtained the appointment of a Select Committee to investigate the question of the arrears of salary. The Committee were perfectly satisfied of Lord Dundonald's innocence, but from lack of evidence they hesitated as to their report until Playfair showed them, individually and confidentially, a letter which had been entrusted to him. Thereupon they brought in a report recommending that the Treasury pay the Admiral's grandson the arrears. This was done, and so at last, after many days, reparation, as far as reparation was possible, was made to the name and fame of a deeply wronged man.

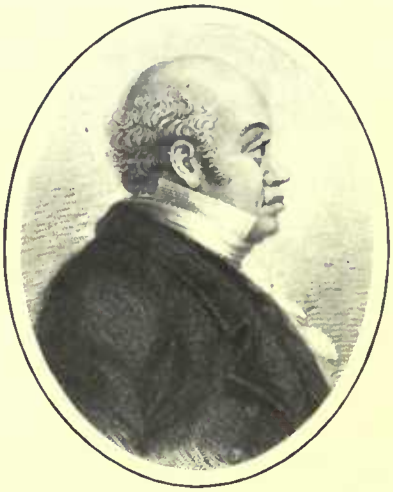
A Romance.

Not, however, until Lord Playfair's "Memoirs and Correspondence" was given to the world by the late Sir Wemyss Reid, was it known outside a small circle of friends that Lord Cochrane had encountered disgrace and ruin as the result of his own chivalrous reticence. The romantic story must be given in Lord Playfair's own words. "In 1814," he wrote, "Lord Dundonald and Lady X. were in love, and, though they did not marry, always held each other in great esteem for the rest of their lives. Old Lady X. was still alive in 1877, and she sent me a letter through young Lord Cochrane, the grandson, authorising me to use it as I thought best. The letter was yellow with age, but had been carefully preserved. It was written by Lord Dundonald and was dated from the prison on the night of his committal. It tried to console the lady by the fact that the guilt of a near relative of hers was not suspected, while the innocence of the writer was his support and consolation. The old lady must have had a terrible trial. It was hard to sacrifice the reputation of her relative; it was harder still to see injustice resting upon her former lover. Lord Dundonald loved her, and had received much kindness from her relative, so he suffered calumny and the injustice of nearly two generations rather than tell the true story of his wrongs." This letter it was that Playfair showed in confidence to the members of the Select Committee. He adds that he had long suspected the truth, but had never heard it from Lord Dundonald himself.

Nathan Meyer Rothschild.

Perhaps the greatest figure ever seen on the Stock Exchange was Nathan Meyer Rothschild, the eldest son of Meyer Amschel Rothschild, of Frankfort. In 1797 he came to these shores with a capital of £20,000 and an absolute ignorance of the English tongue. He settled at Manchester, convinced himself that that city was too small a province for such a mind as his, and in 1805, having been naturalised the year before, came to London. Soon after this the Prince of Hesse-Cassel deposited a sum of £600,000 with his father, who sent the money on to Nathan. "I had £600,000 arrive unexpectedly," the latter afterwards said, "and I put it to so good use that the Prince made me a present of all his wine and linen."

Rothschild was a merchant as well as a stockbroker, but the Stock Exchange it was that furnished the field for the most effective exercise of his financial genius. He was full of "stratagems," which brought him the most abundant "spoils." If he possessed news calculated to make the funds rise, he would commission the brokers who usually acted for him to sell, say, half a million. When it was known that he was unloading it would be supposed that he had early news of some event that would depress the market, there would be a panic, and prices would fall two or three per cent. At this stage Rothschild would commission large purchases, say, to the amount of a million and a half, from brokers who were not known to do business for him. By the time these purchases were effected the good news would come in, there would be an immediate rise in the funds, and at the enhanced price the great financier would sell again, and thus in transactions that occupied but a few days he would sweep in from £35,000 to £50,000. More than once, indeed, he is said to have made



NATHAN MEYER ROTHSCHILD.
From an Engraving in the Print Room, British Museum.

upwards of a hundred thousand pounds on one account.

When Rothschild died in 1836, he left behind him a colossal fortune of which effective use has been made by his sagacious descendants. For one of the greatest of his rivals, Abraham Goldsmid, a Jewish financier, born in Holland about the year 1756, a different fate was reserved. After a brilliant career, in which almost everything he touched turned to gold, he joined the Barings in contracting for the Government loan of fourteen millions issued in 1810. When Sir Francis Baring died the "bears" felt that their chance had come, and under their persistent attacks the loan depreciated. Seeing that he was a ruined man Goldsmid gathered together his friends at his house in Surrey on the 28th of September and made away with himself. His brother Benjamin, who was a victim of melancholia, had committed suicide two years before. The news of Abraham's death caused Consols to drop from 65½ to 63½. Ten years later, the Goldsmid firm having succeeded in paying 16s. 6d. in the pound, the creditors successfully appealed to Parliament to cancel the remaining liabilities, those due to private persons as well as those owing to the Government.

Abraham Goldsmid.

Many are the stories told of Abraham Goldsmid's generosity. Meeting with a carriage accident in Somersetshire he was nursed for a fortnight in the house of a poor curate. Soon after his guest had left, the curate received a letter informing him that his name had been put down for £20,000 omnium—that is, a mixture of the various kinds of Government securities. Supposing that he had to find the £20,000, the poor curate wrote to say that he hadn't so much as £20 in the world. The next post brought him a letter from Goldsmid, enclosing a cheque for £1,500, the profit on the sale of the £20,000 worth of stock, the price having risen to that extent since his name was put down. It is said that in the drawers of this generous-minded financier were found I.O.U.'s of the aggregate value of £100,000, torn up as waste paper.

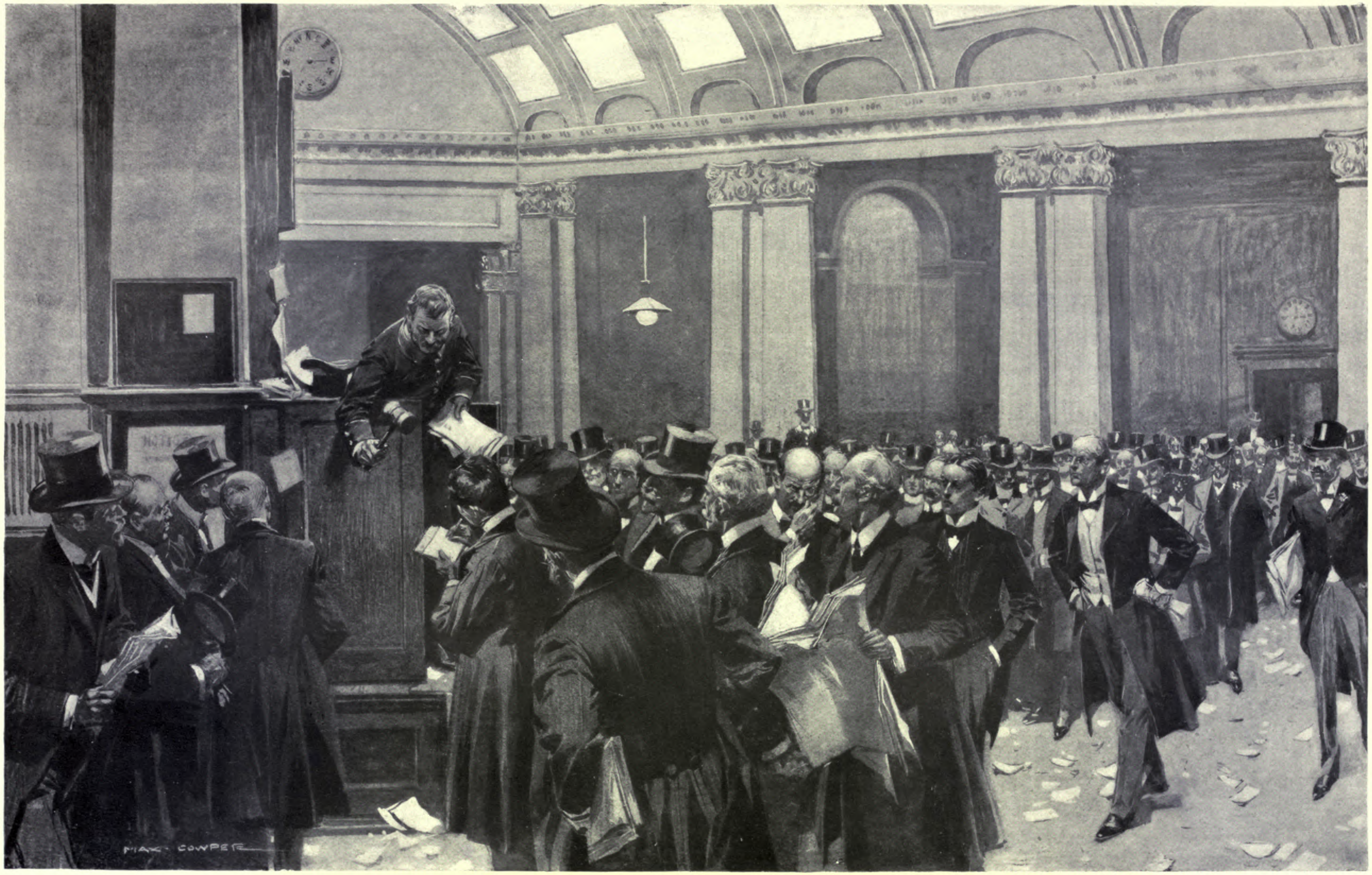
A Generous Financier.

The Stock Exchange is not one entity but two. One body consists of the proprietors, shareholders to whom the building belongs, and who divide among themselves the profit accruing from the management of the undertaking. All of them belong also to the other body, the members or subscribers, but *quâ* shareholders they have no right of entry into the building. To the members or subscribers the Stock Exchange is a place for the transaction of business. By them is chosen the Committee for General Purposes, who have the sole control over the business of the House and the conduct of its members, appoint the official assignees, prescribe the conditions upon which persons are eligible to become subscribers, and vote by ballot for or against the admission of candidates. The shareholders, on the other hand, elect the Managers, who have exclusive control over the income and expenditure as well as over the building and all its arrangements, and who appoint all the officials except the official assignees and the Secretary to the Committee for General Purposes.

The Stock Exchange not One but Two.

The Committee for General Purposes is strict in enforcing the rule that any member unable to fulfil his financial engagements is publicly declared a defaulter and ceases to be a member, and the same penalty is enforced in cases in which private arrangements are made with creditors, should the Committee come to know of such arrangements. Nor can one whose membership has thus lapsed be readmitted until he has paid at least 6s. 8d. in the pound from his own resources, apart from any sums received from his sureties, and he is expected to make up any deficiency until 20s. in the pound has been paid and he has obtained a full discharge. No doubt it does well to lean to the side of severity, hard as in special cases this may be for the victims of misfortune which may have been quite unmerited. By one of those expressive colloquialisms of which the Stock Exchange is prolific the public declaration of a member's default is known as "hammering." Two waiters, with uncovered heads, simultaneously smite thrice with a small hammer on the side of a stand in different parts of the House. The fateful knell secures immediate silence, and the waiters, mentioning the defaulter's name, announce that he cannot comply with his bargains. Then a notice to the same purport is posted in "the House" and communicated to the Press.

"Hammering."



" HAMMERED ! "

From a Drawing by Max Cowper.

A Great Crash.

One of the greatest crashes of late years was that of the group of companies of which the engineer was the late Whittaker Wright. On Friday, the 28th of December, 1900, it was known that the cheques of the London and Globe Finance Corporation had been dishonoured, and the next day, Saturday, the 29th of December, member after member of the Stock Exchange was "hammered." Altogether, thirteen Stock Exchange firms, numbering thirty members, went down in the disaster. The late Marquis of Dufferin, most brilliant and most courtly of our diplomatists, was, unfortunately for himself and many others, the chairman of the corporation, but it was never suggested that he was anything more than a victim of the plausible, daring and utterly unscrupulous man who was the animating and controlling spirit of the whole concern. The Government declined to prosecute Whittaker Wright, but the law was put in motion by others, and, brought to trial in 1904 at the Law Courts, to which the venue had been removed from the Old Bailey upon his own application, he was found guilty and sentenced to a term of penal servitude. A few minutes afterwards, while awaiting removal to prison, he contrived to swallow a deadly drug and so did justice upon himself.

Outsiders.

From the Stock Exchange, unlike the Royal Exchange, the public is rigidly excluded, though it is not now the custom, if ever it was, to hustle and harry any stranger who may innocently stray in. In the sketch of the Stock Exchange by one of its members, Mr. G. D. Ingall, he records that only twice within his recollection has any violence been offered to outsiders. On the first occasion the intruder brought it upon himself by his contumacy. He was a foreigner who refused to depart when ordered to do so, and none but a precisian for law and order would blame the members who in these circumstances surrounded him, chaffed him, knocked off his hat, tugged at his coat-tails, and made him so furious that he challenged to mortal combat the meekest-looking member he could see. On the second occasion Captain Webb was brought in accompanied by a policeman. The latter's presence was resented, and the more exuberant members were not content to honour their visitor until they had bonneted the officer, torn his clothes, relieved him of his wand of office, and sent him flying out of the door. More recently, in 1908, a panic was created in the "House" by a stranger who as soon as he had made his way in drew a revolver and fired three shots, two on the floor and a third which struck a member but was turned aside by a pencil in his pocket. Before the intruder could use his weapon further he was seized and handed over to the police. He was found to be not responsible for his actions, and was placed under medical supervision.

During the Boer War the Stock Exchange, though it suffered heavily then and afterwards from the consequences of that conflict, displayed the most flamboyant patriotism. It out-mafficked the maffickers when Ladysmith and Mafeking were relieved, and on other occasions, and President Kruger was hammered, and even hanged in effigy. But, *more suo*, it subscribed handsomely to the charitable funds in connection with the war, it sent more than 120 fighters to the front—members and clerks—and in the person of Lieutenant Doxat it won a Victoria Cross. One of the walls of the "House" now bears a tablet in bronze and white marble commemorating the three-and-twenty members and clerks who fell during the war with the names of the survivors beneath.

CHAPTER XVI

THE BANK OF ENGLAND

Origins—William Paterson's Scheme—Enemies of the Bank—The Buildings—The Church of St. Christopher-le-Stocks—Price the Forger—Theft of Bank-note paper—Paper Money—Senses in which the Bank is a National Institution—Guarding the Bank at Night—Marching Soldiers through the City—Weighing and Printing Machines—Famous Notes—The "White Lady of Threadneedle Street"—Murderous Attack upon Officials

Founding of the Bank.

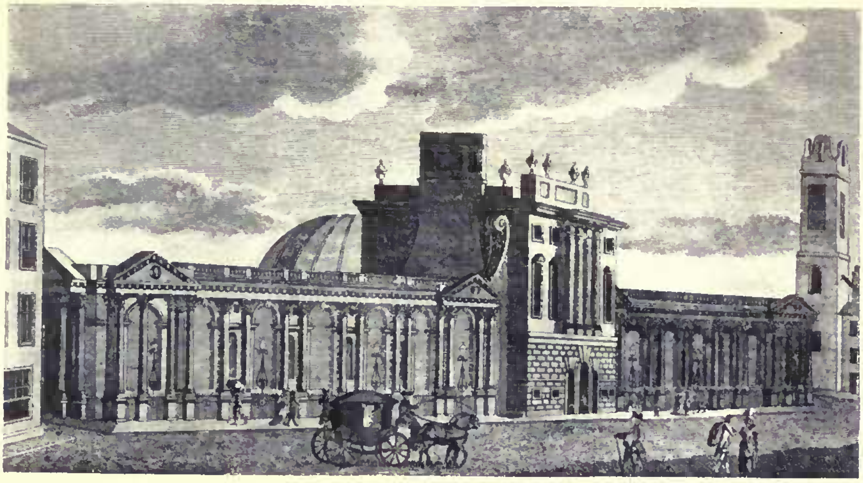
VERY modest were the beginnings of England's National Bank. Projected by William Paterson, a Scotsman born at Tinwald, in Dumfriesshire, it was established in pursuance of an Act passed in 1694, five years after William and Mary came to the throne. Needing money for the war with France, the Government raised a loan of a million and a half, and to such subscribers of this loan as should provide between them the sum of £1,200,000 it promised a charter, and the title of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. To this day that remains the title of the institution. The Government also undertook to pay 8 per cent. interest upon the borrowed money, and the Act reserved to it the right of paying off the loan and withdrawing the charter at the end of twelve years. But the charter was not withdrawn, and the loan has never been paid off.

The subscription of the capital, as we learn from the late Professor Thorold Rogers's "First Nine Years of the Bank of England," began on Thursday, the 21st of June, in the chapel of the Mercers' Company in Ironmonger Lane, and, though the scheme had many enemies, on the first day no less than £300,000 was subscribed, Queen Mary being put down for £10,000. By the 2nd of July the subscription was completed, and two days later the Bank received its charter. Paterson himself was one of the twenty-four directors, but differing from his colleagues on the question of the Bank's legitimate operations, he sold out shortly afterwards.

Such was the form taken by England's National Bank when at last it was established. For years before this projects for a public bank had been in the air. Thus, in 1658, a London merchant of the name of Lambe submitted to the Lord Protector a scheme for such a bank, but nothing came of it, and Cromwell dying later in the year, everything was soon in confusion. Then, as the reign of Charles II. was nearing its end, publicists began to insist upon the desirability of establishing a bank in London, with branches in the largest towns. By some it was argued that the bank ought to be controlled by the City Corporation, who should certify to its credit, as was the case with the Bank of Amsterdam. Others were in favour of grafting it on one or other of the Companies which were then carrying on manufactures and trade; just as, in later days, a Scottish bank which is still incongruously known as the British Linen Company was based on a manufacturing company. It was not, as we have seen, until William and Mary were firmly seated on the throne that the idea found embodiment, and when it did it was not established upon a civic but upon a national foundation.

Perils of Infancy.

The ailments of infancy more than once proved all but fatal to the institution which was destined to become known long afterwards as "the old lady of Threadneedle Street." Its enemies were the Tories, who would have been glad to ruin a scheme promoted by Whigs and Nonconformists and commercial magnates; the goldsmiths, who for long had played the part of bankers and moneylenders; and finally the projectors of rival schemes. The first of these crises came upon it when it was but two years old. The Government had called in the silver coinage on account of the clipping it had undergone, and before the new money was ready the goldsmiths swarmed to the



EARLY VIEW OF THE BANK.
From a Print by Golder.

Bank to demand payment. The directors refused to cash the notes presented by the goldsmiths, leaving them to seek their remedy in the law courts, but they succeeded in meeting all other demands. Then, making a call of 20 per cent. on the proprietors, they provided themselves with enough funds to pay 15 per cent. of all the calls made upon them and returned the notes, bearing a minute that so much of the value had been paid.

A Ruse.

In 1707, when the alarm at the Pretender's invasion sent the Bank stocks tumbling down, the goldsmiths made another attempt to ruin it, but the Whigs rallied to its support by pouring into it their hoarded gold, and in this way and by means of another call upon the proprietors the Bank was saved. Not less severe was the strait to which the Bank was reduced in 1745, the year of the Young Pretender's descent upon England. On the 6th of December, "Black Friday," when news arrived that Charles Edward had reached Derby on his way to London, there was a run on the Bank, which had to resort to a ruse to tide over the emergency. It employed agents to present notes which, to gain time, were cashed in sixpences, and as each agent received his tale of sixpences he would go out at one door and take the specie back into the Bank by another. The consequence was that *bonâ-fide* holders of notes could never get near the counter to present them. A similar stratagem had had to be resorted to in 1720 when there was a run on the Bank consequent upon the bursting of the South Sea Bubble.

In 1797 there occurred a crisis which would have issued in the extinction of the Bank had not the Government and Parliament intervened. By this time the Bank had an ample balance in its favour after allowing for all liabilities, but it had only about a million and a quarter in cash and bullion, and when on Saturday, the 26th of February, news arrived that a French frigate had landed troops in Wales there was a panic, and the Government, foreseeing a run upon the Bank which could not be met, issued an Order in Council forbidding the directors to cash its notes until the sense of Parliament had been taken. The action of the Government was ratified by Parliament, and an Act was passed directing the Bank only to pay cash for sums under twenty shillings. It was not until 1821 that payments in specie were fully resumed.

This was the last really serious crisis through which the Bank has had to pass. Twice since then the Government has authorised an issue of notes in excess of the Bank's statutory powers, but this was not because the Bank was in an extremity, but was intended to restore confidence in the monetary world generally. "As safe as the Bank" has long been a familiar proverb, of which the significance, in its application to the Bank of England, is understood in other countries hardly less than in England.

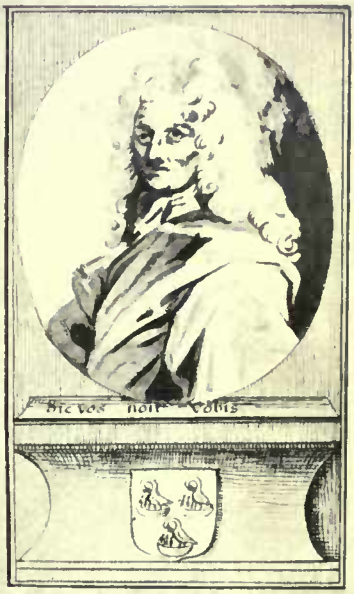
The first few meetings of the directors of the Bank were held in the chapel of Mercers' Hall, where, as we have seen, the capital was originally subscribed. But then the directors rented Grocers' Hall for the purpose, and there the business was carried on until 1734, when it removed to premises of its own on the site which it has ever since occupied. The original building, designed by George Sampson, was opened in 1734, and east and west wings were added by Sir Robert Taylor in the second half of the same century. The Rotunda was built in 1764, and from this time until 1838 it was the Stock Exchange for the Consols Market; so much so, indeed, that an Act was passed, though it was never strictly carried out, forbidding transactions in the Public Funds anywhere else. As time went on the Stock Exchange in Capel Court drew off more and more the dealers in stocks and shares. Among those who were left behind were some shady characters who had no offices of their own. In the Bank Act of 1834 a clause was inserted enabling the Governor to close the Rotunda against stockbrokers, and in 1838 Sir Timothy Curtis exercised the power thus conferred upon him. Neither the exclusion itself nor the manner of it was popular in the City, and when Sir Timothy failed, the news was received in Capel Court with cheers. A few brokers, however, were still allowed to use the Rotunda in a limited degree, and, according to Mr. Duguid's "Story of the Stock Exchange," some half dozen of them survived until comparatively recently.

Stockbrokers in the Rotunda.

The Bank Buildings.

Though the Bank buildings were begun in 1734, "the Bank" as we know it, with its beautiful Renascence features, is the work mainly of Sir John Soane, R.A., the Berkshire peasant-boy who lived to be architect of the Bank, and of the Houses of Parliament, and Professor of Architecture at the Royal Academy, and whose collection of antiquities and works of art forms the museum named after him in Lincoln's Inn Fields. To make way for the larger offices which the swollen business of the Bank demanded, he demolished much of the original building, as well as some neighbouring structures. The Rotunda was rebuilt by him in 1795, and the building as he designed it was completed in 1827, further additions, however, being made in a highly ornate style by C. R. Cockerell, R.A., in 1835 and in 1849.

The Bank, an irregular triangle which fails to attain its apex, covers about four acres of ground, and is bounded on the west—the base of the imperfect triangle—by Princes Street, on the north by Lothbury, on the east by Bartholomew Lane, and on the south by Threadneedle Street. For the sake of security, it is built in one storey, and for the same reason there are no exterior windows, light being supplied from windows in the courts, or from lights in the roof. Among admirable features of the building are the north-western angle, at the meeting of Princes Street and Lothbury, a free imitation of the Temple of the Sibyl at Tivoli, and the gateway leading into the Bullion Yard, a copy of the arch of Constantine at Rome. But to those who appreciate architecture the most when it is mated with the picturesque, the beautiful quadrangle known as the Garden Court, laid out with shady trees and with shrubs, with a fountain set in the midst, will make the strongest appeal. There is no pleasanter little oasis in all the City than this, and to step into it for a brief space on a summer's day, from the glare and bustle and clamour of the busiest spot in all the City, is to enjoy one of the most exquisite of contrasts.

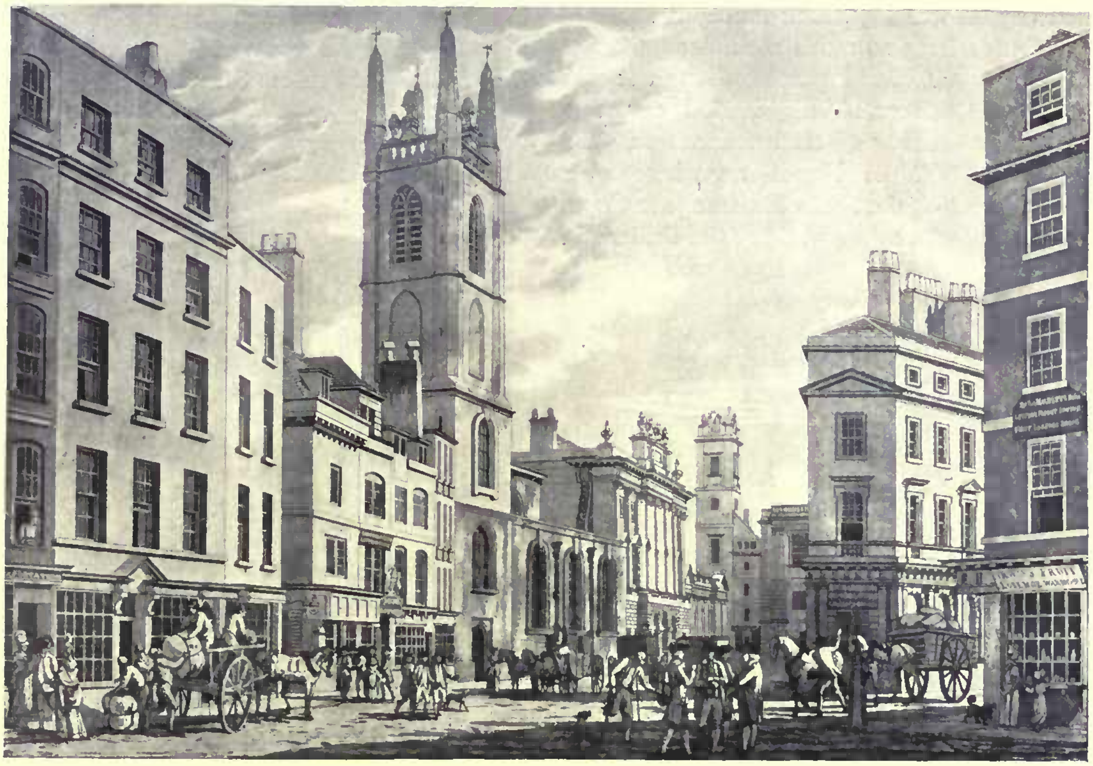


WILLIAM PATERSON, THE FOUNDER OF THE BANK.

An Oasis.

Formerly, this Garden Court was the graveyard of the church of St. Christopher-le-Stocks, so called from its nearness to the

Stocks Market,* held on the site where now stands the Mansion House. The church, which stood on the south side of the graveyard, and abutted upon Threadneedle Street, was not burnt down in the Great Fire, though it was much injured, and it fell to Sir Christopher Wren to restore it. St. Christopher's had the double distinction of being the first of Wren's churches to be finished—in 1671—and the first of his churches to be destroyed—in 1781, when its demolition was effected to make way for the larger building required for the Bank. After the churchyard had become the garden of the Bank there was buried in it one of the clerks, in order that he might be safe from the resurrectionists, to whom, from his great stature—he was 6 ft. 6 in. in height—he would have been a tempting prize.



ST. CHRISTOPHER-LE-STOCKS.
From a Print by T. Malton.

The Bank, since it is the only joint-stock bank in England which has the right to issue paper money, has, of course, been of special interest to forgers. One of the most skilful of the fraternity was Charles Price, familiarly known as "Old Patch" from his disguises, whose success at the business in the later years of the eighteenth century more than once threw the Bank into consternation. The operations of this amazingly clever scoundrel are graphically described by the late Major Arthur Griffiths in his "Mysteries of Police and Crime." As regards manufacture, "he did everything himself, made his own paper with the proper water-mark, engraved his own plates and manufactured his own ink. His plans for disposing of the forged notes were laid with great astuteness, and he took extraordinary precautions to avoid discovery; he had three homes, and a different name and a different wife at each. He was so expert in disguises that none of his agents or instruments ever saw him in his own person, that of a compact, middle-aged, not bad-looking man, inclined to stoutness, but erect and active in figure, with a beaky nose, clear grey eyes, and a nutcracker chin. Sometimes he went with his mouth covered up in red flannel, his gouty legs swathed in bandages; at another time he was an infirm old man wearing a long

"Old Patch" the Forger.

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* See *ante*, p. 142.

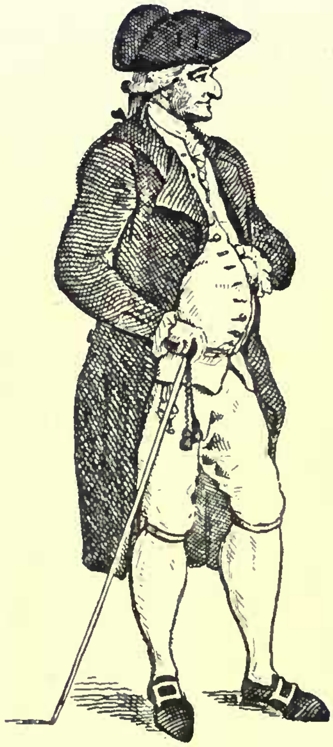
black camlet cloak with a broad cape fastening close to his chin."

Price at last came to grief from a simple slip of his memory. He had palmed off a forged note upon a pawnbroker in the name of Powel, and, forgetting the circumstance, he went to do more business with the same pawnbroker, who recognised and detained him. When his disguise was stripped off the Bow Street runners found to their joy that they had in their hands, the quarry they had long been hunting. Resourceful as ever, Price contrived to smuggle to one of his wives a piece of paper bearing the words "Destroy everything." The injunction was obeyed, but upon reflection he seems to have concluded that the game was up, and one day he was found hanged in his cell.

Bank-Note Paper.

An Alarming Theft.

The Bank's printing is all done on its own premises. But it relies for immunity against forgery less upon the difficulty of copying the printed design of its notes than upon the difficulty of imitating the paper, with its elaborate water-mark—secured to the Bank by a special Act of Parliament—its colour, and its texture, so thin that it is exceedingly difficult to make erasures, yet so strong that a leaf of it, after it has been sized, will bear half a hundredweight without tearing. And then its music, how distinctive—and how delightful! Even the bright clink of gold is surely not so joyous a sound as the crackle of a new bank-note! It is easy to understand the dismay to which the Bank was reduced when some forty years ago a gang of thieves succeeded in stealing a quantity of the paper from the mills. It was paper which had gone through every stage of the process of manufacture but one—that of glazing—and presently, when counterfeit bank-notes began to get into circulation, they were found to be printed on unglazed paper. The detectives soon discovered that, with the help of certain workmen, who had been corrupted by an ex-convict named Burnet, unglazed paper had been abstracted from the packing-room at the mills, and with unremitting zeal they set themselves not merely to lay the thieves by the heels, but—a much more important thing—to recover so much of the paper as was still unused. First Burnet was traced, and then by shadowing him they found that he was in collusion with a Westminster butcher of the name of Buncher. Buncher in turn was found to be associated with two men named Cummings and Griffiths, living at Birmingham, the one a coiner, the other an engraver and copperplate printer. When the time had come to pounce, these three worthies were arrested, and in Griffiths' workroom were discovered a large number of spurious Bank of England notes. He was sentenced to penal servitude for life, Buncher to twenty-five years', and Burnet to twenty years', but from lack of independent evidence Cummings escaped. Only for awhile, however, for he was afterwards detected carrying on the same nefarious occupation and convicted.



CHA^{s} PRICE in his usual Dreſs.

Paper Money.

Until 1834, when the London and Westminster Bank, which has its headquarters in Lothbury, just opposite *the* Bank, was established, the Bank of England was the only joint-stock bank in London. It is still, as we have said, the only English bank which is authorised to issue paper money, and its notes, equally with the gold coin of the realm, are a legal tender anywhere in England, for all sums over £5, except when tendered by the Bank itself, the effect of this exception being to prevent the Bank from compelling its creditors to take its own notes. By an Act passed in 1844 the Bank was authorised to issue paper money to the extent of fourteen millions sterling against securities of equal value, the greater part of this security consisting of the State debt, which is, of course, the safest of all securities. Beyond the fourteen millions, paper money can only be issued on the condition that the Bank has in its possession an equivalent amount of gold, in coin or in bullion, and so the issue of notes has become automatic, rising or falling with the amount of gold in its chest. The value of the notes now issued is £18,450,000. The capital of the Bank is, in round numbers, fourteen and a-half millions, and the reserve fund, known as the "rest," is over three millions. The State's debt to the Bank is now a little over eleven millions, and the interest payable on this debt was reduced in 1892 from 3 to 2¾ per cent., and in 1903 to 2½ per cent.

COURTYARD OF THE BANK.

What the Bank does for the Nation.

But these are not the only senses in which the Bank is a national institution. It manages for the Government the National Debt, for which it receives a sum of £200,000 a year, and under this head it has to register transfers of the stock and to pay the quarterly dividends. It also does the banking business of the State : to it go the taxpayers' grudging contributions, and it makes payments to the order of the Government just as an ordinary bank pays to the order of its customers. Further, it puts into circulation the gold and silver coins issued by the Royal Mint.

Another obligation imposed upon the Bank by Act of Parliament is that of purchasing, with its notes, at a fixed price, all bullion of proper fineness that is brought to it. The bullion usually reaches the Bank in the form of bars or ingots, each bar weighing about 16 lbs., and having a value of about £600, and it is stored in vaults of solid brick with two sets of doors, which no single official, not even the Governor himself, can unlock. One of the doors has three different locks, and the keys to these locks are kept in possession of three different officials, and only when they are all present can the door be opened. About six o'clock in the evening a company of the Guards arrives to protect the Bank during the night watches, under the command of an officer who is provided with meals and with sleeping accommodation, and is allowed to invite one guest to dinner so that he may not have to eat a lonely meal. At regular intervals the guard, provided with master- keys, visit the different rooms and make sure that all's well. Further, the Deputy Chief Cashier lives at the Bank, and three clerks sit up all night.

The custom of putting the Bank under military protection at night originated after the attack of the Gordon rioters in 1780. When the mob, with itching fingers, reached the Bank, they found that ample preparations had been made for them. There was a force of soldiers outside, the roof and the courts inside were defended by armed clerks and volunteers, and, lest the supply of ammunition should run out, the pewter inkstands had been melted down and cast into bullets. The first rush was checked by a volley from the military; at the second Wilkes, who the year before had been appointed City

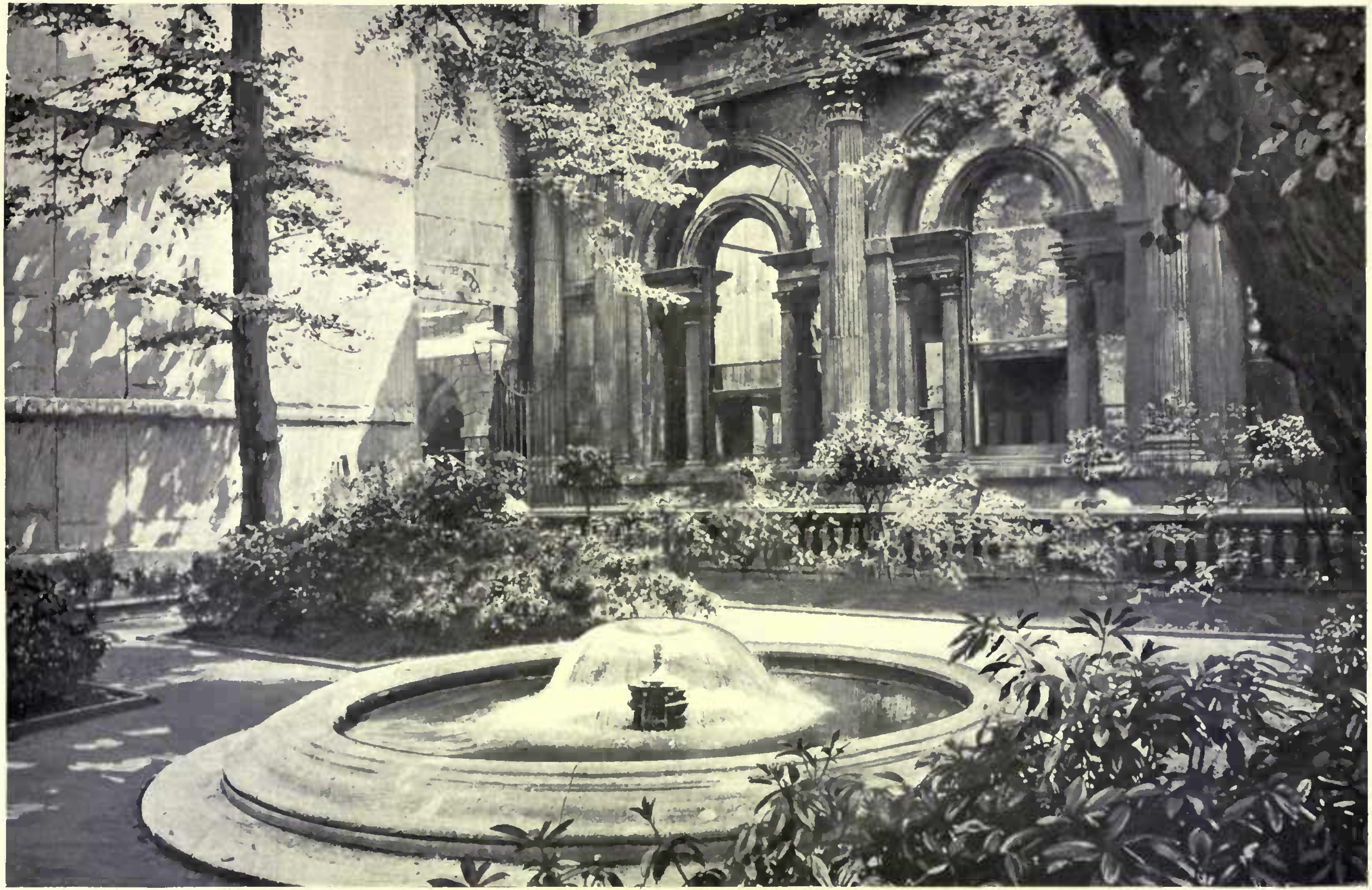


Photo: Pictorial Agency

AN OASIS IN THE HEART OF THE CITY: GARDEN COURT, BANK OF ENGLAND.

Chamberlain, with admirable gallantry rushed out and dragged in several of the ringleaders in succession with his own hand. Altogether the rioters were much discouraged, and were glad to draw off to seek less obdurate if less tempting nuts to crack.

Soldiers in the City.

The continuance of the custom of marching soldiers through the streets to the Bank was for a time regarded with great jealousy by the City authorities, as an infringement of their ancient privilege of having the undivided mastership of their own house, and several protests were made against it. In the end susceptibilities were conciliated, and to this day the Home Secretary never despatches troops through the City without seeking the Lord Mayor's sanction, which is given on the understanding that all troops, except the "Buffs," the Grenadiers, the Royal Fusiliers, the Royal Marines, and the Hon. Artillery Company, march through the streets without beat of drum or colours flying or bayonets fixed. The Hon. Artillery Company exercises its right by virtue of descent from the ancient Trained Bands of the City; the regiments named derive theirs from warrants issued by Charles II. in 1670 and 1672.

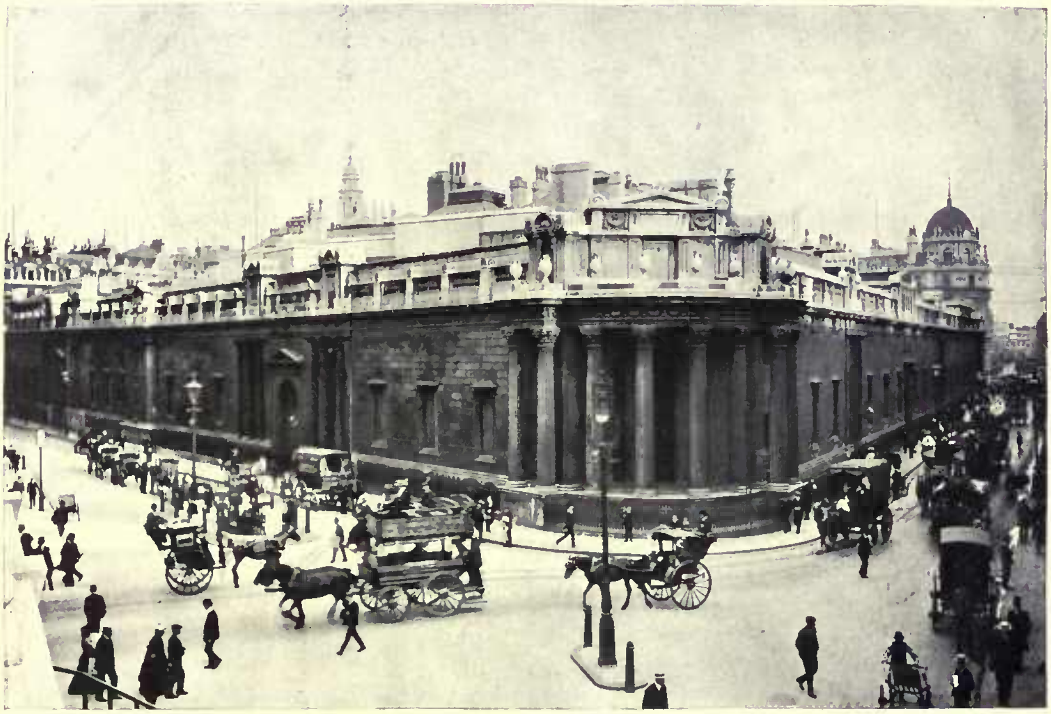


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ARCHITECTURAL FEATURE OF THE BANK : THE NORTH-WESTERN ANGLE, LOOKING ALONG LOTHBURY (LEFT) AND PRINCES STREET (RIGHT).

Weighing and Printing Machines.

At the Bank there is much that is deeply interesting to be seen by those privileged persons who succeed in getting an order of admission. There is, for example, the weighing room, where sovereigns and half-sovereigns are put into the balances, and automatically divided into the sheep and the goats—those that are of proper weight and those that are light—the latter being defaced and put aside for Ibsen's ladle. As many as thirty-five thousand coins can be tested in a single day by this wonderful piece of mechanism. Then there is the printing establishment, where notes of diverse denominations are being printed—five-pounders, ten-pounders, hundred-pounders, thousand-pounders. Here again the machines behave as though they were informed by intelligence, for they automatically register every note they print, so that to abstract a note without the loss being discovered is practically impossible.

At first the smallest notes issued were £20 notes. Notes of £10 value were first issued

Famous Notes.

in 1759, and £5 notes in 1794. Three years later £2 and £1 notes were sent out, but after a time these were discontinued in consequence of the many forgeries that were committed. The largest note ever issued by the Bank was one for a million pounds, and the largest cheque ever drawn upon it was one dated the 7th of May, 1898, directing the Bank to pay to the Japanese Minister in London the sum of £11,008,857 16s. 9d. in settlement of the indemnity which China had agreed to pay to Japan as the price of peace. The Bank has preserved as curiosities the note for a million pounds, another for twenty-five pounds that was out for 111 years, and some thousand-pound notes signed by illustrious persons, including the one that bears an inscription signed by the Earl of Dundonald whose romantic story is told in our chapter on the Stock Exchange.*

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

ARRIVAL OF THE MILITARY GUARD AT THE BANK.

Like any other bank, the Bank of England returns its cheques to its customers, but its own notes, when once it has cashed them, it destroys, not however, until three years have elapsed, lest any occasion should arise for their production. Until a few years ago, indeed, they were kept for ten years before being made away with. To this rule, that a note once cashed is not to be re-issued, there is no exception. A note may be presented for payment on the very day of its issue, but as soon as it has been cashed a corner is torn off and it is consigned to the limbo of cancelled notes, there to await its turn to be cast into a fiery furnace.

Disordered Intellects.

The Bank of England, the synonym for riches beyond the dreams of avarice, has at times cast its magic over disordered minds. A story of which the pathos may excuse its repetition is told of a daily visitor in the early years of the last century who was known as "The White Lady of Threadneedle Street." A brother of hers, a clerk at the Bank, had been hanged in 1809 for forgery, and his ignominious end affected her mind, until she believed that he was still alive and still in the Bank's service. So every day, at noon, she would cross the Rotunda to the pay-counter, and ask, "Is my brother,

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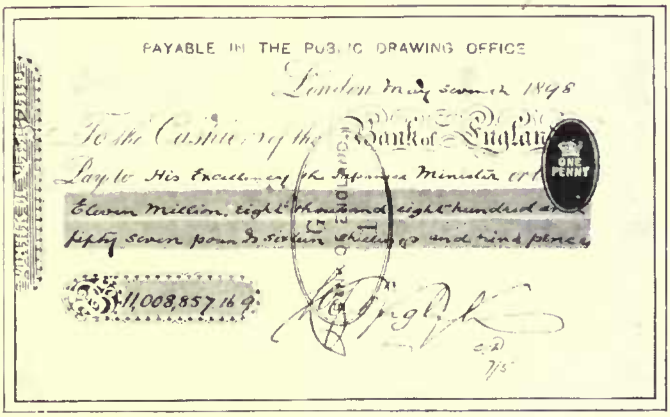
* See *ante*, p. 168.

Mr. Frederick, here to-day?" "No, miss, not to-day," the clerk would respectfully say. Then she would stand aside, and after a little while would leave, but never without saying, "Give my love to him when he returns. I will call to-morrow."

From a much more recent visitor of deranged mind, the then Secretary of the Bank, Mr. Kenneth Grahame, had a very narrow escape. On the 24th of November, 1903, a well dressed young man presented himself and asked to see the Governor, Sir Augustus Prevost. As the Governor was out, the visitor was shown into a room where he was seen by the Secretary. After a few words of conversation the man drew a formidable revolver and pointed it at Mr. Grahame, who, in his own words, "naturally did not wait to see any more but rushed out of the room." As he did so the man fired several shots, and two bullets were afterwards found in the woodwork of the ceiling. The visitor then turned his weapon upon other officials, and finally locked himself in the library, and was only reduced to submission by a well-directed volley of water from the fire hose, and after a violent struggle in which he was quieted by a knock on the head. When brought to trial at the Central Criminal Court it was made clear by medical evidence that the poor fellow was not accountable for his actions, and he was ordered to be detained during the King's pleasure.



PAYABLE IN THE PUBLIC DRAWING OFFICE

London May seventh 1898

To the Cashiers of the Bank of England

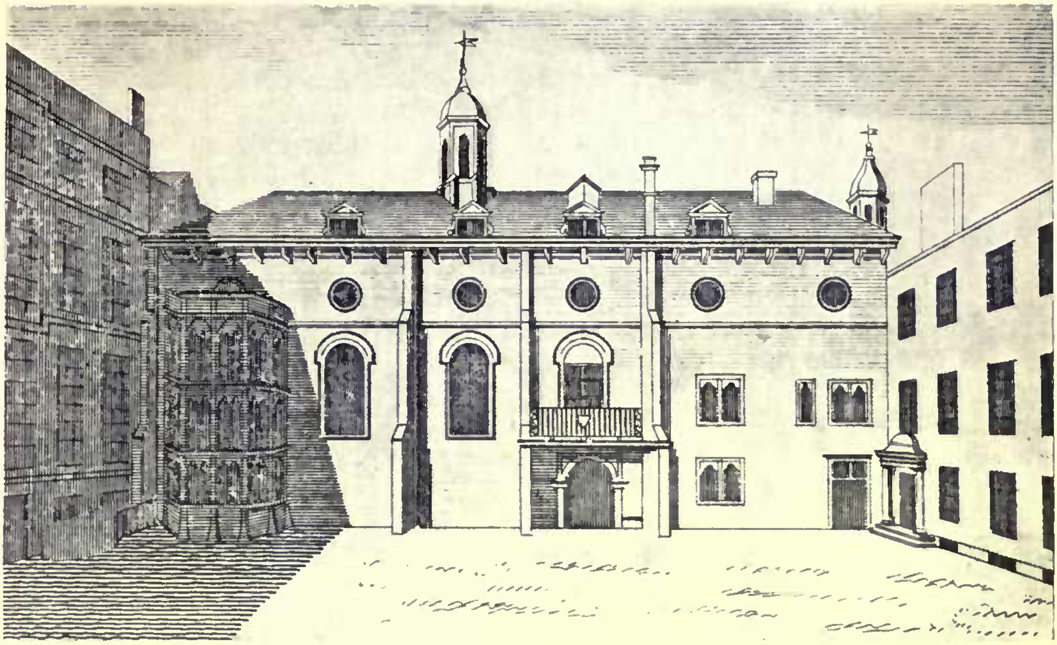
Pay to His Excellency the Japanese Minister or

Eleven million, eight thousand eight hundred and fifty seven pounds sixteen shillings and nine pence

£11,008,857.16.9

ONE PENNY

FAC-SIMILE OF THE LARGEST CHEQUE EVER DRAWN UPON THE BANK OF ENGLAND.



GROCERS' HALL IN 1695.

CHAPTER XVII

AROUND THE BANK

Princes Street—The Grocers and their Hall—Lothbury—Tokenhouse Yard—Defoe and the Plague—Bartholomew Lane—Throgmorton Street—The Drapers—The Carpenters—Threadneedle Street—St. Anthony's Hospital—The Hall of Commerce—South Sea House and the Bubble—St. Benet Fink—St. Martin Outwich—The Merchant Taylors

Princes Street.

Of Princes Street the whole of the eastern side is occupied by the Bank of England. The western side also is mainly made up of banks, the Union of London and Smith's Bank, the London Joint Stock Bank, and others, while at the northern end, facing Lothbury, are the splendid head offices of the London and Provincial Bank, completed in 1904, and occupying the site of the old offices of the Public Works Loan Commissioners. Over against this handsome building are the granite-fronted offices of the Northern Assurance Company, completed in 1908.

Near the north end of Princes Street is a winding yard which gives access to the Hall of the Grocers' Company, second on the list of the Twelve Great Companies, whose records date back to 1345. As a guild, however, it was in existence at least two centuries earlier. In the earliest documents the Grocers are called Pepperers, pepper being in those days the chief staple of their trade. Another section was that of the Spicers, and the Apothecaries were yet another, and were not formed into a company of their own until 1617. The Pepperers and Spicers came ultimately to be known as Grocers because they sold their goods *en gros*, or wholesale.

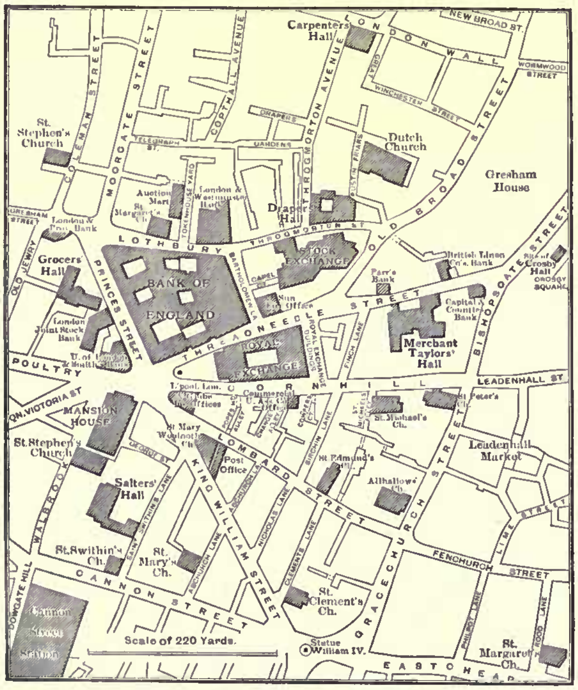
Grocers' Hall.

The Grocers' Company long shared with the City the office of supervising the quality of spices, drugs, etc., as well as of testing weights, powers which they exercised until late in the seventeenth century. They had their headquarters at five different places before building a hall of their own. The first Grocers' Hall, dating from 1427, stood on the site of the present hall, then known as Conyhoope Lane. This hall it was that was used by Parliament when, in the troubles with Charles I., it adjourned to the City for safety (p. 120);

and here, with intervals, it held its sittings for some years. Here, too, in 1649 Cromwell and Fairfax were feasted by the City. A sumptuous banquet it was, no doubt, but how solemn! A Puritan print notes with approval that no healths were drunk, and that there was no other music than the drum and trumpet, and sums it up as a feast "of Christians and chieftains," not of "Chretians and cormorants." It had been appropriately preceded not by but one sermon, merely, but by two, at Christ Church. But the Grocers, though they had welcomed Parliament to their Hall, suffered from its exactions, and, like the City generally, they were ripe for the Restoration when it came.

The Hall which had been the scene of so many memorable events was not wholly destroyed by the Fire, but the Company, so impoverished had they become, would have been hard put to it to renew the building had it not been for Sir John Cutler, who was several times Master, and on this occasion at any rate did not play the miserly part attributed to him by Pope. In 1680 the Court decided to rebuild the Hall, and Sir John Moore contributed £500 towards the cost, his example being followed by other members of the Court. In this second Hall successive Chief Magistrates of the City kept their Mayoralties, and from its foundation in 1694 until 1734, when it built a habitation for itself, the Bank of England carried on its business here. The Hall was once more rebuilt, from designs by Joseph Gwilt, in 1798-1802, when the garden was greatly curtailed, partly for the enlargement of Princes Street, for which the Grocers received more than £20,000 from the Bank. In the 'nineties the Hall was once again rebuilt, this time from the designs of the late Mr. H. Cowell Boyes, the work being finished in 1892, and though the garden was still further contracted the Hall itself is a much loftier and in every respect finer building than the one which it superseded. There is a very fine oak staircase, the Livery Hall, completely panelled with oak, has a gallery running all round it, and a handsome panelled ceiling; the reception room, with its beautiful mantelpieces, is a model of elegance; the windows of the Court Room are radiant with the arms of Masters of the Company. Even now, before the oak of which abundant use has been made in the fittings of the various apartments, has been toned by time, the Grocers may plume themselves upon having a Hall which gives greater pleasure to the sense of beauty than do the rather overpowering splendours of some of the older Halls. In the entrance lobby stands the original statue of Sir John Cutler, whom we have also encountered in the lobby of the Guildhall Library.

Descriptive.



Carpenters' Hall
LONDON WALL
NEW BROAD ST.
WORMWOOD STREET
GREAT WINCHESTER STREET
OLD BROAD STREET
Gresham House
Dutch Church
AUSTIN FRIARS
THROGMORTON AVENUE
DRAPERS GARDENS
COPTHALL AVENUE
MOORGATE STREET
COLEMAN STREET
St. Stephen's Church
TELEGRAPH ST.
Auction Mart
St. Margaret's Ch.
TOKENHOUSE YARD
London & Westminster Bank
Drapers' Hall
THROGMORTON ST
GRESHAM STREET
London & Prov. Bank
LOTHBURY
OLD JEWRY
Grocers' Hall
PRINCES STREET
BANK OF ENGLAND
BARTHOLOMEW LA
CAPEL CT
STOCK EXCHANGE
Sun Fire Office
British Linen Co's. Bank
Parr's Bank
Crosby Hall
CROSBY SQUARE
BISHOPSGATE STREET
Capital & Counties Bank
Merchant Taylors' Hall
London Joint Stock Bank
THREADNEEDLE STREET
ROYAL EXCHANGE
ROYAL EXCHANGE BUILDINGS
FINCH LANE
POULTRY
LEADENHALL ST
CORNHILL
Commercial U. Ass. Co. Office
St Peter's Ch.
St. Michael's Ch.
ST. MICHAELS ALLEY
POPES HEAD ALLEY
CHANGE ALLEY
CORBETS CT.
QN. VICTORIA ST
MANSION HOUSE
St Mary Woolnoth Ch.
LOMBARD STREET
BIRCHIN LANE
St. Stephen's Church
GEORGE ST
Post Office
St Edmund's Ch.
Allhallows' Ch.
Leadenhall Market
Salters' Hall
WALBROOK
SAINT SWITHINS LANE
KING WILLIAM STREET
ABCHURCH LANE
NICHOLAS LANE
CLEMENTS LANE
GRACECHURCH STREET
LIME STREET
FENCHURCH STREET
St. Swithin's Ch.
St. Mary's Ch.
St. Clement's Ch.
CANNON STREET
DOWGATE HILL
Cannon Street Station
Scale of 220 Yards.
Statue William IV.
PHILPOT LANE
ROOD LANE
St. Margaret's Ch.
EASTCHEAP

PLAN OF THE STREETS AROUND THE BANK.

The Company, in whose arms figure nine cloves, with a camel for crest, applies its funds largely to educational purposes, such as the maintenance of its school at Oundle in Northamptonshire, founded by Alderman Sir William Laxton in the sixteenth century. Among eminent Grocers of the present day are the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain and Lord Kitchener, the presentation to whom of the freedom of the Company in August, 1902, was the occasion for an eloquent tribute from the statesman to the fine qualities of the soldier. Of eminent members of the Company belonging to the past we can mention only four — Laurence Sheriff, the founder of Rugby School, who was warden in 1561, Peter Blundell, who founded the Grammar School at Tiverton in the same century, Sir John Crosby of

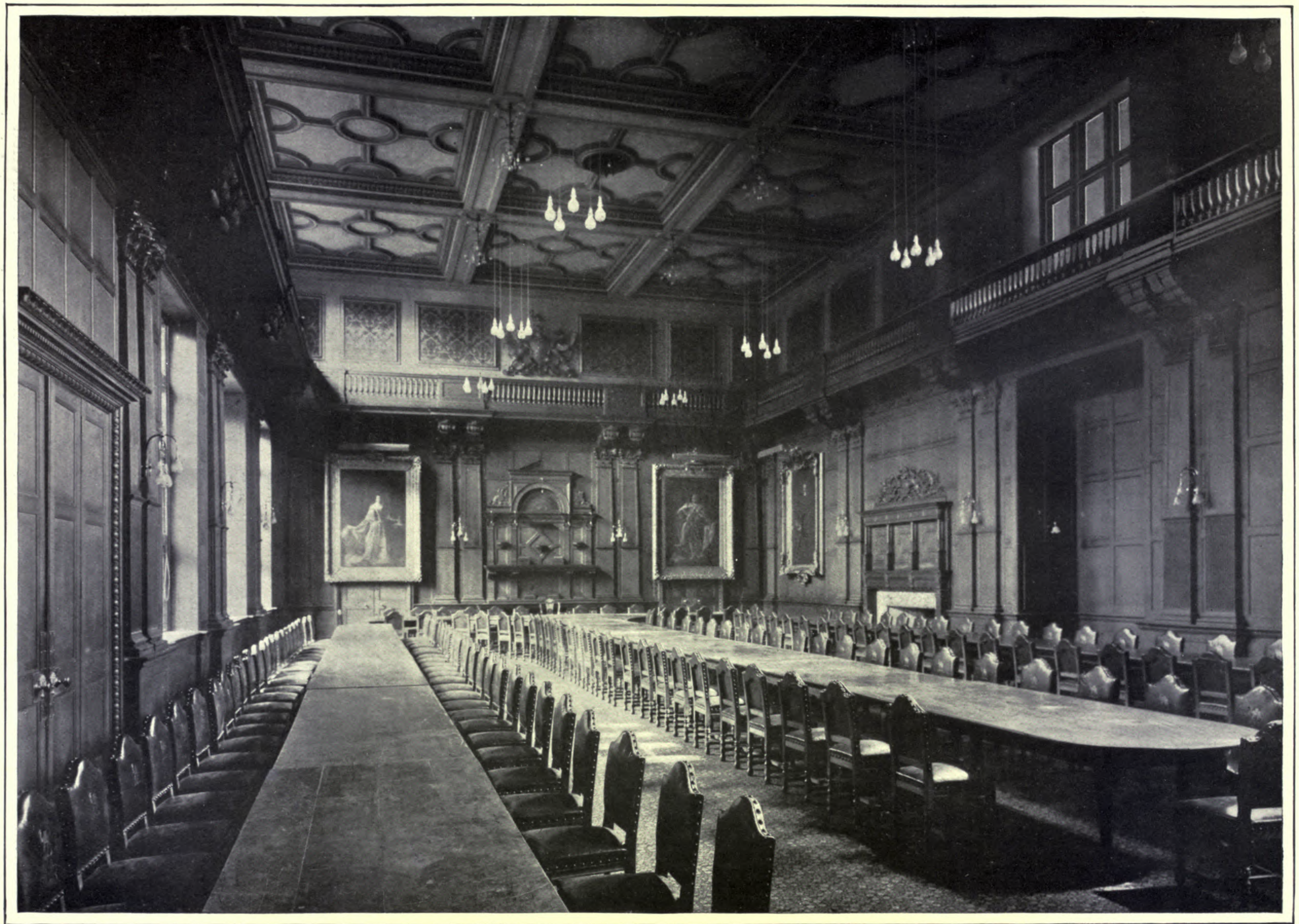


Photo: *Pictorial Agency.*

LIVERY HALL OF THE GROCERS' COMPANY.

Crosby Hall, who was Sheriff in 1483, and Sir John Philipot, Sir William Walworth's rival for civic influence, who was knighted for his gallantry at Smithfield at the crisis in which Walworth struck his decisive blow.

Lothbury.

Of Lothbury, the southern side is occupied by the Bank of England, while on the north side, among other banks, is the London and Westminster Bank (p. 177), built in 1837-38 by C. R. Cockerell, R.A., who was assisted by Tite, the architect of the Royal Exchange, but afterwards extended and remodelled as to the interior. The name Lothbury gave Stow an opportunity for one of his fanciful derivations, and he gravely asks his readers to believe that the first syllable originated in the *loathsome* grating and scraping noise made by the metal founders in polishing their wares. Dr. Freshfield, in his work on the parish books of St. Margaret's, Lothbury, suggests, with more probability, that *Loth*bury, like *Lud*gate, may be derived from the word *lode*, which in some parts of England still means a cut or drain leading into a larger stream. In both these cases, he points out, the name would be appropriate, for Lothbury is built over the course of the old Wall Brook, while Ludgate descended to the Fleet River. In this suggestion Price, the historian of the Guildhall, concurs. Mr. Loftie, however, believes that Lothbury was the manor (bury) of Albertus Loteringus, a canon of St. Paul's, and a well-known figure at the time of the Norman Conquest.*

STATUE OF SIR JOHN CUTLER IN GROCERS' HALL (*p.* 184).

The church of St. Margaret, Lothbury, which now does duty for six other parishes, sits astride the ancient bed of the Wall Brook. It was rebuilt, according to Stow, about the year 1440 and was destroyed in the Great Fire, and the present church was finished by Wren in 1690. It is remarkable chiefly for features which were added to it when All Hallows, Upper Thames Street, was demolished—a very fine open chancel-screen, surmounted in the centre by the royal arms with an eagle below, and a not less admirable pulpit and sounding-board, the latter having round it exquisitely delicate scroll-work and being, not suspended, but supported by an oak pillar at the back. There is also a beautiful font, which is ascribed to Grinling Gibbons. Instead of east windows there are, on either side of the altar-piece, niches which shelter flat painted figures of Moses and Aaron, brought hither from the church of St. Christopher-le-Stocks (*p.* 175).

A Reminiscence of Defoe.

Tokenhouse Yard, leading out of Lothbury on the north side, is named after an office for the issue of farthing tokens which was established here in the reign of Charles I. under a patent granted among others, to the Earl of Arundel, who had here a house and garden. When in the same reign the Earl removed to the Strand his house was taken down and the site and gardens were built upon by Sir William Petty, the political economist, a lineal ancestor of the Marquesses of Lansdowne. In these days Tokenhouse Yard is best known from the Auction Mart, which dates from 1864, and is the chief centre in the City for the sale by auction of real property. But we must not pass on without recalling that this Yard figures in Defoe's "History of the Plague," which does not, however, realistically as it reads, recount his personal experiences, for at the time the scourge was ravaging London he was an infant of four. "Passing through Tokenhouse Yard, in Lothbury," he writes, "of a sudden a casement violently opened just over my head, and a woman gave three frightful screeches and then cried 'Oh Death, Death, Death!' in a most inimitable tone, and which struck me with horror and a chill-ness in my very blood. There was nobody to be seen in the whole street, neither did any other window open; for people had no curiosity now in any case, nor could anybody help one another."

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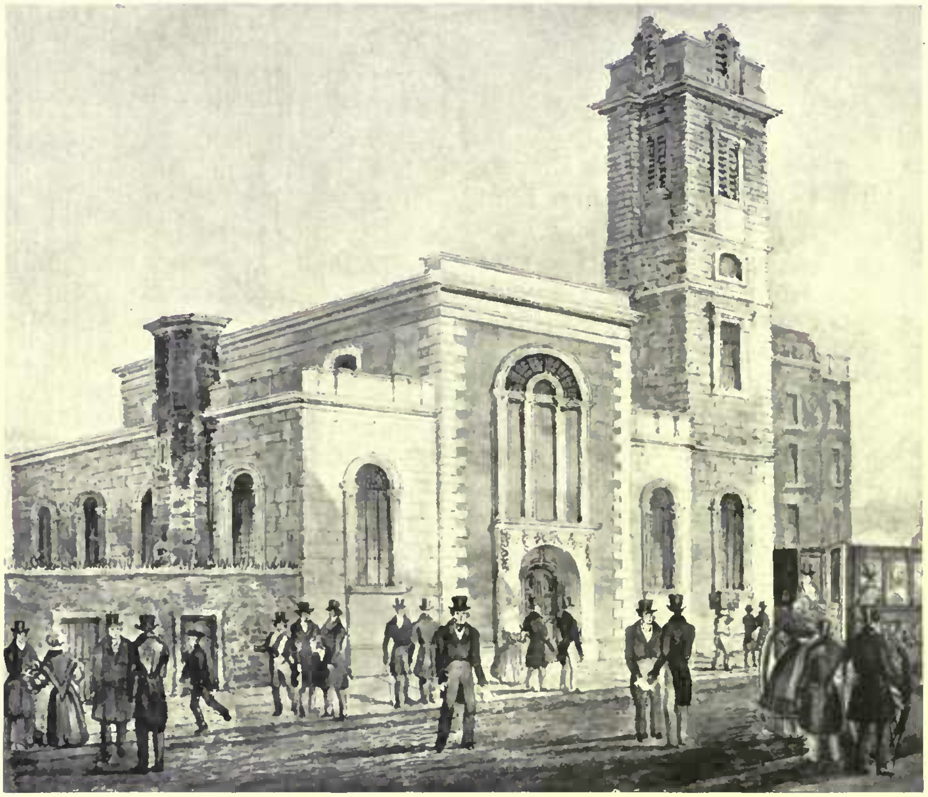
* *Notes and Queries*, 8th Series, vol. xii. p. 162.

Running south from Lothbury to Threadneedle Street is Bartholomew Lane, in the centre of which is Capel Court, the chief entrance to the Stock Exchange. Here, until 1864, was the predecessor of the Auction Mart, now located, as we have just seen, in Tokenhouse Yard. Here too, until 1841, at the south-east corner, facing the Royal Exchange, stood the church of St. Bartholomew-by-the-Exchange, built in 1438, and rebuilt, except the tower, by Wren in 1679. It contained the remains of Miles Coverdale, the translator of the Scriptures, who was buried here in 1568, and whose ashes now rest in the church of St. Magnus, London Bridge, of which he was once rector. The site is occupied by the Sun Fire Office, into which were incorporated the south wall of the church and a chapel which formed part of it.

Bartholomew Lane.

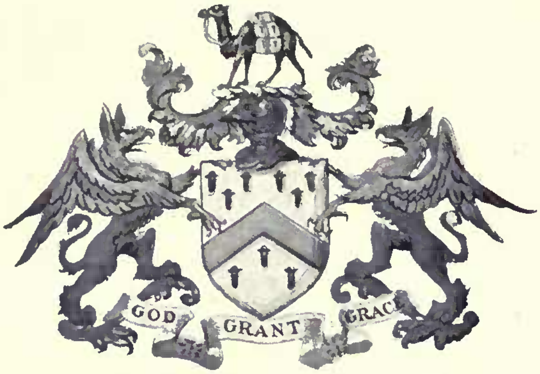


ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S-BY-THE-EXCHANGE, IN 1834.

Throgmorton Street, by which Lothbury is continued to Broad Street, is named after Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, who was tried at the Guildhall a few days after the suppression of the Wyatt rising on a charge of complicity in a plot to assassinate Queen Mary, but escaped the scaffold and lived to be poisoned, as is believed, by Dudley, Earl of Leicester, Queen Elizabeth's favourite. On the north side of this street is the chief entrance to the Hall of the Drapers, the third in order of precedence of the twelve great Livery Companies, incorporated by a charter of Edward III. in 1364, but in existence as a brotherhood at least as early as 1180. The charter ordained that only those should use the mystery of drapery—that is, make, and not merely sell, cloth—in London and the suburbs who had been apprenticed and admitted to the membership of the Company. Right of search and other powers were conferred upon it, and in the reign of Henry IV. it was authorised to visit the fairs of Westminster, St. Bartholomew's, Spitalfields, and Southwark to make a trade search and to measure doubtful goods by the "drapers' ell," a standard

Throgmorton Street.

Drapers' Hall.



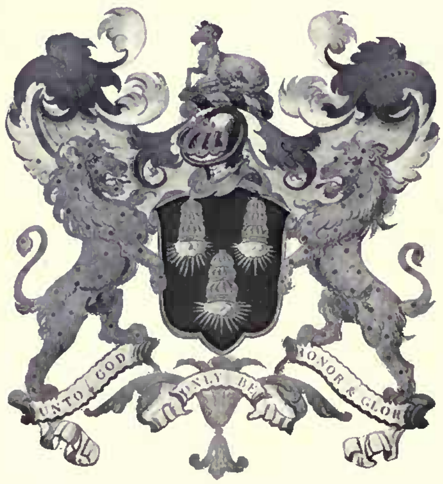
ARMS OF THE GROCERS' COMPANY.

granted to them by Edward III. The Drapers have provided London with many Lord Mayors. The very first Mayor, Henry Fitz-Aylwin, was a Draper, and from 1531 to 1714 Strype counted fifty-three Draper Mayors. From its revenue the Company makes donations to educational and other objects of a public character on a munificent scale. Thus in 1906 it contributed £10,000 to the fund for the removal of King's College Hospital to Denmark Hill. Its crest is a ram couchant, and the supporters of the arms are two particularly raging lions, whose presence over the entrance to the Hall is not calculated to calm the excited stockbrokers thronging the street below.

The Drapers' first Hall was in St. Swithin's Lane, but in 1541 they bought and moved into the mansion of Thomas Cromwell Earl of Essex, in what is now Throgmorton Street. Here it was that General Monk had his headquarters when he came to judge for himself whether the City was ready for the Restoration. Thomas Cromwell's house perished in the Fire, and the new Hall was built in 1667 by Edward Jerman, the City Surveyor. In 1774 it was damaged by fire, and after it had been repaired it was re-fronted by Robert Adam. In 1866-70 it was remodelled and partly rebuilt by Mr. Herbert Williams, the Company's architect, and further alterations were made in 1899. In the basement is now a restaurant intended especially for the benefit of Stock Exchange men. The Drapers' buildings enclose a quadrangle, and are as convenient in arrangement as they are handsome and sumptuous. One is particularly struck with the marbles and alabaster of the magnificent staircase, and with the columns and pilasters of polished Devonshire granite which sustain the roof of the Livery Hall, the ceiling of which is now enriched with a painting from the brush of Mr. Herbert Draper. In others of the rooms are portraits of monarchs and of eminent Drapers, including one of Thomas Howell, a Welsh merchant engaged in the Spanish trade in the reign of Henry VIII., who, dying at Seville in 1540, bequeathed to the Company 12,000 ducats of gold, directing it (to quote from the City of London Directory) "to buy 400 ducats of rent yearly, for ever; this same to be bestowed as a marriage portion upon four maidens, being orphans of the donor's lineage or blood, if they could be found, if not their next of kin, each to have 100 ducats; if no such are to be found, then to spend the 400 ducats in marriage portions to four poor maidens for ever." This charity now yields an income of £9,000 a year, which is employed in the maintenance of schools at Llandaff and Denbigh, and in grants to other educational institutions in Wales.

Carpenters' Hall.

The gardens of Drapers' Hall used to form a public promenade as far northwards as London Wall, but the Company has not been proof against the temptation to sell land which could command almost fabulous prices, and it is now covered with bricks and mortar, and forms Throgmorton Avenue. In this enterprise the Drapers were joined by another of the City Companies, that of the Carpenters, who are twenty-sixth in the order of civic precedence, and whose Hall, rebuilt in 1876-80, is at the northern end of Throgmorton Avenue, in



ARMS OF THE DRAPERS' COMPANY.

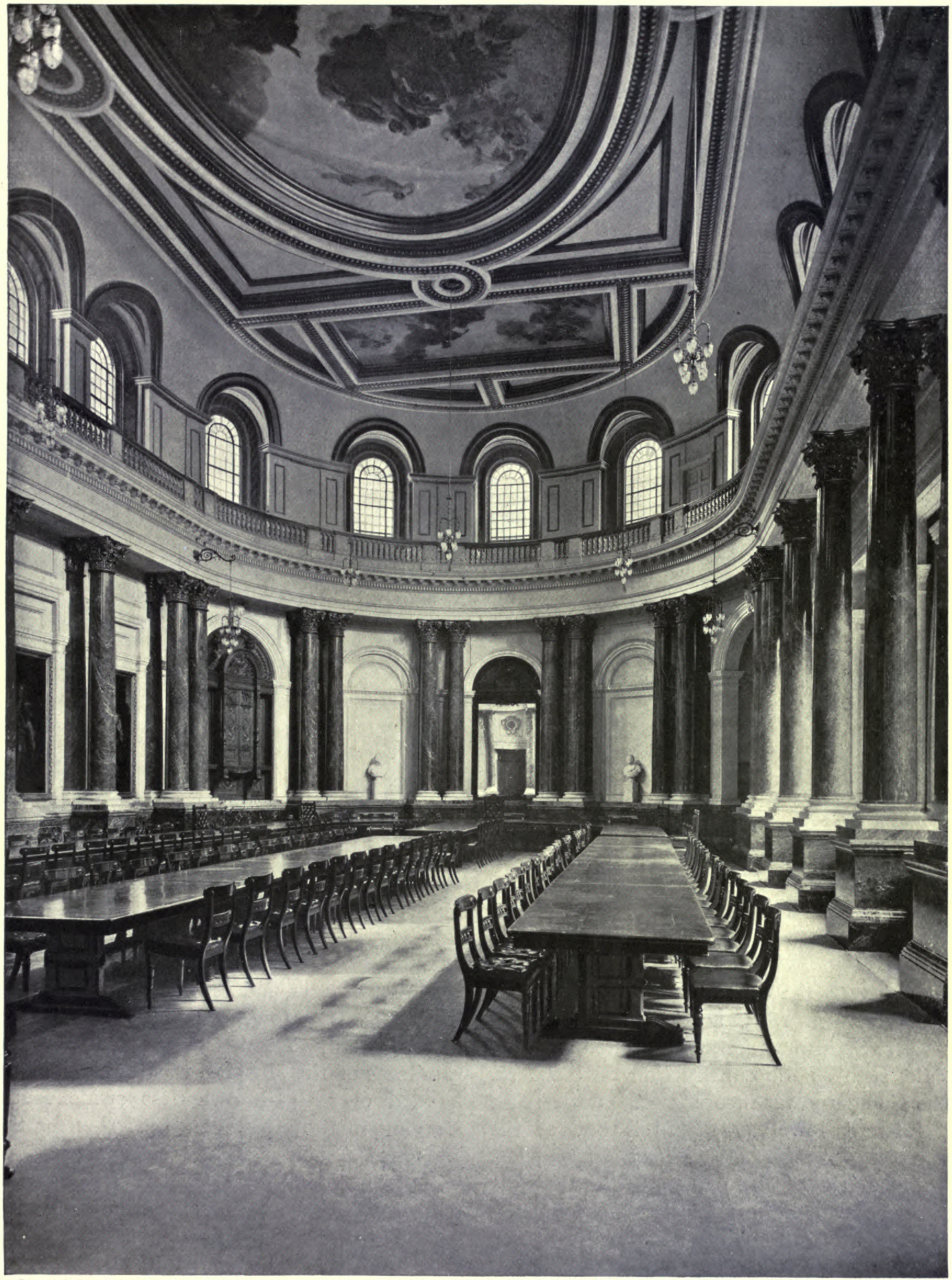


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

LIVERY HALL OF THE DRAPERS' COMPANY.

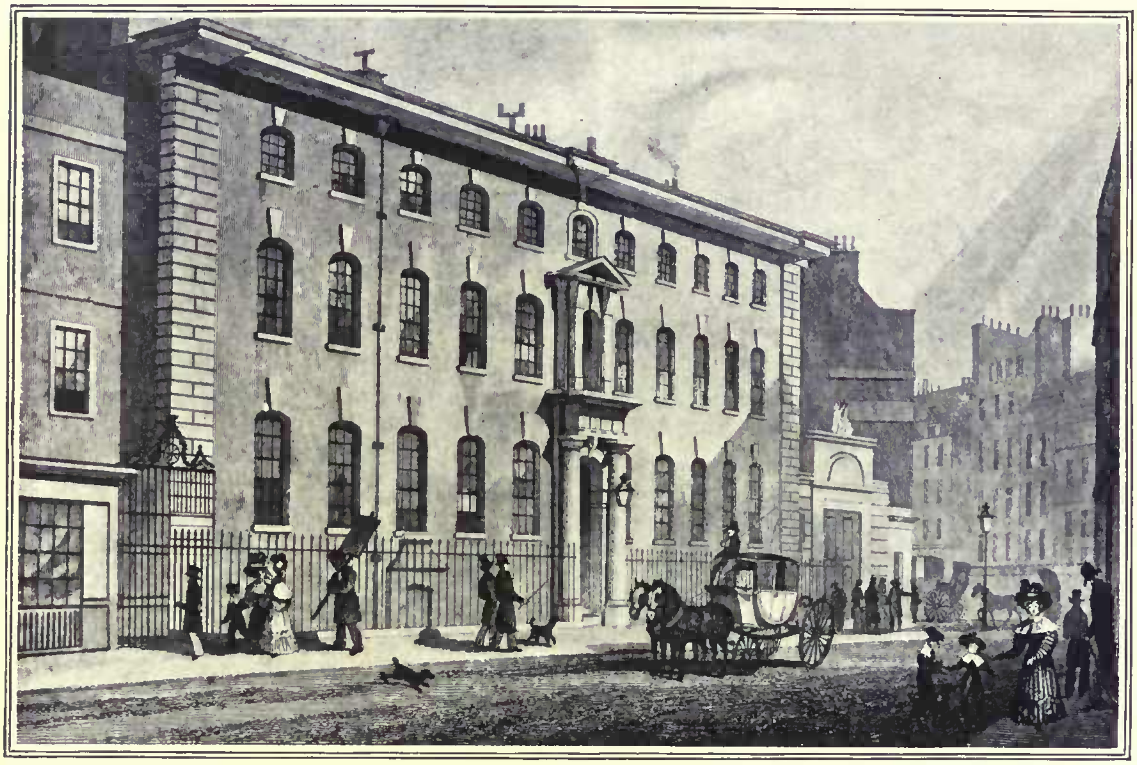
London Wall. The old Hall, which escaped the Fire, dated from early in the fifteenth century, and was coeval with the Guildhall. Its successor, designed by Mr. W. W. Pocock, is an effective example of the Italian style, with a spacious and handsome Livery Hall. The Carpenters have not failed to preserve in their new Hall four paintings in distemper, belonging to the fifteenth century, but only discovered in 1845, and having for their subjects Scriptural scenes connected with the trade, such as the construction of the Ark. The Company was incorporated in the reign of Edward IV. (1477), and is one of the richest of the minor Companies.

Thread-needle Street.

The origin of the name of Threadneedle Street is involved in obscurity. Stow gives it in the form of Threeneedle Street, and it has been conjectured that it had reference to the arms of the Needlemakers' Company, in which three needles figure. But the name appears also as Thridneedle Street and Thredneedle Street, and the only thing certain is that in a city of narrow streets Threadneedle Street cannot have been so called from its exiguous breadth.

St. Anthony's Hospital.

In this street, noted in former days for its taverns, which have given place to stately banks, there formerly stood the Hospital of St. Anthony, founded in the reign of Henry V. for a master, two priests, a schoolmaster, and twelve poor men. In the reign of Henry VI. a free school was added, which became the rival of St. Paul's, and at which were educated Sir Thomas More, Archbishop Whitgift, and probably Dean Colet. One of the privileges of the Hospital was that of having handed over to it ownerless swine found straying in the streets and not ripe for the shambles. Such pigs had bells fastened to their necks, and were turned out into the streets to forage for themselves until they were fit to kill. This no doubt was why the boys of St. Paul's dubbed the boys of the rival school in Threadneedle Street "St. Anthony's pigs." The Hospital was suppressed in the reign of Edward VI., and though the school was allowed to continue, it soon became, as Stow tells us, "sore decayed." The church of the Hospital was given by the young Protestant king to French or Walloon



SOUTH SEA HOUSE, THREADNEEDLE STREET.

From a Drawing by T. H. Shepherd.

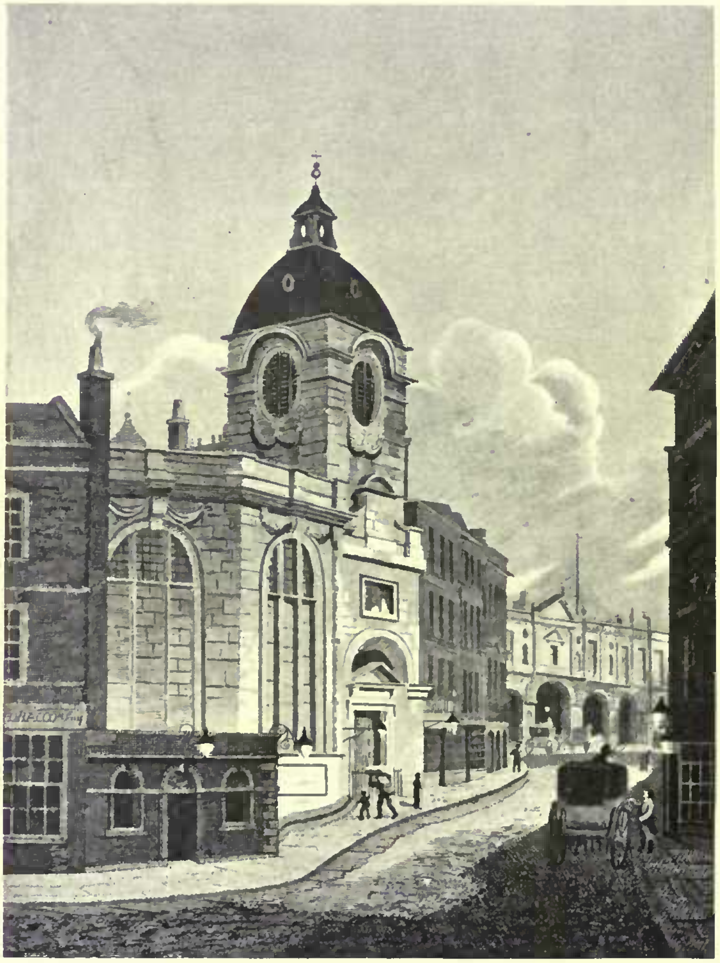
refugees, who occupied it until it perished in the Great Fire, when it was rebuilt, and continued in use until the alterations necessitated by the building of the present Royal Exchange, the congregation then establishing themselves at St. Martin's-le-Grand.

On the site of the French church was reared, in 1843, the Hall of Commerce, by Edward Moxhay, a biscuit-baker with a turn for architecture and for speculation. It was an ambitious structure, and its founder was sanguine of its becoming a great commercial centre. For some months in 1853-54 it was used by the Stock Exchange. In the following year it was reconstructed, and presently became a bank; and in these days it is known among men as Parr's Bank.

At the western end of Threadneedle Street is another banking establishment, that of the British Linen Company, which occupies an historic site—that of the South Sea House, the habitation of the company which blew the famous "bubble" in the early years of the eighteenth century. Reconstructed in 1855, the building was acquired in 1857 for the purposes of "The Baltic," an exchange for merchants and brokers connected with the Russian trade, who up to this time had met in a coffee-house in Threadneedle Street bearing that name. The Baltic now has handsome new quarters in St. Mary Axe, and its former premises were pulled down in 1900 to make way for the building in which the British Linen Company's Bank carries on its business.

The Bubble.

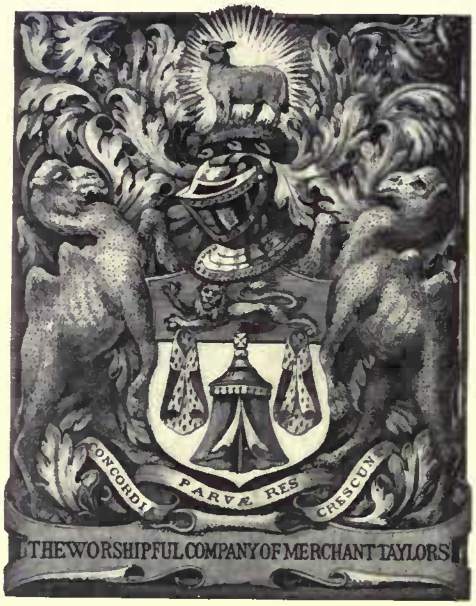
We need not stop to tell the familiar story of the speculative frenzy which attacked the nation in consequence of the rapid rise in the shares of the South Sea Company, and of the disaster in which the madness ended. The last vestige of the Company has now vanished from Threadneedle Street, and it will suffice to quote the words with which Charles Lamb concludes his description of South Sea House. "Peace to the manes of the Bubble!" he exclaims. "Silence and destitution are upon thy walls, proud house, for a memorial! Situated as thou art in the very heart of stirring and living commerce, amid the fret and fever of speculation—with the Bank, and the 'Change, and the India House about thee, in the hey-day of present prosperity, with their important faces, as it were, insulting thee, their *poor neighbour out of business*—to the idle and merely contemplative, to such as me, Old House! there is a charm in thy quiet, a cessation, a coolness from business, an indolence almost cloistral, which is delightful! With what reverence have I paced thy great bare rooms and courts at eventide! They spake of the past; the shade of some dead


ST. BENET FINK.
From a Drawing by G. Shepherd.

accountant, with visionary pen in ear, would flit by me, stiff as in life."

St. Benet Fink.

When the French church was pulled down there was found, some twelve or fourteen feet below the surface, a store of Roman remains—tesselated pavements, fragments of frescoes, and coins of Agrippa, Claudius, Domitian, Marcus Aurelius, and the Constantines. The same thing happened when, for the same reasons, the church of St. Benet Fink was taken down, among the treasures unearthed at this spot being an incised Saxon gravestone, now in the Guildhall Museum. This church was named after its rebuilder, Robert Finck or Finch, who lent his name also to the present Finch Lane (running from Threadneedle Street to Cornhill), in which his mansion stood. Renovated in 1633, it was destroyed by the Fire, and was rebuilt by Wren. Four years before it was burnt there was celebrated here the marriage of Richard Baxter to Margaret Charlton (September 10th, 1662).


CONCORDIA PARVÆ RES CRESCUNT
THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF MERCHANT TAYLORS

ARMS OF THE MERCHANT TAYLORS.

St. Martin Outwich.

Until 1874 Threadneedle Street had another church, that of St. Martin Outwich, named, says Stow, after its founders, four members of the Oteswich family. Standing, at the south-east corner of the street, on the site now occupied by the Capital and Counties Bank, it survived the Fire, but in 1796-98 it was rebuilt from the designs of S. P. Cockerell. When this later building was made away with the monuments, including that of John Oteswich and his wife, "a fair monument," Stow calls it, were transferred to St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, to which the parish of St. Martin Outwich was attached.

Merchant Taylors' Hall.

In Threadneedle Street, on the south side, is the entrance to the Hall of the Merchant Taylors' Company, the seventh in order of precedence of the twelve Great Livery Companies. This Company is mentioned in the City records as early as 1267, and in the last year but one of that century Edward I. formally sanctioned its adoption of the style and title of "Taylors and Linen Armourers of the Fraternity of John the Baptist." For centuries no tailor's shop could be opened in the City without licence from the Company; it was seized of the right of search for the detection of breaches of trade usage, and down to the year 1854 the Company's beadle regularly attended St. Bartholomew's Fair to test the measures used in the sale of cloth with his silver yardstick, which is carefully treasured among the Company's possessions. The Merchant Taylors have fewer names of the highest eminence on their list of working members than some of the other City Companies, among the most famous of them being Stow and Speed the historians, and Sir William Craven, ancestor of the Earls of Craven, who came up from Yorkshire as a lad and was apprenticed to a draper. But they stand first for the number of royal and noble personages who have been admitted to the brotherhood.

The Company's Hall was at first at Basing Lane, Bread Street, mentioned in an earlier chapter in connection with Gerard's Hall, and now swallowed up in Cannon Street. About 1331 the Company established itself in Threadneedle Street, in the mansion of Edmund Crepin. Very shortly afterwards it built for itself a Hall of which the massive stone walls withstood the Fire of 1666, though all else perished. The rebuilding by Edward Jerman was completed in 1671, the picture gallery at the upper end of the Hall being, however, added somewhat later. A few years ago, when the Livery Hall was panelled with oak, a stone recess beside the daïs was brought to light, and has been left exposed. Behind the daïs is a tablet which

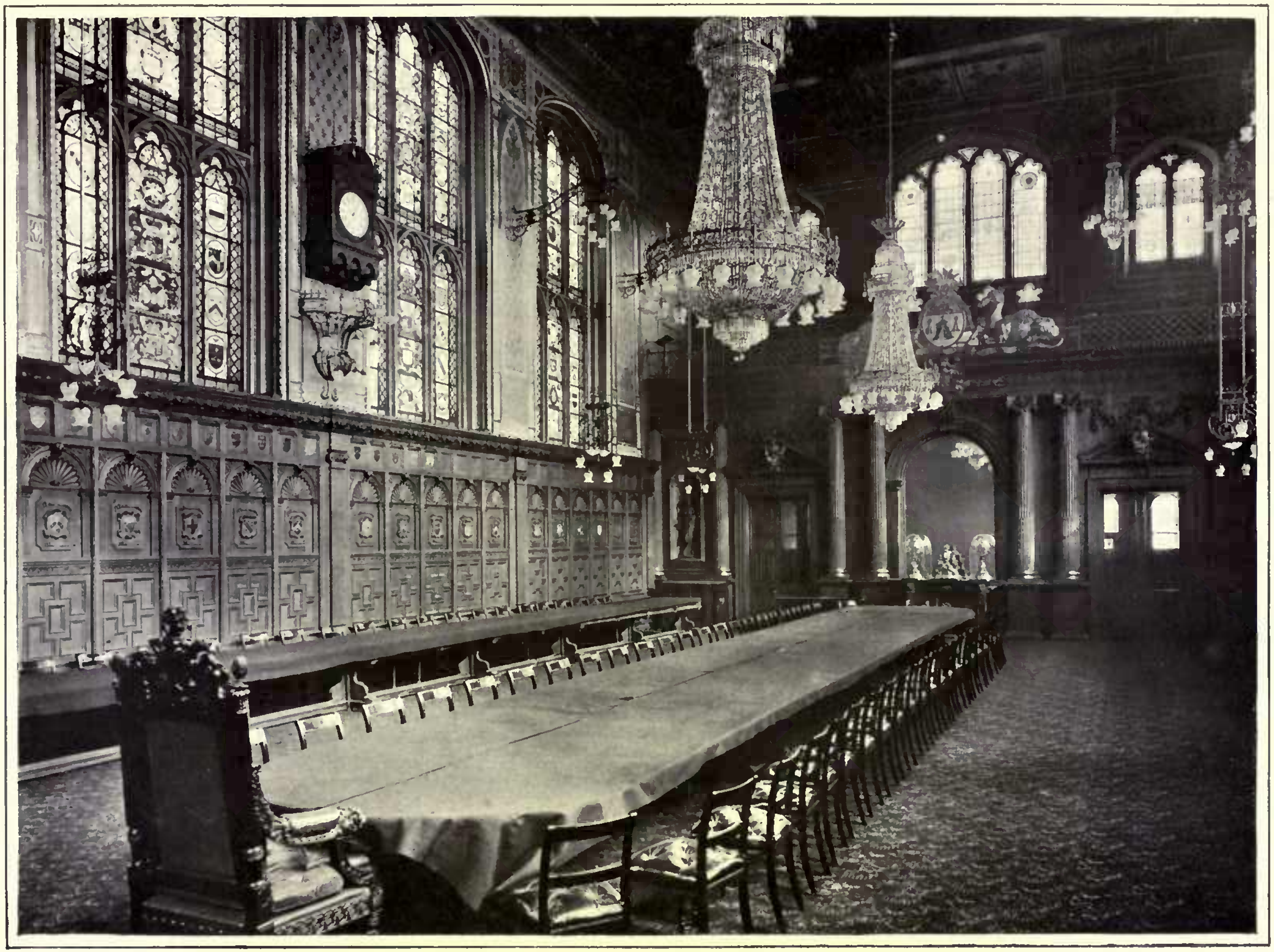


Photo: Bolas & Co., Westminster.

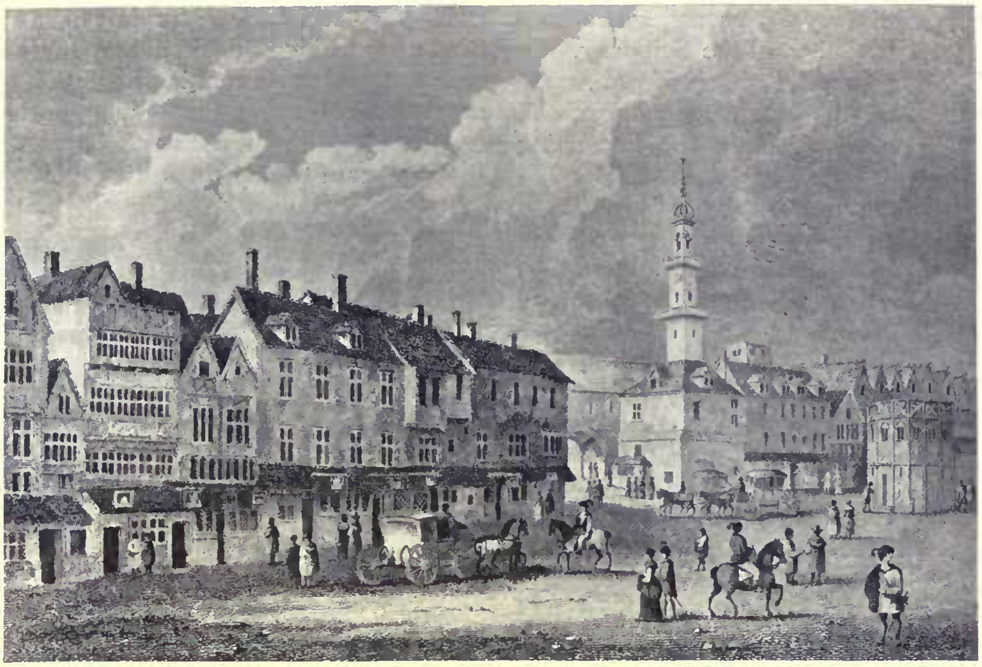
LIVERY HALL OF THE MERCHANT TAYLORS' COMPANY.

gives a list of the royal personages who have been honorary members of the Company. In the picture gallery, looking down upon the Livery Hall, to which a magnificent oak staircase gives access, are some interesting pieces of tapestry, one of them, dated 1490-1512, depicting the history of John the Baptist, the Company's patron saint, and here and elsewhere are contemporary portraits of several monarchs, among them one of Henry VIII. by Paris Bordone. The rooms of the Hall are built round a pleasant little courtyard, and in one of them are to be seen the boundary marks of three parishes which here meet—those of St. Peter, Cornhill, St. Michael, Cornhill, and St. Martin Outwich. The spacious and lofty kitchen, which is much used—for the Merchant Taylors have always lived up to a high standard of hospitality—was once a chapel ; and running beneath Threadneedle Street is the remnant of a crypt that was no doubt used by the chantry priests whom, to the number of twenty-three, the Company was found to be maintaining in the reign of Edward VI.

The arms of the Company show a Tent Royal between two Parliament Robes, with a Holy Lamb in glory for crest, and two camels for supporters ; and its motto is *Concordia Parvæ Res Crescunt.* It maintains, besides the Merchant Taylors' School, now installed at the Charterhouse, schools in the provinces, numerous groups of almshouses and a convalescent home at Bognor.

CORNHILL
G. W. KELLOCK
NELSON CAMERON
BROKERS FOR THE SALE OF SHIPS
59 60

THE EASTERN END OF CORNHILL.



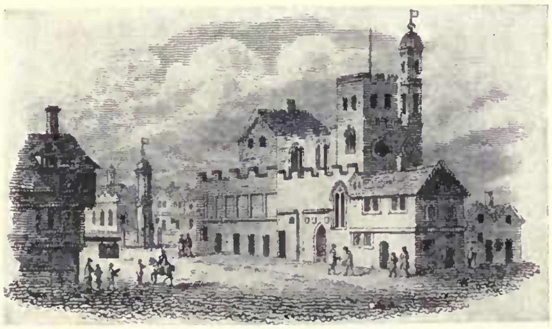
CORNHILL ABOUT 1630, WITH THE TUN (ON THE RIGHT), AND THE TOWER OF THE FIRST ROYAL EXCHANGE.

CHAPTER XVIII

AROUND THE BANK (CONCLUDED)

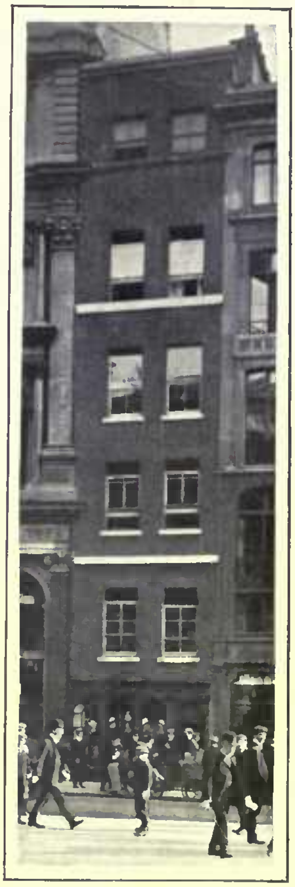
Cornhill—Birch's—Where Gray was Born—The First Round House—The Standard—St. Peter's—St. Michael's—The "Jerusalem" Coffee-house—Garraway's—A Duel in Pope's Head Alley—Birchin Lane—Macaulay—Lombard Street—Jane Shore—Goldsmiths who were Ruined by Charles II.—St. Edmund's—All Hallows'—Plough Court and Pope—Clement's and Abchurch Lanes—King William Street—St. Mary Woolnoth and John Newton—The Subways

AT Cornhill we come across another of old John Stow's mistaken derivations. The ward and street of this name, he tells us, were so called from "a corn market time out of mind there holden." But though there was in ancient times a general market in this thoroughfare, and a corn market at its east end, in Gracechurch Street, Riley's researches have made it clear that the name comes from a family that in early times held land in this part of the City. At one time the street was the haunt of drapers; now it is mostly occupied by handsome offices of assurance companies and banks, prominent among the former being the Commercial Union Assurance Company's offices, the lower stage rusticated, the upper adorned with Corinthian columns and pilasters, and, at the western end, where the street effects its junction with Lombard Street, those of the Liverpool, London, and Globe Company, completed in



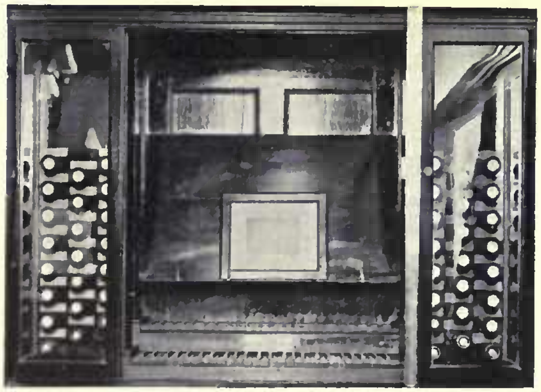
THE STANDARD, WITH THE TOWER OF ST. PETER'S, IN 1599 (*p.* 196).

1904. The latter, designed by Mr. J. Macvicar Anderson, with one façade to Cornhill, another to Lombard Street, and between them a rounded front looking along Cheapside, occupies the site where Thomas Guy commenced business as a stationer. But it was not in this branch of trade that he made the fortune with which he founded the hospital that bears his name, but largely out of speculations in the South Sea Company's shares.

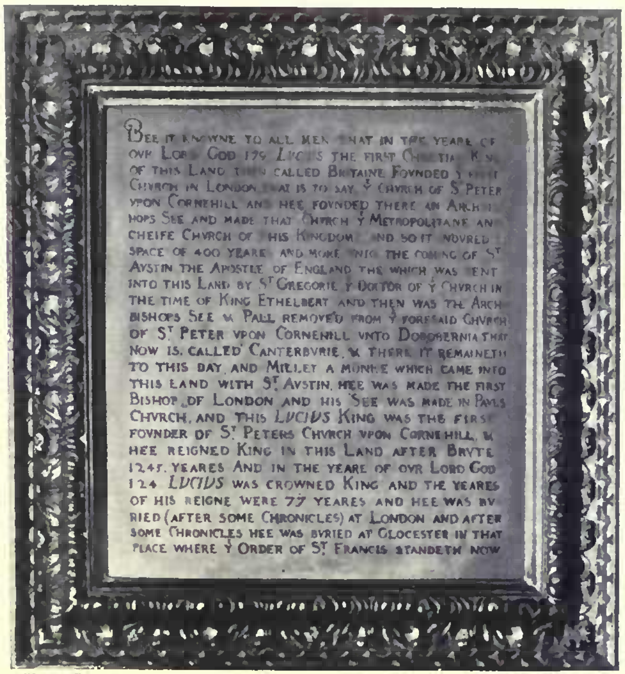

"BIRCH'S."

Close to this western end of Cornhill (No. 15) is the quaint little confectioner's shop, famous for its turtle soup, which is still known as Birch's, and still displays two door-plates—inscribed, in letters barely decipherable, "Birch, successor to Mr. Horton"—which are a century and three-quarters old. The business was established by a Mr. Horton early in the reign of George I., and was acquired by the Samuel Birch who, born in 1787, was Lord Mayor in 1815, was something of an orator, and even had pretensions to poetry. He died in 1840, having four years before this disposed of his business to Ring and Brymer, the name under which the business is still carried on. This firm it is which caters for the City banquets.

Near the western end of Cornhill (No. 65), Messrs. Smith and Elder had their offices before they moved westwards. Here it was that the *Cornhill Magazine* was started, with Thackeray for editor, and that Charlotte Brontë had her first interview with the Mr. Smith of those days. Nor is this the only literary association of Cornhill. In 1716 the house which used to be numbered 41, just west of St. Michael's church, was occupied by an Exchange broker of the name of Gray, and here was born to him, on the 26th of December, the future author of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." The house was destroyed by fire in 1748, and was rebuilt by the poet, who, in a letter to Wharton, shows rather ruefully that, though the building was insured, he lost £165 by the transaction. The number has now disappeared from Cornhill, this and the adjoining house having been pulled down and replaced in 1890 by a single building which occupies the site of both.


KEYBOARD OF THE ORGAN IN ST. PETER'S, CORNHILL (*p.* 197).

Cornhill has associations also of a less dignified kind. Just at the eastern end of the Royal Exchange is a disused pump with an inscription setting forth that it was built in 1799 over an old well that had been discovered and much enlarged. On this spot was reared in 1282, by Henry de Waleys, Mayor, a prison which, from its being circular, was called the Tun, and Riley records the interesting suggestion that because of the shape of this building, prisons came to bear the name of "round house." Close by were stocks for beggars, and a pillory for fraudulent dealers, which was not seldom misused for the punishment of those who were misguided enough to be in advance of their time. Thus, in January, 1703, the House of Commons, having in its wisdom sentenced Defoe's "Shortest Way with the Dissenters" to be burned by the common hangman, issued a proclamation for the



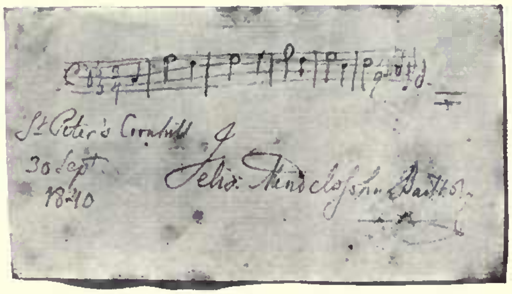
Bee it knowne to all men that in the yeare of our Lord God 179 *Lucius* the first Christian King of this Land then called Britaine founded ye first Church in London that is to say ye Church of St Peter upon Cornehill and hee founded there an Archbishops See and made that Church ye Metropolitane and cheife Church of this Kingdom and so it indured ye space of 400 yeare and more unto the coming of St Austin the Apostle of England the which was sent into this Land by St Gregorie ye Doctor of ye Church in the time of King Ethelbert and then was the Archbishops See & Pall removed from ye foresaid Church of St Peter upon Cornehill unto Dorobernia that now is called Canterburie & there it remaineth to this day. and Millet a monke which came into this land with St Austin, hee was made the first Bishop of London and his See was made in Pauls Church. and this *Lucius* King was the first founder of St Peters Church upon Cornehill & hee reigned King in this Land after Brute 1245. yeares And in the yeare of our Lord God 124 *Lucius* was crowned King and the yeares of his reigne were 77 yeares and hee was buried (after some Chronicles) at London and after some Chronicles hee was buried at Glocester in that place where ye Order of St Francis standeth now

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE TABLET IN ST. PETER'S, CORNHILL.

author's arrest, describing him, not ungraphically, as "a middle-sized spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark brown coloured hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, gray eyes, and a large mole near his mouth." Presently Defoe was arrested, and on the 29th of July, as the *London Gazette* records, he "stood in the pillory before the Royal Exchange in Cornhill." But, as John Forster says, "other missiles than were wont to greet a pillory reached Defoe; and shouts of a different temper. His health was drunk with acclamations, as he stood there, and nothing harder than a flower was flung at him." Defoe himself has left record of the reception he had from the populace. "The people," he says, "were expected to treat me very ill, but it was not so. On the contrary they were with me, wished those who had set me there were placed in my room, and expressed their affection by loud shouts and acclamations when I was taken."

Adjoining the prison in Cornhill was a conduit, also built by Mayor de Waleys, and rebuilt in 1401. And at the east end of the street, where it joins Leadenhall Street, was erected in 1582 the celebrated Standard, a conduit with four spouts that gushed forth water which Peter Morris the Dutchman had brought by means of leaden pipes from the Thames at London Bridge. After a few years the water ceased to flow, but the Standard was long used as a centre from which distances were measured, and in the suburbs one may still see milestones giving the number of miles "from the Standard in Cornhill." This Standard, with its four faces looking respectively towards Cornhill, Leadenhall Street, Bishopsgate Street, and Gracechurch Street, would appear to have been the "Carfukes," just as in the city of Oxford is the Carfax, so called from a four-sided fountain.



St Peter's Cornhill

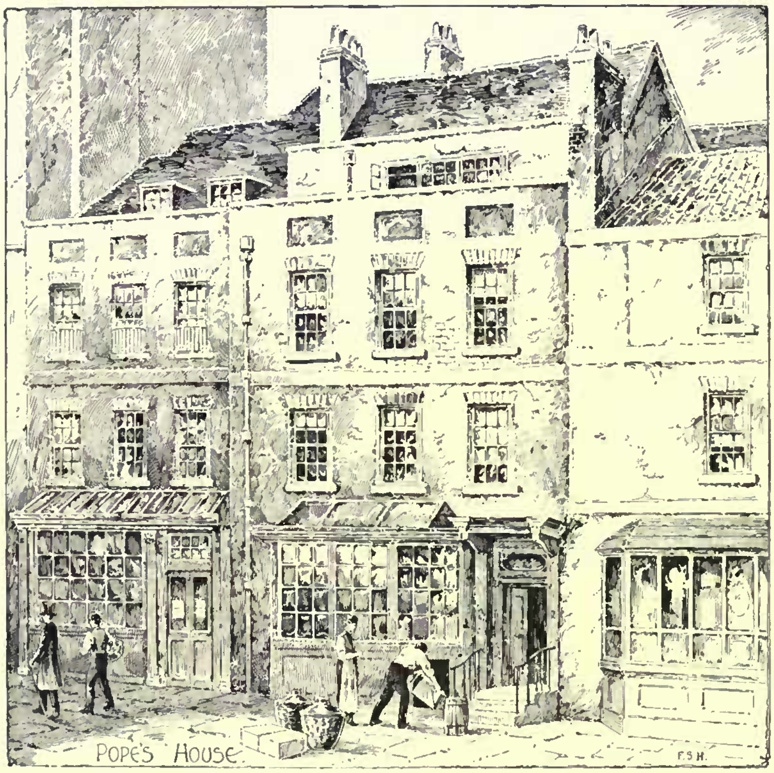
30 Sept. 1840

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy

MENDELSSOHN'S AUTOGRAPH IN ST. PETER'S.

St. Peter's.

Cornhill's two churches are both on the south side of the street. For that of St. Peter, the less conspicuous of the two, at the eastern extremity of Cornhill, with a shallow shop built right up against its stuccoed wall, and with a brick tower rising into a leaden cupola and spire, topped by a huge key, the patron saint's emblem, the claim is made that it is older than St. Paul's, the oldest Christian church in London, in fact. "There remaineth in this church," says Stow, "a table whereon it is written, I know not by what authority, but of a late hand, that King Lucius founded the same church to be an Archbishop's see, metropolitan and chief church of his kingdom, and that it so endured the space of four hundred years, until the coming of Augustin the monk." The tablet, which escaped the Great Fire and is preserved in the vestry-room, sets out the claim in detail, and gives the year 179 as that in which King Lucius—whoever he may have been—founded the church. St. Peter's has lost no opportunity of asserting its seniority, and its 1700th anniversary was duly celebrated; and though Bishop Stubbs was disposed to accept the Romano-British archbishopric as having existed in London, the weight of authority is against the claim. But the church, in origin, is undoubtedly one of great antiquity.



"POPE'S HOUSE" IN PLOUGH COURT, LOMBARD STREET, IN 1860.

St. Peter's, rebuilt by Wren in 1680-81, is not remarkable architecturally, but it has some interesting features besides the tablet spoken of by Stow. In the vestry is an old Bible dated 1290, illuminated by a monk attached to the church. Here, too, are the original keyboard and stops of Father Smith's fine organ, doubly worth preserving, since they were used by Mendelssohn, whose framed autograph, dated September 30th, 1840, hangs above them. The churchyard, on the south side of the church, has been converted into a little garden, agreeably shaded in summer by the buildings that surround it.

St. Michael's.

Much more prominent than St. Peter's, by reason of its lofty Perpendicular, heavily-turreted tower, St. Michael's, Cornhill, also has on its south side its little garden, fringed with trees and shrubs. The ambitious porch, deeply recessed and heavily moulded, which faces Cornhill, was added in 1857 by Sir Gilbert Scott, who did his best to mediævalise the Italian interior, with a result that, rich as is the effect, can hardly please the shade of Sir Christopher if he ever revisits the building. Mr. Birch* justly remarks that "beautiful as some of the work is, and sensible as one must be of the spirit in which it was carried out, in order that everything should be of the best and richest that money and talent could procure, one cannot but deplore that all this should have been wasted in giving us an interior which is neither Gothic nor Classic, neither Italian nor Wrennian, but merely a compound of painted and gilded, carved and bedizened incongruity." Every one of the windows is filled with coloured glass of the deepest tones, and of the little light that is admitted some is absorbed by the polychrome decoration of the walls. The old pews have given place to benches carved to represent Scriptural emblems, and the foliage of the Holy Land as well as of these islands, the patient and skilful work of the late Mr. Thomas Rogers, who copied specimens collected by members of his family during their residence in Palestine; and the ends of those in the middle aisle show, in colour, the arms of the City and of various of the Livery Companies, including the Drapers', in whose gift the rectory has been since early in the sixteenth century. Pity it is that with so much that is worth seeing there is not enough light to see it! A gilded pelican beneath the tower at the west end is said to have been carved by Grinling Gibbons.

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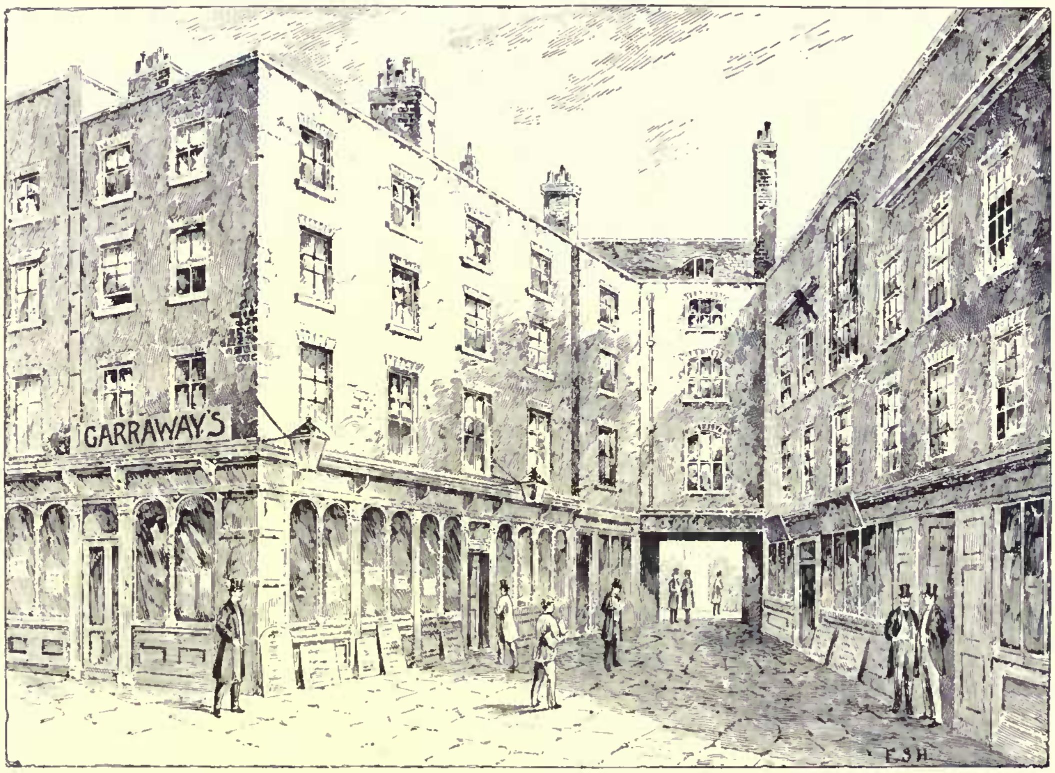
* "London Churches of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries." By George H. Birch, F.S.A.



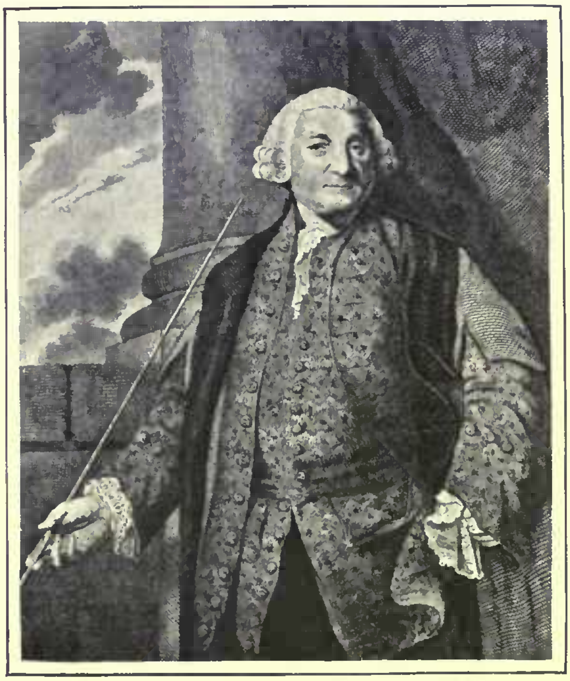
"GARRAWAY'S" SHORTLY BEFORE DEMOLITION (*p.* 199).

Old St. Michael's, which perished in the Fire, is described by Stow as "a fair and beautiful church" with "a proper cloister and a fair churchyard" on the south side, and a pulpit cross "not much unlike to that in Paule's Churchyard." Here in 1513 was buried Alderman Fabian, the chronicler. Old St. Michael's was noted for the height and the beauty of its steeple, which, not wholly destroyed in 1666, was repaired, and not replaced by the present tower till 1722. It is said that the tower was designed by Wren in imitation of the Magdalen Tower at Oxford, but there is very little resemblance between the two structures, and it is not necessary to suppose that Wren was thinking of anything but the loftily pinnacled tower of old St. Michael's.

In St. Michael's Alley, on the west side of the church, was opened, about the year 1652, the first of the coffee-houses which were to play so large a part not only in the social but also in the business life of London. The innovator was one Pasqua Rosee, a Levantine who is said to have been brought to this country by a Turkey merchant. In Cowper's Court, a little to the east—named after a family founded by John Cowper, Sheriff in 1551, whose descendant, Lord Chancellor under Queen Anne, became the first Earl Cowper, and was great-uncle of the poet—was one of the most famous of the coffee-houses, the "Jerusalem," transferred hither from Bishopsgate Street a full two centuries ago. It was for long a subscription

The "Jerusalem."

house frequented by merchants and others connected with the shipping interests, who afterwards met at the Shipping Exchange in Billiter Street, and now at The Baltic in St. Mary Axe. It was rebuilt after a fire which ravaged Cornhill in 1748, and again in 1879, and the building which occupies the site is styled the Jerusalem Chambers. In this coffee-house, in 1842, was arrested John Tawell, the pseudo-Quaker who had murdered a woman near Slough, a case which is memorable because it was the first time that the electric telegraph was employed in the pursuit of a criminal.



A JOVIAL ALDERMAN: EDWARD BACKWELL.

"Garraway's."

In 'Change (Exchange) Alley, another Cornhill tributary, with five entrances, two from Cornhill, two from Lombard Street, and one from Birchin Lane, was Jonathan's Coffee-house, referred to in the *Tatler* as "the general mart for stock-jobbers." Of a still more famous 'Change Alley Coffee-house, "Garraway's," something has been said in our account of the Stock Exchange (p. 164). Opened about the time of the Restoration by Thomas Garway or Garraway for the sale of tea, it came to be one of the chief resorts of merchants in the City, at different times a place of sale, exchange, auction and lottery. It was burnt down in 1666, and again in 1748, and was finally destroyed in 1874, according to a tablet which may be seen on the offices that have taken its place.

Pope's Head Alley.

Pope's Head Alley, a little westward of 'Change Alley, named after a very old tavern which was in existence at least as early as the reign of Edward IV., was once, as Stow conjectures, a royal palace, since the ancient arms of England were incised on the stone walls, was rebuilt after the Great Fire, and had not ceased to be in the year 1756.

A Duel.

In 1718 this famous inn was the scene of an informal but tragic duel between Quin the comedian and another actor of the name of Bowen, an Irishman. In a fit of mad jealousy Bowen sent for Quin, and when he came in drew his sword, planted his back against the door, and insisted, in spite of Quin's expostulations, upon a combat. In trying to disarm his furious assailant Quin inflicted a wound to which Bowen succumbed three days later, but not before he had confessed that the blame was entirely his own.

Birchin Lane.

In George Yard, running from Cornhill to Lombard Street, was the academy of one Dr. Pinches, where the late Sir Henry Irving had two years' schooling, beginning in 1849. Birchin Lane, also running from Cornhill to Lombard Street, is said by Stow to be a corruption of Birchover Lane, after "the first builder and owner thereof." But in the earliest references to it that have been discovered it appears as Bercheneres and Bercherners Lane, and later as Berchers Lane. From the beginning of the seventeenth century it was a haunt of dealers in second-hand clothes. Here was Tom's Coffee-house, where Garrick occasionally showed himself, and of which Chatterton, writing to his sister on the 30th of May, 1770, says, "There is such a noise of business and politics in the room that my inaccuracy in writing here is highly excusable. My present profession," the poor boy pathetically adds, "obliges me to frequent places of the best resort."

In Birchin Lane two years of Macaulay's

Macaulay.

infancy were passed, his father living at the office of the Sierra Leone Company, of which he was secretary. The future historian, as we learn from Sir George Trevelyan's "Life," was daily carried to bask in the sunshine of Drapers' Gardens, at the back of Drapers' Hall. Our author is a good deal less than just to the Gardens when he dubs them "a dismal yard, containing as much gravel as grass, and frowned upon by a Board of Regulations almost as large as itself." He might have suspected that he had obtained a wrong impression of the Gardens, for he goes on to say that in after years they were one of Macaulay's "favourite haunts." The force of association surely could no further go, if Drapers' Gardens were as this writer describes them.

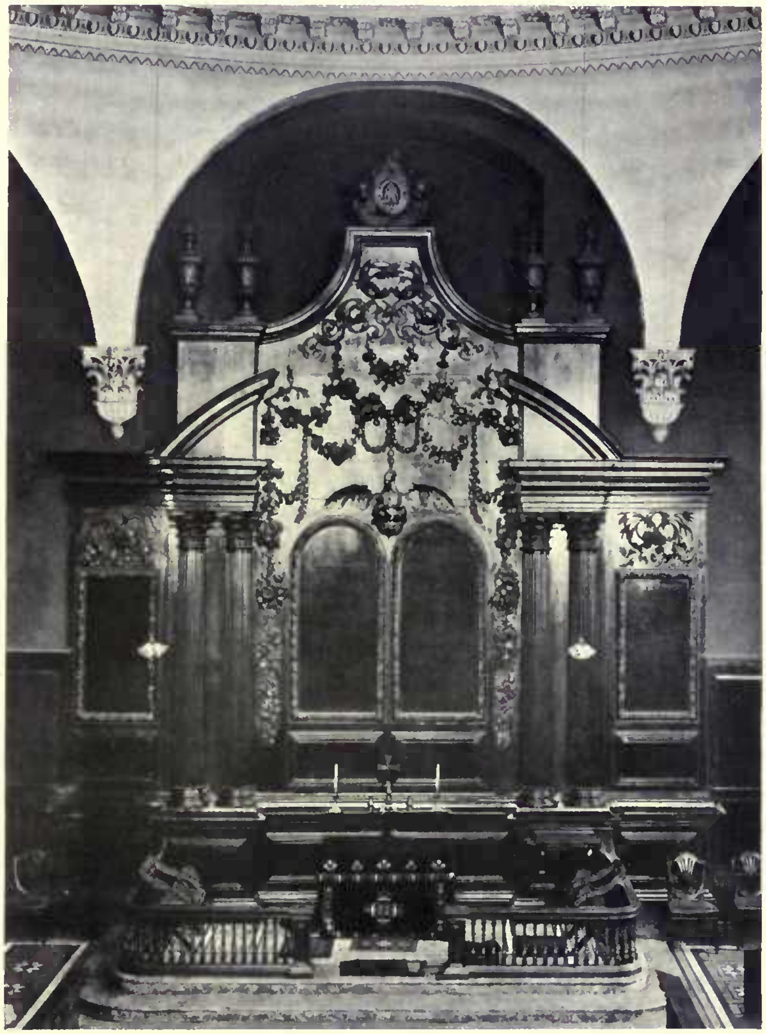


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

ALTAR OF ST. MARY ABCHURCH.

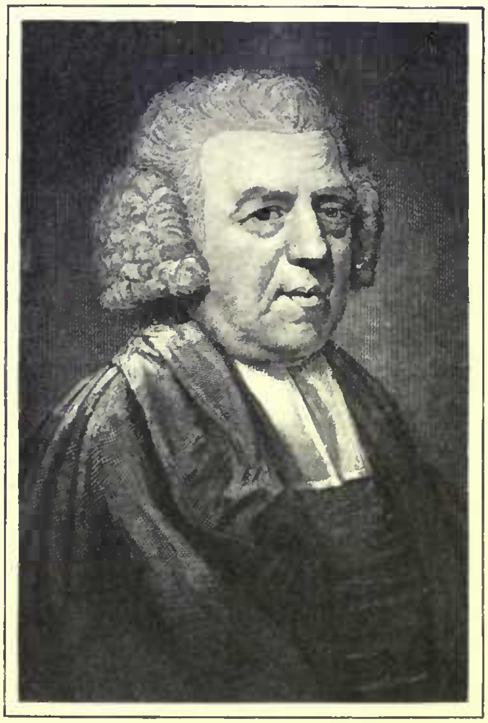
Lombard Street.

Lombard Street is named after the Longobards, those merchants of Genoa, Lucca, Florence and Venice who settled in London as moneylenders and bankers after the expulsion of the Jews in the reign of Edward I. But they in turn succumbed to the prejudice against aliens, and, unable to compete with English merchants such as Gresham, they were extinct before the end of Elizabeth's reign. It was not until after the Great Fire, however, that Lombard Street became the headquarters of the goldsmiths, now beginning to develop into bankers. In 1566, for example, out of 107 goldsmiths whose names are recorded in the Court Book of the Goldsmiths' Company, seventy-six dwelt in Chepe, and the remaining thirty-one in " Lamberde " Street.

Gresham's shop, where he lived until he built for himself a mansion in Bishopsgate, stood on the site of the present banking house of Messrs. Martin and Co., Limited (No. 68), and had for sign the grasshopper, his father's crest. The shop perished in the Great Fire, and the building which took its place was rebuilt in 1795, when the original sign was stolen or lost sight of. Of recent years there has been yet another rebuilding.

Jane Shore.

An early Lombard Street goldsmith was the husband of that Jane Shore who became the mistress of Edward IV. and was compelled to do penance in the streets of London by Richard III. Drayton the poet gives an alluring description of this beautiful woman from a portrait extant in his day. " Her stature was meane ; her haire of a dark colour ; her face round and full ; her eye grey, delicate harmony being between each part's proportion and each proportion's colour ; her body fat, white, and smooth ; her countenance cheerful, and like to her condition. The picture I have seen of her was such as she rose out of bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle cast under one arme over her shoulder, and sitting on a chair on which her naked arm did lie." She was still living in the reign of Henry VIII., and Sir Thomas More tells us on the authority of those who remembered her in her youth that " proper she was and fair." But " now is she old, lean, withered, and dried up—nothing left but shrivelled skin and hard bone." What a contrast ! But according to More she had graces of the mind and spirit as well as physical charms. Men delighted " not so much in her beauty as in her pleasant behaviour. For a proper wit had she, and could both read well and write, merry in company, ready and quick of answer, neither mute nor full of babble." Small wonder that as the poor woman walked to St. Paul's to do penance, downcast with shame, every heart was moved to pity. The tyrant had commanded that no man should relieve her, but a curb upon their compassion he could not put.


THE REV. JOHN NEWTON (*p.* 204).

Ruined Goldsmiths.

A Jovial Lord Mayor.

In the reign of Charles I. the two leading Lombard Street merchants were Sir Robert Vyner and Alderman Backwell. The Post Office, at the west end of Lombard Street, occupies, with the Guardian Assurance Office, the site of the house which Vyner built for himself, and in which he kept his Mayoralty in 1675, and the shop of Alderman Backwell, his great rival, was nearly opposite. Backwell was ruined by the dishonesty of Charles II. in closing the Exchequer in 1672, at which time the King owed him £300,000. A broken man, he withdrew to the Low Countries, and died seven years later. Vyner also, who had supplied the new regalia for the Coronation, the old regalia having been destroyed, was a heavy sufferer from the King's bad faith, for there was owing to him when the Exchequer closed the sum of £416,724 13s. 1½d., which may have included his charges for the regalia. It is of Vyner that the story is told in the *Spectator*, that when Charles, who had attended the inaugural feast of his Mayoralty in 1674, had quitted the table, grown bold with wine he pursued the merry monarch and taking him familiarly by the hand, cried out with a big oath, " Sir, you shall stay and take t'other bottle." The king " looked kindly at him over his shoulder, and with a smile and graceful air . . . . . repeated the line of the old song, 'He that is drunk is as great as a king,' and immediately turned back and complied with his host's request."

The Post Office off Lombard Street stands on part of the site of the old General Post Office. Not a fragment now remains of the building which served as the headquarters of our postal system for many years until 1829, when the business of the Post Office was transferred to St. Martin's-le-Grand. So much of the site only as is now occupied by the branch Post Office was retained, the rest being sold or thrown into King William Street, then being formed.

St. Edmund's.

Lombard Street has on its north side two churches. That of St. Edmund the King and Martyr, dedicated to the Edmund King of East Anglia who was killed by the Danes at Bury St. Edmund's, and standing near the site of the ancient Grass Market, also serves the parish of St. Nicholas Acon, the church of which stood on the west side of Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street—where, on the east side, a part of the old churchyard may still be seen—and was not rebuilt after the Fire. Why "Acon," by the way, no man knoweth; but Stow tells us that he had seen it written "Hacon." When Wren rebuilt the church of St. Edmund he was obliged by the shape of the site to make it run north and south, the altar being at the north end. According to Mr. George Birch, this is the only church in which Wren departed from the usual custom of the Church of England. St. Edmund's most memorable association is with Addison, who was married within its walls to the Dowager Countess of Warwick and Holland.

All Hallows'.

The other Lombard Street church, All Hallows', stands near its eastern end, a little way back from the thoroughfare. Also rebuilt by Wren, it was not completed till 1694, the old church having been at first patched up. All Hallows' has a very plain interior, an effect to which the poor stained glass makes its contribution. Within the porch is the massive oak gateway, rudely carved with hour-glasses and skulls and other gruesome emblems, which until 1865 gave entrance from Lombard Street. The bit of graveyard which remains on the south side of the church presents no refreshing greensward or foliage, as do most of these City burial-grounds. As in so many other City churches, there is in All Hallows' a great deal of fine woodwork, of which the chief feature is the altar-piece.

Lombard Street is in these days lined with imposing offices of banks and insurance companies, though at its eastern extremity on the north side there are still a few shops. In his "London Signs and Inscriptions" Mr. Philip Norman quotes from Heywood's *Edward IV.*, published in 1600, a reference to the signs of the Phœnix and the Pelican:—

> "Here's Lombard Street, and here's the Pelican;
> And here's the Phœnix in the Pelican's nest."

It is a curious coincidence, as he points out, that at the present time there should be in this street two insurance offices that display these signs, the Pelican and the Phœnix. The house occupied by the latter, he adds, was built for Sir Charles Asgill, Lord Mayor in 1757, from designs by Sir Robert Taylor, who was architect to the Bank of England.

Newman's Birthplace.

We must not leave Lombard Street without noting that here was born John Henry Newman, his father being a partner in the firm of Ramsbottom, Newman, Ramsbottom and Co., who carried on business at No. 72. The father is believed to have been of Dutch extraction, and the name is said to have been spelt Newmanns, or perhaps Newmann. The future Cardinal's mother belonged to a Huguenot family which settled in London as engravers and paper manufacturers.

Pope's.

Of the streets and courts tributary to Lombard Street on the south, Plough Court must be mentioned because here the father of Pope carried on the business of a linen merchant, in a house at the bottom of the court which survived till 1872, and it is not improbable that here, in 1688, the poet was born. In Clement's Lane was the bank in which Rogers the poet was for many years a partner. The lane is named after the church of St. Clement, Eastcheap, which, since its rebuilding by Wren after the Fire, has served also the parish of St. Martin Orgar, in Martin's Lane. St. Clement's numbers great names among its clergy. Quaint old Thomas Fuller was lecturer here in 1646, and in 1650 Pearson was appointed to the same office, and preached in St. Clement's those sermons on

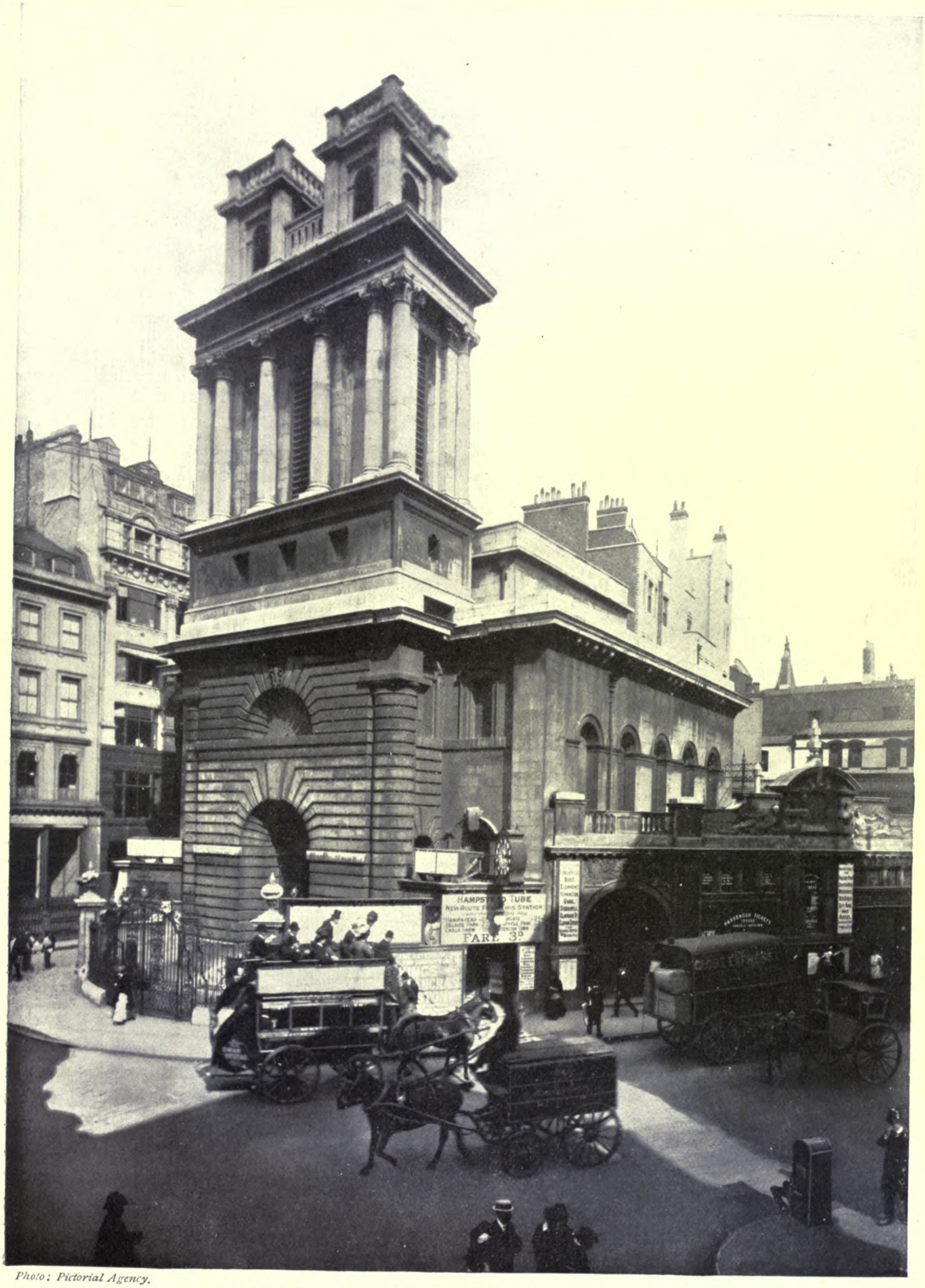

HAMPSTEAD TUBE
FARE 3D
PASSENGER TICKETS

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

A MASSIVE CITY CHURCH: ST. MARY WOOLNOTH.

the Creed which were published as the "Exposition," and were dedicated "to the right worshipful and well-beloved the parishioners of St. Clement's, Eastcheap." These divines are commemorated by the west window, together with Bishop Bryan Walton, compiler of the Polyglot Bible, who was rector of St. Martin Orgar until dispossessed by Parliament. But the most eminent of the names associated with St. Clement's is that of Henry Purcell, first of English composers, who was once organist here.

Abchurch Lane.

In Abchurch Lane, running from Lombard Street to Cannon Street, is the church of St. Mary Abchurch, a name which is conjectured by Maitland, with small probability, to be a variant of Upchurch, because the church stands on slightly rising ground. It was rebuilt in 1686 of red brick by Wren, who gave the tower a poor spire. The roof is in cupola form, and was painted by Sir James Thornhill; the altar-piece is enriched with some of the most exquisite of Grinling Gibbons' carvings.

King William Street.

King William Street, which runs from Adelaide Place, London Bridge, to the Mansion House, is almost wholly occupied with insurance offices, and is the most monotonous of the thoroughfares around the Bank. At its junction with Gracechurch Street is a statue of the sailor-king, William IV., looking riverwards; it is plentifully garnished with nautical emblems. At the north-west end of the street, where it joins Lombard Street, is the church of St. Mary Woolnoth, beneath which is one of the stations of the City and South London Railway. A most massive and vigorous piece of work, unlike anything else in London, the church was built by Nicholas Hawksmoor, Wren's assistant, in 1727, the old church, repaired by Wren after the Fire, having survived till 1716, when it had to be demolished to prevent it from falling down. The ponderous western front, with its double tower, faces the open space bounded by the Bank, the Royal Exchange and the Mansion House, and, commanding as it is, it is not unworthy of so conspicuous a position. Hawksmoor, we may here note, was born in the year of the Great Fire, and was apprenticed to Wren in 1683.

St. Mary Woolnoth.

In old St. Mary Woolnoth was buried, with his three wives, Sir Martin Bowes, the famous goldsmith who died in 1566. A later goldsmith, Sir Robert Vyner (p. 201), contributed so handsomely towards the cost of renovating the church after the Fire that the part of the building which fronted his house was embellished with carvings of vines. With the present church is associated the memory of the Rev. John Newton, the friend of Cowper the poet, and collaborator with him in the production of the Olney Hymns, to which he contributed "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," and "Glorious things of thee are spoken." A tablet on the north wall bears a touching inscription from his own pen: "John Newton, Clerk, once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa, was, by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, preserved, restored, pardoned, and appointed to preach the faith he had long laboured to destroy." Born in London on the 24th of July, 1725, at the age of eleven he went to sea with his father, the captain of a merchantman, presently drifted into the slave trade, living a wild and reckless life and abandoning the faith of his childhood. But the perils of a dreadful storm through which he had to steer his ship gave him food for reflection, and he became converted, and turned away from his evil courses, though not from the slave trade, as to which his conscience became enlightened only in later years, when he became an ally of Wilberforce's. Taking holy orders, he was for years curate of Olney, and there formed his intimate friendship with Cowper. In 1780 he became incumbent of St. Mary Woolnoth, and so remained until his death on the 21st of December, 1807, being buried in his own church, in the vault which already held the remains of the wife whom he had loved, as he feared, almost to idolatry. The year before his death, being urged to respect the infirmities of age and give up preaching, he exclaimed, "What! Shall the old African blasphemer stop? I cannot stop!" In 1893, when from sanitary considerations the church was cleared of human remains, the ashes of this good man and his wife were removed to Olney and there re-interred.

John Newton.

The church's qualifying name has been conjectured to be a variant of Wulfnoth. But it may possibly have reference to the wool trade, an hypothesis which finds some support in Stow's statement that the church of St. Mary Woolchurch Haw, which stood still nearer to the old Stocks Markets, on the site now occupied by the Mansion House, and was not rebuilt after the Fire, was named after a beam in the churchyard used for the weighing of wool at the wool wharf on the Wall Brook. Mr. Loftie's suggestion is that Woolnoth is a contraction of Woollen Hithe, the wool wharf just referred to.

Subways.

We have now completed our circuit and returned to the heart of the City, where the traffic, both vehicular and pedestrian, is thicker probably than at any other spot on the face of the globe. For the accommodation of pedestrians and their safety, it may be added, subways have been provided which afford communication between the thoroughfares that radiate from this centre. Though these subways are not much used by those who are sightseeing, they are an inestimable boon to City men in a hurry; and it is a curious commentary on our national slowness to accept innovations that at first very little use was made of them and that up to the time of writing they should be the only subways in London constructed to provide facilities for crossing busy streets. They give access also to the two tube railways which meet at this point, the Central London Railway, whose trains run beneath Cheapside, Newgate Street, Holborn, Oxford Street, and Bayswater Road to Shepherd's Bush, and the Waterloo and City Railway, which brings the London and South-Western terminus into touch with the City; and it was at the cost of these companies that the subways were made. Close by, is the City and South London Railway, which extends from Clapham Common to Islington and Euston. This line, which was opened in the year 1890, was the first tube railway constructed in this country, or indeed in any other. It was soon followed by the Liverpool Overhead Electric Railway, and these two lines at once found a host of imitators in America and elsewhere.

It should be added that in the construction of the stations at this spot the workmen came across some of the foundations of the first of the Royal Exchanges. A more serious obstacle was presented by certain old vaults of the Bank of England, which, when they were disused, were for security's sake filled with concrete. It not being possible, for obvious reasons, to blow them up, the concrete had to be dislodged bit by bit.

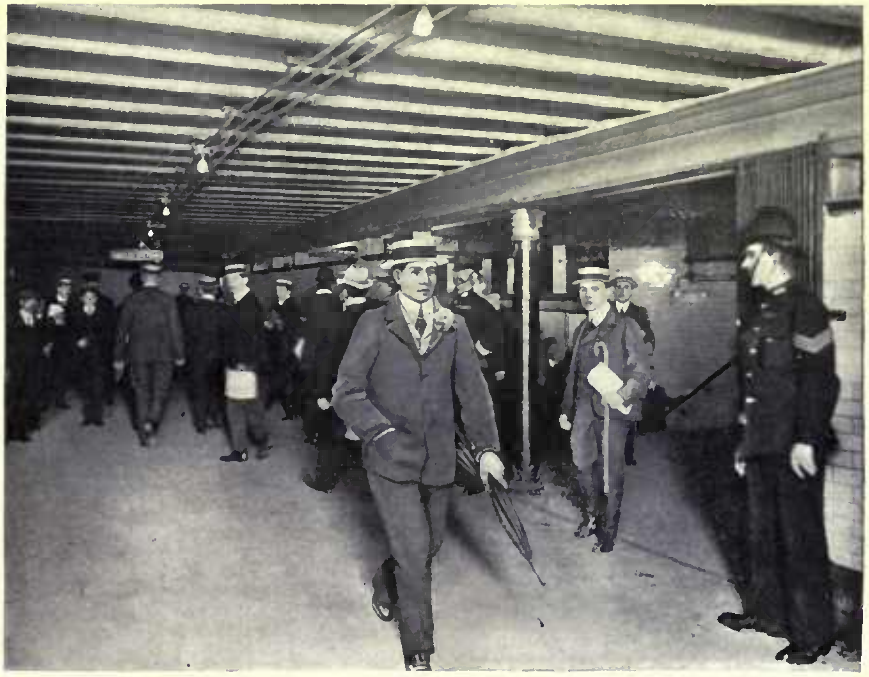
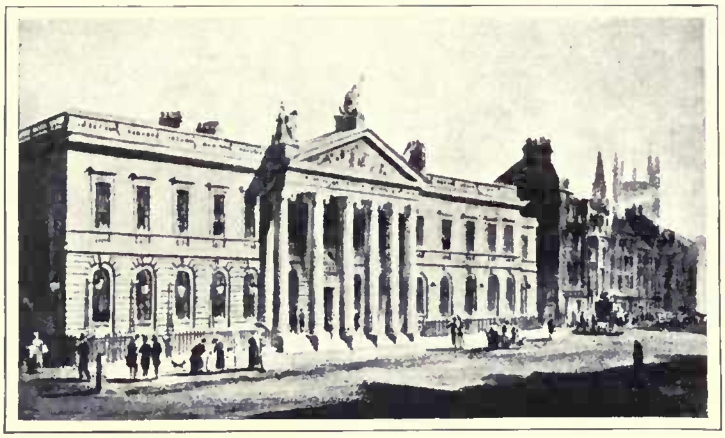


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE BANK SUBWAYS.



THE EAST INDIA HOUSE IN 1648.

CHAPTER XIX

LEADENHALL STREET AND FENCHURCH STREET

Manor of Leadenhall—The Market—The "Ship"—"John Company"—Charles Lamb at East India House—St. Katherine Creechurch—Sir John Gayer and the "Lion" Sermon—St. Andrew Undershaft—Stow's Monument—St. Mary Axe—The Baltic—Fenchurch Street—Insult to an Ambassador—The Ironmongers—Churches—Why Rood Lane is so called—The Clothworkers—Samuel Pepys—All Hallows Staining—Mark Lane—Lloyd's Register—Theft of a Ship

Leaden Hall.

THE street of the great shipping offices is named after the old manor of Leaden Hall, which in 1309 was the property of Sir Hugh Neville, and in 1408 was acquired by Sir Richard Whittington, whose connection with this part of London is kept in mind by Whittington Avenue, one of the approaches to Leadenhall Market. The house or "hall" of the manor, however, appears to have been in the hands of the City early in the fourteenth century. Riley shows that as early as 1302 it was occasionally used as a Court of Justice, and that in October, 1326, after the flight of Edward II., the Commons of London met here to make terms with the Constable of the Tower. Here, too, were stored the arms and accoutrements of those whose business it was to protect the City.

The Market.

Leadenhall Market, established on a part of the manor, possibly as an adjunct to the Hall, also carries us back to the beginning of the fourteenth century. In 1357 poultry was ordered to be sold here. It developed into a great meat market, and about 1662 the Spanish Ambassador, after a visit to it, told Charles II. that he believed more meat was sold here than in the whole of Spain. In these days the trade carried on is mainly in poultry, living as well as dead, and more retail than wholesale, but business is done also in meat and provisions. The present market, of which the unsymmetrical form was dictated to the architect, the late Sir Horace Jones, by the site, was opened in 1881, and was reared at a cost of £99,000, and an additional sum of £148,000 was expended in the formation of new avenues and approaches.

In Leadenhall Street, on the south side, are the New Zealand Chambers, built by Mr. Norman Shaw in 1873, and remarkable, according to Wheatley and Cunningham's "London Past and Present," because, though rather Jacobean in character, the structure led the way to the revival of Queen Anne architecture in this country. On the opposite side are the offices of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, the front beautified with water-colours of the Company's boats by Frank Murray, W. Lloyd, and other artists.

These offices, designed by Mr. T. E. Collcutt, the architect of the Imperial Institute, stand partly on the site of the old "King's Head" Tavern, pulled down to make way for them in 1867.

The "Ship."

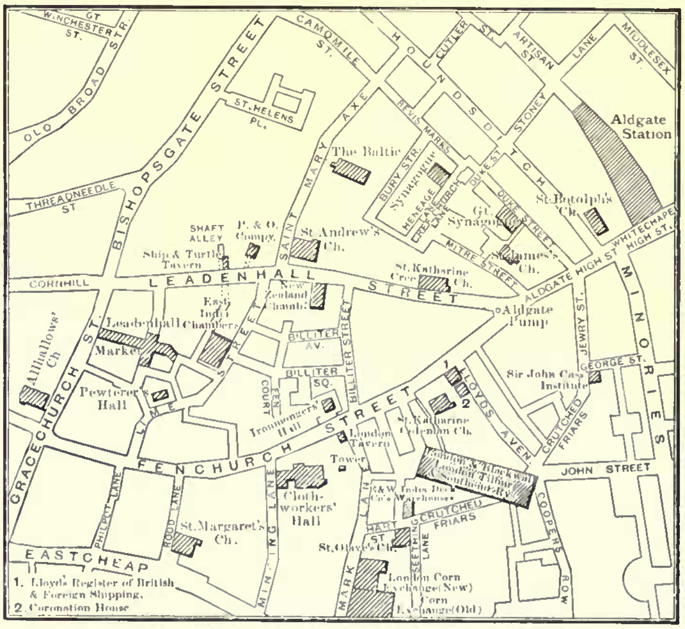
A yet more famous Leadenhall Street tavern, which has occupied a part of its present site ever since the reign of Richard II., having been opened in the year 1377, is still to be seen, though in recent times it has been almost entirely rebuilt and its frontage brought forward to Leadenhall Street. About the middle of the last century its title was added to, for, having up to that time been known as "The Ship," it now became "The Ship and Turtle," the addition being made, no doubt, by way of recognition of the City feasts which take place within its walls. An interesting account of the house is given by Mr. Edward Callow, in his "Old London Taverns." From the very beginning, it appears, the inn has had the same ground landlords, the trustees and wardens of Rochester Bridge, it having been conferred upon them by Sir John de Cobham and William Wangford, with other property, in order that they might build and maintain for ever a stone bridge over the Medway at Rochester. The old "Ship," being opposite the East India House, was a rendezvous for the officers of the East Indiamen. When the Company ceased to be, the tavern lost some of its importance, but it presently became one of the great centres for Masonic and City festivities.

The East India Company.

A still more famous feature of Leadenhall Street has now vanished utterly. The East India Chambers, on the south side of the street, occupy the site of the East India House, the headquarters of the Company which until the year 1858 administered our possessions in the East Indies. "John Company" had its origin at the end of the sixteenth century in a charter granted to 215 merchant adventurers of London, who between them raised a capital of £70,000. The charter was renewed again and again, and the Company grew into the largest trading association the world had ever seen. From time to time Parliament intervened to limit the governing powers of the Company, and after the Indian Mutiny the Company, in a political sense, was disestablished. The change was effected by the Act for the Better Government of India (1858), which transferred the entire administration of the Company to the Crown, the Company's naval and military forces being absorbed in those of the State. The East India House was sold in 1861, and taken down in 1862, but the Company continued to exist as a medium for distributing stock until 1873.

Charles Lamb.

Of the eminent men who exercised their gifts in the Company's service, from Clive onwards, time would fail to tell. But we must not pass on without recalling the fact that Charles Lamb, that most loyal of London's sons, spent thirty years of his life at a desk in East India House. How his soul rebelled against the routine of office work he has whimsically recorded. "Thirty years have I served the Philistines," he wrote to Wordsworth in 1822, "and my neck is not subdued to the yoke. You don't know how wearisome it is to breathe the air of four pent walls, without relief, day after day, all the golden hours of the day between ten and four, without ease


GT WINCHESTER ST.
OLD BROAD STR.
BISHOPSGATE STREET
ST. HELENS PL.
CAMOMILE ST.
HOUNDSDITCH
CUTLER ST.
ARTISAN ST
STONEY LANE
MIDDLESEX ST.
Aldgate Station
ST. MARY AXE
The Baltic
BEVIS MARKS
BURY STR.
Synagogue
HENEAGE LANE
CREECHURCH LANE
DUKE ST
Gt. Synagogue
DUKE STREET
St. Botolph's Ch.
THREADNEEDLE ST
SHAFT ALLEY
P. & O. Compy.
St Andrew's Ch.
Ship & Turtle Tavern
MITRE STREET
St. James's Ch.
WHITECHAPEL HIGH ST.
ALDGATE HIGH ST
CORNHILL
LEADENHALL STREET
St. Katharine Cree Ch.
New Zealand Chambs.
East India Chambers
Leadenhall Market
Aldgate Pump
MINORIES
JEWRY ST.
Allhallows' Ch
GRACECHURCH ST.
LIME STREET
BILLITER AV.
BILLITER STREET
BILLITER SQ.
FEN COURT
Pewterer's Hall
Ironmongers' Hall
1
2
LLOYDS AVEN.
GEORGE ST.
Sir John Cass Institute
CRUTCHED FRIARS
St. Katharine Coleman Ch.
London Tavern
FENCHURCH STREET
Tower
London & Blackwall London Tilbury & Southend Ry.
JOHN STREET
E & W. India Dock Co's Warehouse
Cloth-workers' Hall
MARK LANE
PHILPOT LANE
ROOD LANE
St. Margaret's Ch.
MINCING LANE
HART ST
CRUTCHED FRIARS
SEETHING LANE
St. Olave's Ch.
COOPERS ROW
EASTCHEAP
London Corn Exchange (New)
Corn Exchange (Old)
1. Lloyd's Register of British & Foreign Shipping.
2. Coronation House

PLAN OF THE LEADENHALL STREET AND FENCHURCH STREET REGION.

or interposition." On another occasion he wishes that he might be kicked out of Leadenhall with every mark of indignity. "The birds of the air would not be so free as I should. How I would prance and curvet it, and pick up cowslips and ramble about purposeless as an idiot." When at last in April, 1825, he was allowed to retire with a pension equal to two-thirds of his salary, his joy knew no bounds. "I came home *for ever* on Tuesday in last week," he wrote to Wordsworth. "The incomprehensibleness of my condition overwhelmed me; it was like passing from life into eternity. Every year to be as long as three—to have three times as much real time—time that is my own—in it!"

THE THROCKMORTON MONUMENT IN ST. KATHARINE CREECHURCH.

On its north side Leadenhall Street has two interesting churches. St. Katherine Creechurch (Christ Church), so named because it was built in the churchyard of the Priory of Holy Trinity, Christ Church, Aldgate, is said to have been designed by Inigo Jones, but the tradition may have originated in the fact that it is a mixture of Gothic and Classical work, and that the body of the church was rebuilt in Inigo Jones's day, between the years 1628 and 1630. The steeple is older, for it was built early in the sixteenth century, there having up to that time been no tower. Tradition likewise associates the church with another great artist, for Strype says he had been told that Hans Holbein was buried within its walls. However this may be, St. Katherine Creechurch does contain the ashes of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton,* who died on the 12th of February, 1570, and is commemorated by a handsome monument on the south wall, and of a City worthy of some note, Sir John Gayer, Lord Mayor in 1646, whose descendants, in 1888, marked his burial-place, just inside the chancel, with a brass plate. In 1647, in the troubles between Parliament and the City, Gayer was deposed as Mayor and committed to prison with his brother Aldermen. They were kept in durance for more than six months without trial, but when at last Articles of Impeachment were drawn up it was seen that Gayer's spirit was by no means broken. Brought before the Lords and ordered to kneel at the bar as a delinquent, he stoutly refused.

St. Katherine Cree.

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* See *ante*, p. 187.

His brother Aldermen were equally unyielding, and they were all mulct in heavy penalties for their recusancy. Two months later, in the critical condition affairs had reached in June, 1648, the Commons considered it prudent not further to quarrel with the City, and the proceedings were allowed to lapse.

The "Lion" Sermon.

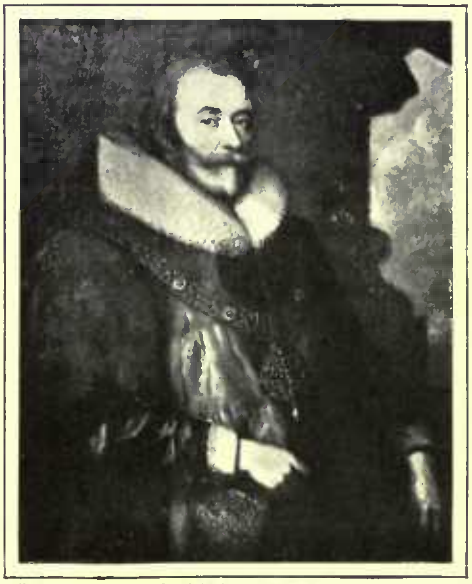
But Sir John Gayer is of interest to us mainly as the founder of the "Lion" Sermon, still preached in this church annually on the 16th of October. By will dated the 19th of December, 1648, he bequeathed the sum of £200 to the parish, partly for eleemosynary purposes and partly for the preaching of an annual sermon as an expression of his gratitude to Providence for deliverance from a lion which he encountered in Arabia, and which made no attempt to molest him. Here, too, is preached every Whit Monday or Whit Tuesday the "Flower Sermon," when every child makes gift of a nosegay.

St. Andrew Undershaft.

Leadenhall Street's other church, a Late Perpendicular structure, rebuilt early in the sixteenth century, is St. Andrew Undershaft, so called, says Stow, from "a high or long shaft or Maypole higher than the church steeple," which until his own day was wont to be set up and festooned with flowers opposite the south door of the church on the morning of May Day. After "Evil May Day," in the reign of Henry VIII., the Maypole of St. Andrew's was never reared again, and in the reign of Edward VI. the curate of St. Katherine Cree denounced it, poor thing, as an idol. The same afternoon the people dwelling in Shaft Alley, "after they had dined to make themselves strong," as Stow rather bitterly says, "gathered more help, and with great labour raising the shaft from the hooks whereon it had rested two-and-thirty years, they sawed it in pieces, every man taking for his share so much as had lain over his door and stall, the length of his house." The division has about it a look of equity, whatever one may think of the bigotry which prompted the act of destruction.

Stow's Monument.

Of the memorials in St. Andrew's one of the most recent is that of Dr. Walsham How, Bishop of Wakefield (died 1897), who from 1879 to 1888 was rector of this parish. But by far the most interesting monument here is that of Stow, affixed to the north wall, and erected at the charges of his widow. It is said by writer after writer to be of terra cotta, but the material is really a very beautiful variety of alabaster, and there are several other monuments in the church of the same stone and dating from the same period. In 1904 the Merchant Taylors' Company, which did nothing for Stow during his life, though he was a member of the fraternity, carried out a judicious renovation of the monument, but care was taken to leave the face untouched. According to Maitland, the remains of the man whose labours were so scantily rewarded during his life were "howked" out of their grave to make room for another tenant!



By permission of the Lord Bishop of Worcester.

SIR JOHN GAYER.

From a Portrait at Hartlebury Castle, attributed to Vandyck.

St. Mary Axe.

St. Andrew Undershaft stands at the corner of the street known as St. Mary Axe, which runs north to Houndsditch. In it once stood the parish church of St. Mary the Virgin, St. Ursula and the Eleven Thousand Virgins, which about the year 1565, according to Stow, was converted into a warehouse, the parish being united to that of St. Andrew Undershaft. Stow also tells us that the church was called St. Mary Axe from a shop opposite the east end of it which had that sign. There may very well have been here at one time a shop with such a sign, but if so it borrowed the sign from, instead of lending it to, the church, which gained its distinctive name from a sacred relic—one of the three axes with which the Eleven Thousand Virgins were beheaded.

The Baltic.

St. Mary Axe, the street, was once a part of Jewry, but now is mostly occupied by offices, and mainly by those of merchants engaged in the shipping trade. Here, on the east side, are the handsome new quarters of the Baltic Mercantile and Shipping Exchange. The Baltic, composed of merchants engaged in the trade with Russia, used to forgather in the Baltic Coffee-house in Threadneedle Street, and afterwards in South Sea House; and when the old premises of the South Sea Company were demolished they found temporary accommodation at an hotel while, in conjunction with the Shipping Exchange, established in Billiter Street in 1892, they were building their new quarters. The foundation stone was laid by one Lord Mayor, the late Sir Frank Green, in 1901, and the building was opened by another, Sir Marcus Samuel, in 1903. The architect was Mr. T. H. Smith, who in the façade has made an effective use of polished granite. The large hall, on the ground floor, is a marble palace, and is surrounded by saloons and offices; the upper storeys are divided into private offices.

Fenchurch Street.

Fenchurch Street, though other derivations have been suggested, was perhaps named after the marshy ground about the Lang Bourne, a brook which ran down this street and Lombard Street to the west end of St. Mary Woolnoth Church, where, turning south and breaking up into small rills, it found its way into the Thames. Even in Stow's time the Lang Bourne was only a memory, but the name survives to this day as that of one of the City wards. Fenchurch Street is now mostly known by reason of the terminus (which lies a little way back from it on the south-east) of the London and Blackwall and the London, Tilbury and Southend Railways.

Insult to an Ambassador.

In the reign of James I. Fenchurch Street was the scene of an insult offered to Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador, which ended in one of the offenders being much too well whipped. As Gondomar was being borne along the street, an apprentice standing at his master's door said to some companions, "There goeth the devil in a dung cart." Nettled by the guffaw with which this rough sally was received, one of the Ambassador's servants threatened the apprentice with Bridewell. "What," said one of the youth's companions, "shall we go to Bridewell for such a dog as thou?" and dealt him a box on the ear which knocked him down. The Ambassador, says Dr. Sharpe, in "London and the Kingdom," "laid a complaint before the Mayor, who somewhat reluctantly sentenced the offending apprentices to be whipped at the cart's tail. That any of their number should be flogged for insulting a Spaniard, even though he were the Spanish king's Ambassador, was intolerable to the minds of the apprentices of London, who were known for their staunchness to one another. The report spread like wildfire, and soon a body of nearly three hundred apprentices had assembled at Temple Bar, where they rescued their comrades and beat the City Marshals. Again Gondomar complained to the Mayor, who, sympathising at heart with the delinquents, testily replied that it was not to the Spanish Ambassador that he had to give an account of the government of the City. The matter having reached the King's ears at Theobalds, he suddenly appeared at the Guildhall and threatened to place a garrison in the City and to deprive the citizens of their charter if matters were not mended. His anger was with difficulty appeased by the Recorder, and he at last contented himself with privately admonishing the aldermen to see the young fellows punished. The end of the affair was tragical enough. The original sentence was carried out, with the result that one of the apprentices unhappily died."

The account of the affair given by the City records differs in some details from that which Dr. Sharpe extracted from contemporary letters, but it confirms the story that one of the apprentices died from his whipping.

Of its old taverns, Fenchurch Street has preserved but one, and that was rebuilt in 1877, when it changed its name. There is a tradition that at the "King's Head," now the "London Tavern," at the corner of Mark Lane, the Princess Elizabeth, on her release from the Tower, dined. A very specific tradition it is, too, for it declares that the *pièce de résistance* was pork, garnished with peas.

If one requires proof, one may see the metal dish and cover which the Princess used!

Nearly opposite the "London Tavern" is the stone-fronted Hall, solid and severe in character, of the Ironmongers, the tenth in order of civic precedence of the twelve great Livery Companies, which was incorporated by charter of Edward IV. in 1463, but had existed as a voluntary fraternity long before, there being mention of it as a guild in 1330. In early days the Ironmongers appear to have been both wholesale and retail dealers in hardware. At least as early as 1497 the Company had a Hall of its own, which was rebuilt in 1587. The second Hall escaped the Fire, but in 1748-50 was in its turn rebuilt, from the designs of T. Holden, whose name appears on the front. In the interior, remodelled in 1847 and renovated in 1886, one sees a fine portrait of Admiral Lord Hood, by Gainsborough, presented to the Company in 1783 when that gallant sailor received its freedom; another of Admiral Lord Exmouth, by Sir William Beechey; and yet another of Isaak Walton—a copy of the one in the National Portrait Gallery—which occupies the position of honour above the Ladies' Gallery at the east end of the Livery Hall. Walton was warden of the Company in 1637-39. On the

Ironmongers' Hall.

DENHALL STREET

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

ST. ANDREW UNDERSHAFT.

landing of the staircase is a marble statue from Fonthill of Alderman Beckford, the champion of the Corporation in the reign of George III. Of late years the Hall has been threatened with rebuilding, but in 1904 the scheme was abandoned—for the time being, at any rate. The Company's crest displays two scaly lizards, erect, and in the arms, with two other lizards for supporters, are three swivels between three steel gads.

St. Dionis Backchurch.

The church of St. Dionis Backchurch stood to the north of Fenchurch Street, at the south-west corner of Lime Street. Dedicated to Dionysius the Areopagite, one of St. Paul's converts at Athens, who became the patron saint of France (St. Denis), it is said to have been called Backchurch because it stood a little way back from Fenchurch Street, and by way of distinction from St. Gabriel Forechurch, which stood in the middle of the street, and of which a piece of the graveyard may still be seen in Fen Court. St. Gabriel's was not rebuilt after the Fire, the parish being united ecclesiastically with that of St. Margaret Pattens. St. Dionis' was rebuilt by Wren, or under his supervision, but in 1877-78 it was sacrificed, and the parish united with that of All Hallows', Lombard Street, to which church the bells and monuments were removed.

The church of St. Katherine Coleman, on the south side of Fenchurch Street, has as much right to be called Backchurch as had St. Dionis', for it is shut off from the street by a line of buildings and is very apt to be missed unless one knows where to look for it. It is not one of Wren's churches, and in its present form it dates only from 1734, when it was rebuilt; and it need not detain us, except to note that, according to Stow, it was named after a yard or garden which was styled "Coleman-haw." As he does not tell us why the "haw" was named Coleman he helps us but little.

Lime Street.

Of the northern tributaries of Fenchurch Street, only two need be named. Lime Street, which gives its name to one of the City wards, is said by Stow to be so called from the making or selling of lime here. On the west side is the Hall of the Pewterers' Company, which dates from the Fire. The Company itself was incorporated by Edward IV. in 1473, its chief function being to fix the standard assays of such wares as pewter. The arms show three crossbars of pewter; the crest two arms, the hands holding a pewter dish. Billiter Street (formerly Billiter Lane), the other northern tributary of Fenchurch Street, is said by Stow to have been originally Belzettar's Lane, after the first owner or builder, but Professor Skeat's opinion was that it was rather Bell-zeter's Lane, the lane of the bell-founders.

Billiter Street.

Interesting Derivations.

Among streets opening into Fenchurch Street from the south, Philpot Lane is named after Sir John Philipot, Mayor in 1378, of whose exploits as a pirate-taker something has already been said (p. 10). Rood Lane is so called, says Stow, from a rood which was placed in the churchyard of St. Margaret Pattens in 1538, while the church itself was being rebuilt, and the offerings to which were appropriated to what in these days would be called the building fund. But the exposure of the cross proved to be too much for some zealous reformer, for one morning it was found broken all to pieces, together with the tabernacle in which it had been placed. As this event is assigned to Stow's own time (he was born in 1525), we may accept this derivation without question. St. Margaret Pattens, so called, he says, from the patten-makers who dwelt hereabout, is notable chiefly because its steeple is exceeded in height, among Wren's spires, only by those of St. Bride and St. Mary-le-Bow, it being 200 feet high. But it has in the uppermost stage of the altar-piece a small picture ascribed to a Roman painter of the Restoration period, Carlo Maratti, besides several other paintings.

Clothworkers' Hall.

In Stow's day, Mincing Lane, now the headquarters of the tea trade, was called Mincheon Lane, from houses there belonging "to the Minchens or Nuns of St. Helen's in Bishopsgate Street." Here is the Hall of the Clothworkers, the last in order of civic precedence of the twelve great Livery Companies, formed in the reign of Henry VIII. by fusion of the Shearmen with the Fullers, the united fraternity being incorporated as Clothworkers. These two trades were originally branches of the guild of Weavers, and the Shearmen, who, in the reign of Edward IV., separated themselves from the Drapers and Taylors, were so called, not because they had anything to do with the shearing of sheep, but from the process of clipping the nap in the manufacture of cloth. The Clothworkers is one of the wealthiest of the Livery Companies, and its income is largely employed in the cause of education, and especially of technical education, the Company having contributed £12,000 to the building and establishment fund of the City and Guilds of London Technical Institute, besides giving it an annual subsidy, and having also by substantial benefactions promoted technical education in the provinces. It is, too, the governing body of the Mary Datchelor's Girls' School at Camberwell. The Company's crest is a ram; the arms show two habicks and a tezel, the herb known as "fuller's teasel."

STOW'S MONUMENT IN ST. ANDREW UNDERSHAFT.

The Hall, built in 1598, was partly destroyed by the Fire, and was then restored or rebuilt. In 1856-57 it was pulled down, and replaced by the present Hall, with a Renascence front of Portland stone, from designs by Mr. Samuel Angell. In the Livery Hall are gilt statues of James I. and Charles I., which in 1679 replaced contemporary figures that had perished in the Fire. The first of these monarchs elected himself a freeman of the Company in a royally informal fashion. "Wilt thou make me free of the Clothworkers?" he asked Sir William Stone, the Master of the Company, during a visit to the Hall. "Yea," quoth loyal Sir William, "and think myself a happy man that I live to see this day." "Stone, give me thy hand," rejoined the King. "And now I am a Clothworker."

James I. in a Jovial Mood.

The windows of the Livery Hall glow with the arms of Masters of the Company, among them those of our lively friend Pepys, who was Master in 1677, and in the following year presented a loving cup which is still carefully treasured, and on festive occasions is displayed in a glass case behind the Master's chair. The Company is with good reason proud of its connexion with the prince of diarists, and on the 1st of December, 1903, a Pepys Club was inaugurated by a banquet in the Hall. Long may it flourish! It were too much to hope that the speeches at its dinners will never be less vivacious than the written word of its patron saint. His portrait hangs on one of the walls; and in the Court-room are to be seen portraits of some eminent Masters in recent days, Lord Cross, who was Master in 1895-6, and the late Lord Kelvin, who held the office in 1900-1. In the Committee-room is a tablet commemorating William Thwaites, who, beginning life in a grocer's shop in Fenchurch Street, throve so well that he was able to leave £20,000 to the Company for pensions to the blind, and another £20,000 for the Company's general purposes.

Samuel Pepys, Clothworker.

The Clothworkers' property in the City includes the former site of the church and graveyard of All Hallows Staining, at the back of the Hall. The tower, a very ancient looking structure, is still standing, and is kept in good repair by the Company, who also carefully tend the pleasant little garden in which it is enclosed; the rest of the site has been built over. All Hallows Staining dated only from 1675, the church, except the tower, having fallen down a few years after it had been spared by the Great Fire. It is supposed by Stow to have been "commonly called Stane Church" because, unlike other churches of the same dedication in London, it was not built of timber. He has the same conjecture about Staining Lane, and the reader must take it for what it is worth.

All Hallows Staining.

In a document of the year 1276, quoted by Riley in the "Memorials," Mark Lane appears as Marte Lane, and in another of 1369 as Mart Lane, and it is believed to have been so called because a market or fair was held here. In these days Mark Lane is famous for its Corn Exchange, which presents to it a very heavy and sombre Doric portico. The old Exchange was originally built in 1747, and in 1827, as the proprietors refused to extend it, there was built beside it what is still known as the New Corn Exchange, chiefly used by seed merchants. Now, however, the New Exchange is the older of the two, for in 1881 the Old Exchange was rebuilt by Mr. Edward I'Anson, on so much larger a scale that the new structure was reared around the one which it was to replace, the latter not being removed until the former was completed.

Mark Lane.

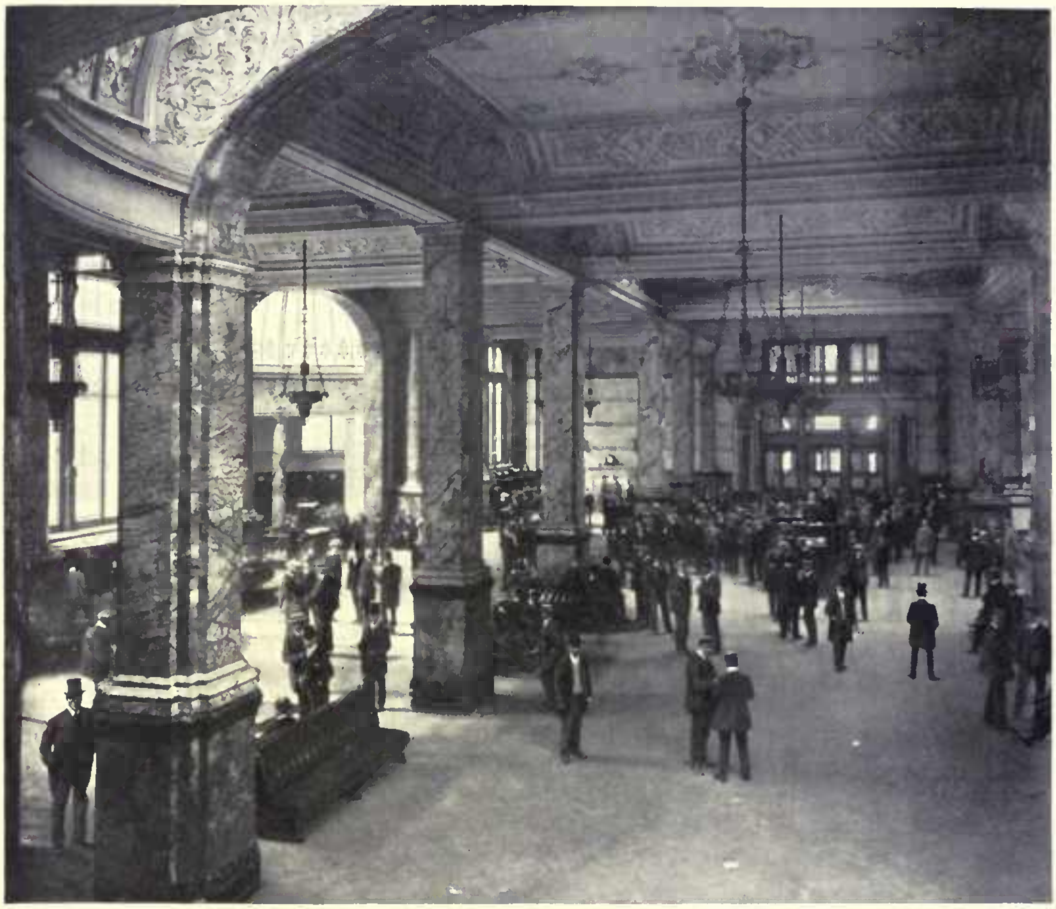


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE BALTIC: THE MARBLE HALL.

Lloyd's Avenue, the last of the southern tributaries of Fenchurch Street which we have to notice, was constructed by the City Corporation and opened in 1899. With a breadth of about 40 feet, it has a length of 440 feet, and connects Fenchurch Street with Crutched Friars. It is now lined by large blocks of imposing offices in stone, one of them, known as Coronation House, being completed in 1904, while adjoining it, with its chief façade looking down upon Fenchurch Street, is the handsome structure in which is carried on the work of Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping. This body, as we learn from the "Annals of Lloyd's Register," published in 1884, its jubilee year, was established in White Lion Court, Cornhill, in 1834, by the amalgamation of "The Green Book" and "The Red Book," two rival registers of shipping, dating respectively from 1760 and 1799, the one started by a committee of underwriters, the other by a committee of shipowners. In White Lion Court it remained from 1834 until December, 1901, when it was transferred to its present habitation, designed by Mr. T. E. Collcutt, and

Lloyd's Register.

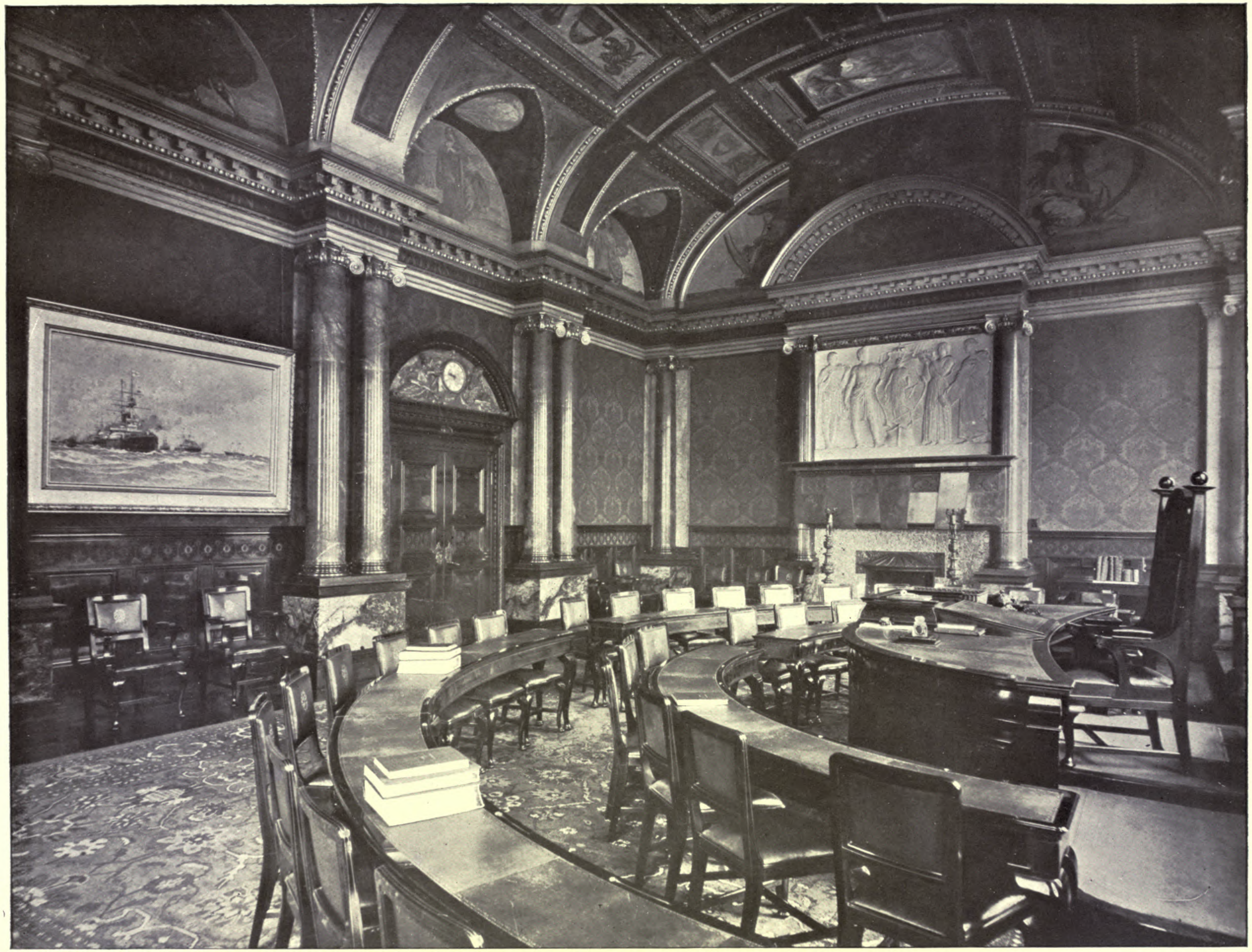


Photo: Pictorial Agency

OFFICES OF LLOYD'S REGISTER: THE BOARD ROOM

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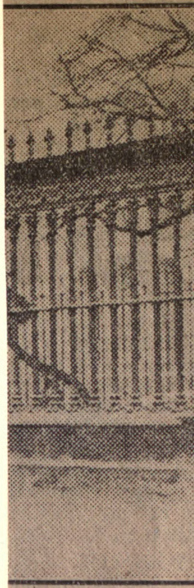

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embellished with a frieze of sculpture by Mr. George Frampton, R.A. The four bronze figures between the double columns on the ground floor, typifying ancient and modern shipping, are the work of the same artist. The interior contains fine decorative work by the Messrs. Pegram and others, while much of the furniture and of the fittings was designed by Mr. Collcutt. The chief business of Lloyd's Register is the classification of ships, in the exercise of which it enjoys the co-operation of a body of experts, fourteen in number, selected by the chief institutions in the United Kingdom which have to do with marine architecture and engineering and the iron and steel industries. One of its formulæ, which are made up of a combination of letters of the alphabet and figures, with other symbols, has come into universal use, for A1, which originally denoted the highest class of wooden vessels, soon came to mean the best of anything and everything. The formula for the highest class of iron and steel vessels, by the way, is 100 A1.

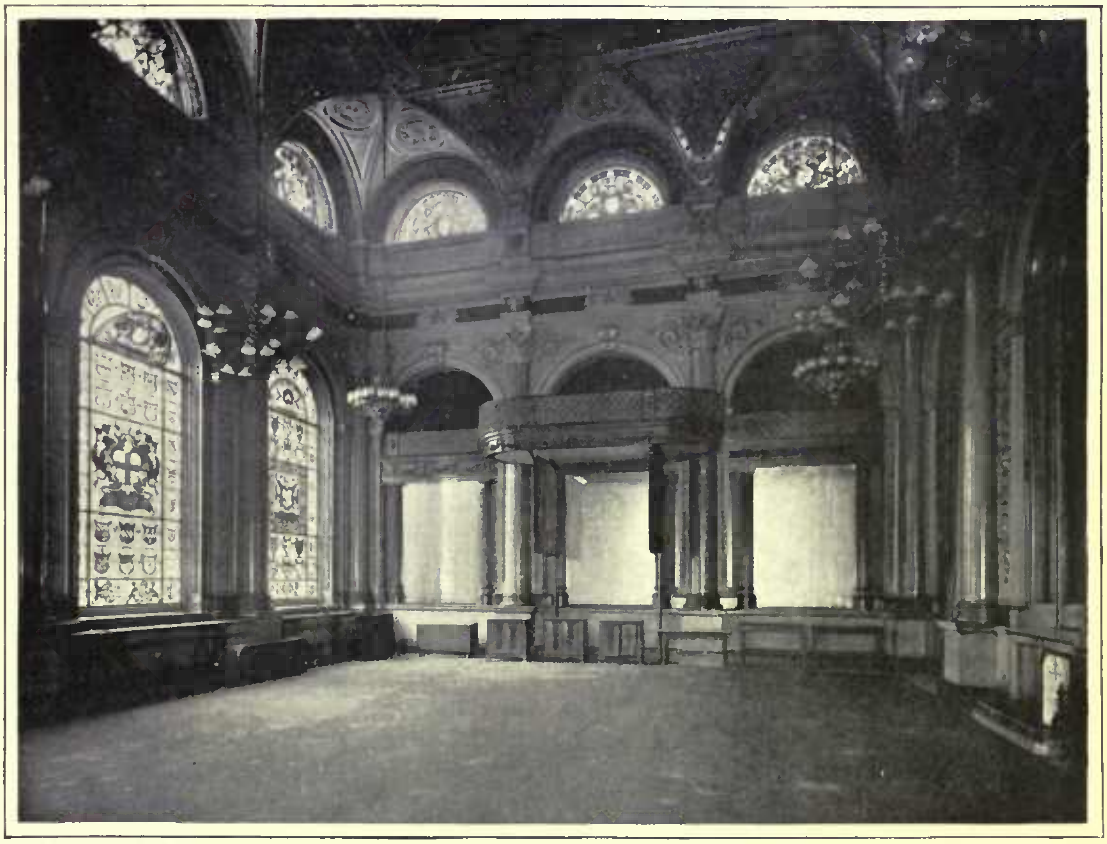


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

LIVERY HALL OF THE CLOTHWORKERS' COMPANY.

What it does.

Lloyd's Register, through the reports of its surveyors, established in all the chief shipping centres of the world, and numbering about three hundred, not only classifies shipping, both British and foreign, but is the official authority for testing anchors and chains, and determining load lines, and it conducts the testing of steel used in the construction of vessels and machinery. It also issues annually a separate register of yachts of all nations, and publishes in New York another register of yachts belonging to the United States and Canada, besides making periodical returns of vessels building, and of vessels lost all over the world. Its business is conducted by a committee of fifty-nine members, shipowners, underwriters and merchants, who are elected at the great shipping centres of the United Kingdom. It should be understood that there is no compulsion upon shipowners to have their vessels classified, but it is so obviously to their advantage to do so that the State is content to leave the matter to their voluntary action. The institution is not able, of course, to do its work without imposing fees, but it is carried on not for the purpose of making a profit but for the benefit of the interests connected with the shipping trade. It is a separate institution from the Lloyd's which has its headquarters at the Royal Exchange, but the Chairman of that Corporation is a member of the Committee.

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

OFFICES OF LLOYD'S REGISTER.

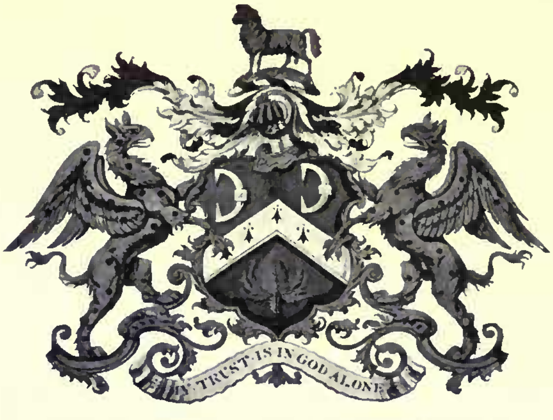
Theft of a Ship.

Numerous have been the frauds upon underwriters, but it is not often that a ship is actually stolen. So recently as 1880, however, such a theft was perpetrated, and it was the absence from "Lloyd's Register" of a vessel of the specified tonnage bearing the new name of the stolen vessel that led to the detection of the crime. In September, 1880, a man who gave the name of Walker chartered the *Ferret*, a steamer of 346 tons, from the Highland Railway Company for a six months' yachting cruise, representing himself to be the agent of one Smith. Stores having been taken in, which were paid for by a bill that was afterwards dishonoured, she was taken to Cardiff, where Smith and his wife came on board. A fresh crew having been shipped, she started for Marseilles, as was given out. But Gibraltar passed, her white funnel was painted black, her blue boats were painted white, and at night she slipped back through the Straits showing no lights. Then everything bearing the boat's name was flung overboard, and the wondering crew were threatened with death if they offered opposition. At the Cape Verde Islands, fresh stores, paid for by another fraudulent bill, were shipped, and, after leaving, the name of the vessel was changed to the *Benton*. At Santos a cargo of coffee was got by false pretences, and at Cape Town, the vessel having been re-named the *India* between the two places, this cargo was sold for upwards of £13,000.

At Melbourne, the conspirators sought to

PEPYS'S LOVING CUP (*p.* 213).

dispose of the steamer to a Mr. Duthie, who, being a man of caution, searched Lloyd's Register, with the result that he found there was no *India* of the tonnage of this vessel. Then a number of suspicious circumstances were observed. It was noticed, for example, that neither the captain nor the crew came ashore. Altogether it became evident that something was wrong, and at last the Commissioner of Customs determined upon the seizure of the ship. A search at once revealed the true state of the case. In a box were found the articles of the *Ferret*, the disappearance of which had, of course, been reported to all Lloyd's agents. There also came to light a secret code of telegrams, which showed how carefully the nefarious scheme had been worked out. The code provided for such messages in cipher as "Sell ship for most you can get and come home"; "Ship is fully insured: destroy her some way"; "Game is up, all discovered. Destroy or hide everything and make yourself scarce." The officers and crew were glad enough to be released from the embarrassing position into which they had been forced, and readily gave information of the efforts that had been made to procure their collusion; and it appeared that, to the chief engineer, Smith had represented himself as a political exile from the United States who had reasons of his own for travelling incognito. Smith and Walker, with the captain, were arrested, and, having failed in a desperate attempt to break prison, were convicted of ship-stealing as well as of various other frauds.


MY TRUST IS IN GOD ALONE
ARMS OF THE CLOTHWORKERS' COMPANY.

CHAPTER XX

ALDGATE, CRUTCHED FRIARS AND THE MINORIES

Meaning of Aldgate—Duke Street and the Jews—Bevis Marks—The Disraelis—Houndsditch—Jewry Street—The Sir John Cass Institute—Crutched Friars—St. Olave's, Hart Street—Where Pepys is Buried—Seething Lane—The Minories

ALDGATE PUMP.

WITH Aldgate, which gives its name to one of the City wards, we come to the eastern boundary of the City. The street which bears the name of Aldgate begins at the junction of Fenchurch Street and Leadenhall Street and is continued eastward by Aldgate High Street until, passing the City boundary, it becomes Whitechapel High Street. But Aldgate High Street is not in the ward of Aldgate but in that of Portsoken, a name signifying the *soc* without the *port* or gate of Aldgate.

Why Aldgate ?

Aldgate, which stood just at the spot at which Duke Street and Jewry Street meet, is said to have been indebted for its name to its antiquity, but this is not likely, for in a document of the year 1334, quoted by Riley in the "Memorials," it figures as Alegate, and in another document of the later part of the same century, as Algate. Mr. Loftie suggests that the proper form of the name is Algate, and the meaning, "free to all."* Through this gate entered the barons in 1215 when they joined hands with the City to wrest Magna Charta from King John. It was then dilapidated, and was presently rebuilt, and to such good purpose that more than two hundred and fifty years later (1471) it did the City good service when the Bastard Falconbridge, in the reign of Edward IV., sought to force entrance to the capital with some five thousand followers. The defenders of the City waited until some of the intruders had got inside, and then, letting down the portcullis, caught them as in a trap. Now Robert Bassett, Alderman of Aldgate, made a sally and forced the invaders back as far as St. Botolph's, and the arrival of reinforcements under the Constable of the Tower turned the defeat into a rout.

The Bastard Falconbridge.

Chaucer in Aldgate.

When Queen Mary at her accession (1533) entered the capital through Aldgate, and was met at this point by the Princess Elizabeth, the gate had again become ruinous, and in 1606 it was taken down and replaced by a new one, which survived until 1761, when it was demolished in order that the street might be widened. Early in this same century the rooms over the gate were occupied by one of the Lord Mayor's carvers. The rooms above the Aldgate which was destroyed in 1606 were able to boast a more famous tenant. In the "Memorials" is cited the lease which in 1374 the City granted to Geoffrey Chaucer—whom Riley identifies with the poet—of "the dwelling-house above the gate of Aldgate," for "the whole life of him," subject to his keeping it in good repair. He was prohibited from sub-letting any part of it, and the Corporation reserved to itself the right of using the house for the defence of the City, should occasion arise. Probably the poet took the house in view of his appointment in June, 1374, as Controller of the Customs of the port. Here he lived for some twelve years, until, in fact, he was deprived of his controllership, probably as the result of political intrigues.

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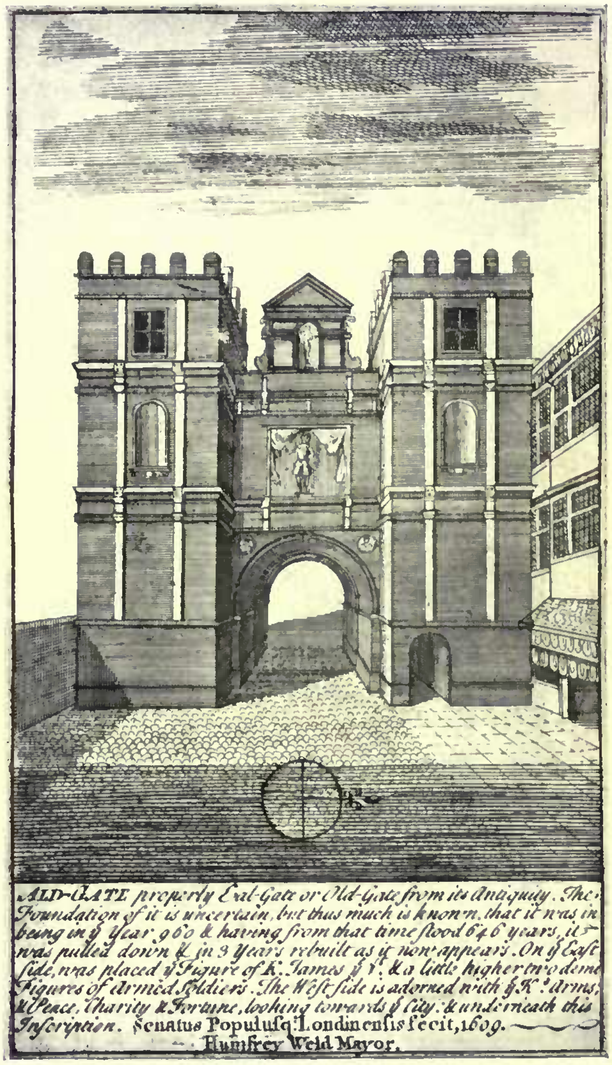
* *Notes and Queries*, 8th series, vol. xii., p. 161.

Aldgate Pump.

The gate, then, has vanished, but one may still see at the beginning of Aldgate the pump which Stow speaks of as standing above "a fair well." It was alleged against the well about the middle of the last century that it was no longer "fair," and a few years ago its spout was choked up; but water has been laid on from another source, and in 1908 the City magistrates were called upon to adjudicate between the Metropolitan Water Board and some Aldgate tradesmen who preferred to resort to the historic pump.

St. Botolph's.

St. Botolph's Without, at the corner of Aldgate High Street and Houndsditch, is one of four churches near as many of the City gates which were dedicated to the East Anglian saint of the seventh century after whom the town of Boston (Botolph's Town) is named, the others being St. Botolph's Without, Aldersgate Street, St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, and St. Botolph's, Billingsgate, the last of which was not rebuilt after the Fire. St. Botolph's Without, Aldgate, appears to have belonged originally to the burgesses of the Knighten Guild, the successors of thirteen knights to whom land in this part of the City was granted by King Edgar in the tenth century, and by these burgesses it was transferred in 1115 to the Prior of the Holy Trinity, Aldgate, by whom it was rebuilt in or just before Stow's time. The church so rebuilt was in 1741-44 replaced by the present structure of brick with stone dressings, with a tower that is disproportionately small for the spire—the work of George Dance the elder, the architect of the Mansion House. Internally the building is one of the lightest and brightest and most symmetrical of City churches.


ALD-GATE properly Eal-Gate or Old-Gate from its Antiquity. The Foundation of it is uncertain, but thus much is known, that it was in being in ye Year 960 & having from that time ſtood 646 years, it was pulled down & in 3 Years rebuilt as it now appears. On ye Eaſt ſide, was placed ye Figure of K. James ye I. & a little higher two demi Figures of Armed Soldiers. The Weſt ſide is adorned with ye K.s Arms, & Peace, Charity & Fortune, looking towards ye City: & underneath this Inſcription. Senatus Populuſq: Londinenſis fecit, 1609.
Humfrey Weld Mayor.

ALDGATE.

Priory of Holy Trinity, Aldgate.

The Priory of Holy Trinity, Aldgate, which has sometimes been confused with the neighbouring Priory of Holy Trinity, Minories, was founded by Queen Matilda, consort of Henry I., and stood within the wall a little north of Aldgate, between Duke Street and Mitre Street. Henry VIII. bestowed it upon Sir Thomas Audley, afterwards Lord Chancellor, who died here in 1554, but not until, having failed to sell the "very fair and large" church of the Priory, as Stow calls it. he had pulled it down. As the husband of Audley's daughter, Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, who was to lose his head for his intrigues with Mary Queen of Scots, inherited the property, and it is after him that Duke's Row, now Duke Street, is named. By his son, the Earl of Suffolk, the Priory precinct and the mansion were disposed of to the City. In 1622-23 the inhabitants of Duke's Row built in the precinct a church which, dedicated to St. James, became infamous for its marriages performed without banns or licence. It was taken down in 1874, the benefice being joined to that of St. Katherine Cree in Leadenhall Street.

Duke Street and the Jews.

Duke Street has other religious associations also, for soon after the Jews were allowed to return to this country many of them settled here. In 1602 a synagogue was built in Broad Street, Mitre Square, for the "Dutch" (that is, German and Polish) Jews, who were looked down upon by their more aristocratic Spanish and Portuguese brethren, and thirty years later it was removed to Duke Street, where it still stands, being known as the Great Synagogue.

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

ST. BOTOLPH'S WITHOUT, ALDGATE.

Bevis Marks.

We come upon the Jews, too, in Bevis Marks, the north-western prolongation of Duke Street, for here, in Bury Street, is the Synagogue of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews, dating from 1698. Up to that time the Sephardic Jews had worshipped in a small synagogue in Creechurch Lane, but the influx of their brethren from the Iberian peninsula made further accommodation necessary, and in 1699 one Joseph Avis, a Quaker, was commissioned to build for the community a synagogue in Plough Yard. Queen Anne presented to the Jews a beam from a royal ship, which was worked into the roof. The structure was dedicated in 1702, and, according to Mr. W. W. Jacobs's article on London in the Jewish Encyclopaedia, as it was then, so it is now, except that the roof had to be reconstructed after a fire in 1738. The land on which the building stands was presented to the synagogue by Benjamin Mendes da Costa in 1747. The synagogue was the centre of the Sephardic community in London till the Bryanston Street Synagogue was founded in 1866.

The Disraelis.

As Mr. Arnold Wright shows in a valuable contribution to the *London Argus* on "Lord Beaconsfield's London" (December 20th, 1902), it was in this synagogue that Benjamin Disraeli, grandfather of the statesman, was married *en secondes noces* to Sarah Shiprut de Gabbay, on May 23, 1756, the issue of this union being Isaac Disraeli, author of the "Curiosities of

Literature." Here, too, the future Lord Beaconsfield was initiated into the covenant of Abraham by his uncle, David Arbabanel Luido. Soon after this event Isaac Disraeli, irked by the narrow-mindedness of the ruling authorities at Bevis Marks, severed himself from his co-religionists, the immediate occasion of the breach being an attempt which was made to compel him to sit on the board of management with men for whom he had an aversion; and at the age of twelve his son was baptised into the Christian faith.

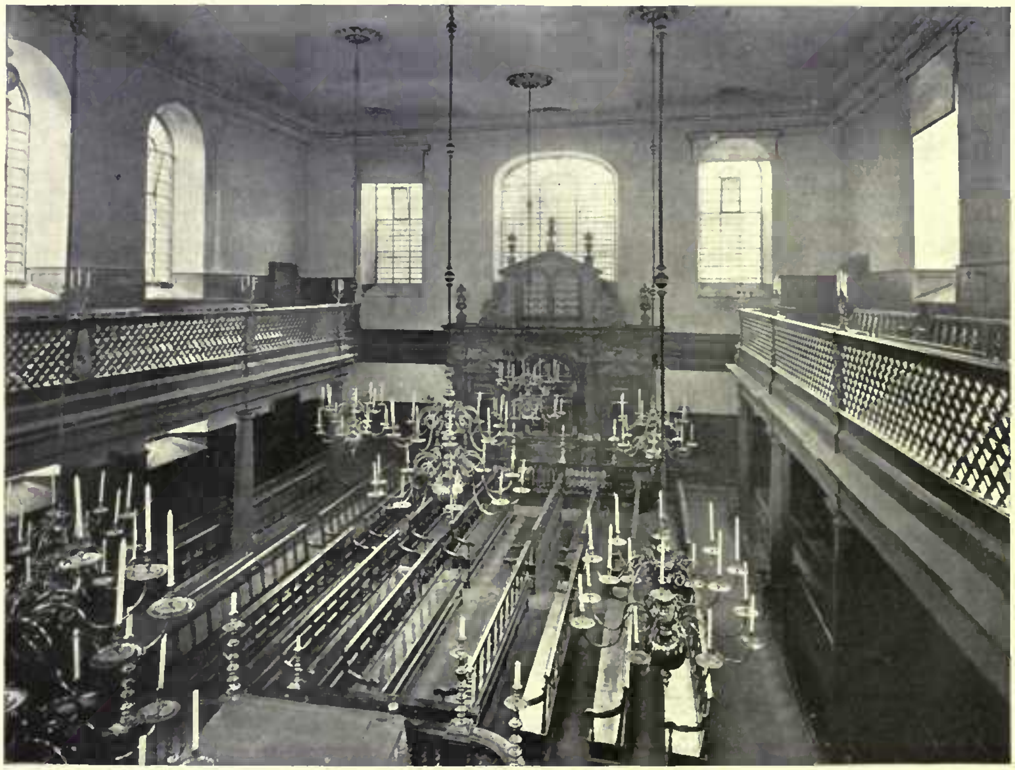


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE SYNAGOGUE, BURY STREET.

Bevis Marks, Stow tells us, is a corruption of Burie's Marks, the name of a mansion once belonging to the Bassets, then to the Abbots of Bury St. Edmunds, and after the Dissolution to the Heneages, of whom we are reminded by Heneage Lane, one of the turnings out of Bevis Marks, just as Bury Street itself and Bury Court are reminiscent of the Abbots of the Suffolk town.

Houndsditch.

In Houndsditch, which runs parallel with Duke Street and Bevis Marks, but just outside the line of the wall, we are still in the modern Jewry of the City. When the street was first formed, on the ditch without the wall being filled up, it attracted the sellers of second-hand clothes, who to this day congregate here to some extent, and in the neighbouring streets, such as Cutler Street and Middlesex Street—the Petticoat Lane of former days. Houndsditch was so called, according to Stow, from the dead dogs which with other garbage were cast into the ditch in the days when it lay open, but Wheatley and Cunningham ("London Past and Present") suggest, as an alternative derivation, that it may have been named after the kennels in which were kept the hounds used in the City hunts. They point out also that in the fourteenth century the name appears to have applied to all parts of the town ditch indiscriminately, though afterwards it came to be limited to that part of it between Aldgate and Bishopsgate.

The question is not an attractive one, and we will leave it to follow Stow as he goes on to describe acts of charity which to this day have a pleasant savour. Just here, he says, in his own day were "some small cottages, of two storeys high, and little garden plots backward, for poor bed-rid people, for in that street dwelt none other, built by some prior of the Holy Trinity [Aldgate], to whom that ground belonged. In my youth, I remember, devout people, as well as women of this city, were accustomed often times, especially on Fridays, weekly to walk that way purposely to bestow their charitable alms; every poor man or woman lying in their bed within their window, which was toward the street, opened so low that every man might see them, a clean linen cloth lying in their window, and a pair of beads to show that there lay a bed-rid body, unable but to pray only." This passage is significant of the topographer's eye for detail, while its tone suggests the spirit of charity by which he was animated.

A Pleasing Passage from Stow.

Into this part of the City ditch was flung the body of that Edric who seemed to have a positive genius for treachery. Richard of Cirencester says that when Edric came to Canute to claim the highest situation in London as a reward for the murder of his sovereign, Edmund Ironside, the Danish king cried, "I like the treason, but detest the traitor. Behead this fellow, and as he claims the promise, place his head on the highest pinnacle of the Tower." Things did not happen, one may suspect, in quite this dramatic fashion, but there is little doubt that it was by Canute's orders that Edric was placed beyond the reach of temptation to further treachery.

Edric the Traitor.

Jewry Street, which runs south from Aldgate to Crutched Friars, was formerly known as Poor Jewry, because here, says Stow, were tenements occupied by Jews of humble means. A few years ago, in digging the foundations of a new block of business premises, a bit of the base of the Roman wall, 20 feet long and 7 feet high, was unearthed, and the ground landlords, the Saddlers' Company, arranged that it should be permanently exposed in the basement of Roman Wall House, as the block was styled. The street has been rebuilt, and here are the spacious buildings of the Sir John Cass Foundation. The first stone was laid by Dr. Creighton, the late Bishop of London, in 1899, and the Institute was opened by Lord Avebury in 1902. Sir John Cass, who was born in 1666, was Alderman for Portsoken Ward, member of Parliament for the City, and Sheriff, and was knighted in 1712. At his death in 1718 he left £1,000 for the purposes of a school at Hackney, and in 1732 this bequest was enlarged, on the authority of an incompleted codicil, by the Court of Chancery. The property now yields an annual income of over £1,000. In 1908 the foundation-stone was laid of an extension of the buildings, rendered necessary by the growth of the work of the technical institute.

Sir John Cass Foundation.

Crutched Friars is named after a monastery of the "Crossed" Friars, Friars of the Holy Cross, which stood at its south-eastern end, where it joins Hart Street, on ground now occupied by the

Crutched Friars.

BIT OF THE ROMAN WALL IN ROMAN WALL HOUSE, JEWRY STREET.

warehouses of the East and West India Dock. It was founded by Ralph Hosiar and William Sabernes about the year 1298, and at the Dissolution was granted to Sir Thomas Wyatt. The church was pulled down, and Stow found the site used as a carpenter's yard, a tennis court, and the like, while the friar's house was converted into a glass factory, which was destroyed by fire in 1575.

At the corner of Hart Street and Seething Lane is the Perpendicular church of St. Olave, of stone, with a large brick tower ending in a turret, and a light and well-proportioned interior. In its present form it was rebuilt, probably, during the fifteenth century, but there was a church here at least as early as the year 1319, dedicated to that King of Norway, Olaf by name, who helped Ethelred against the Danes. There were three other dedications to this royal saint in London—St. Olave's, Southwark, St. Olave's, Jewry, and St. Olave's, Silver Street, the third and fourth of which have ceased to be. This church, which has several times been repaired and is in

St. Olave's, Hart Street.

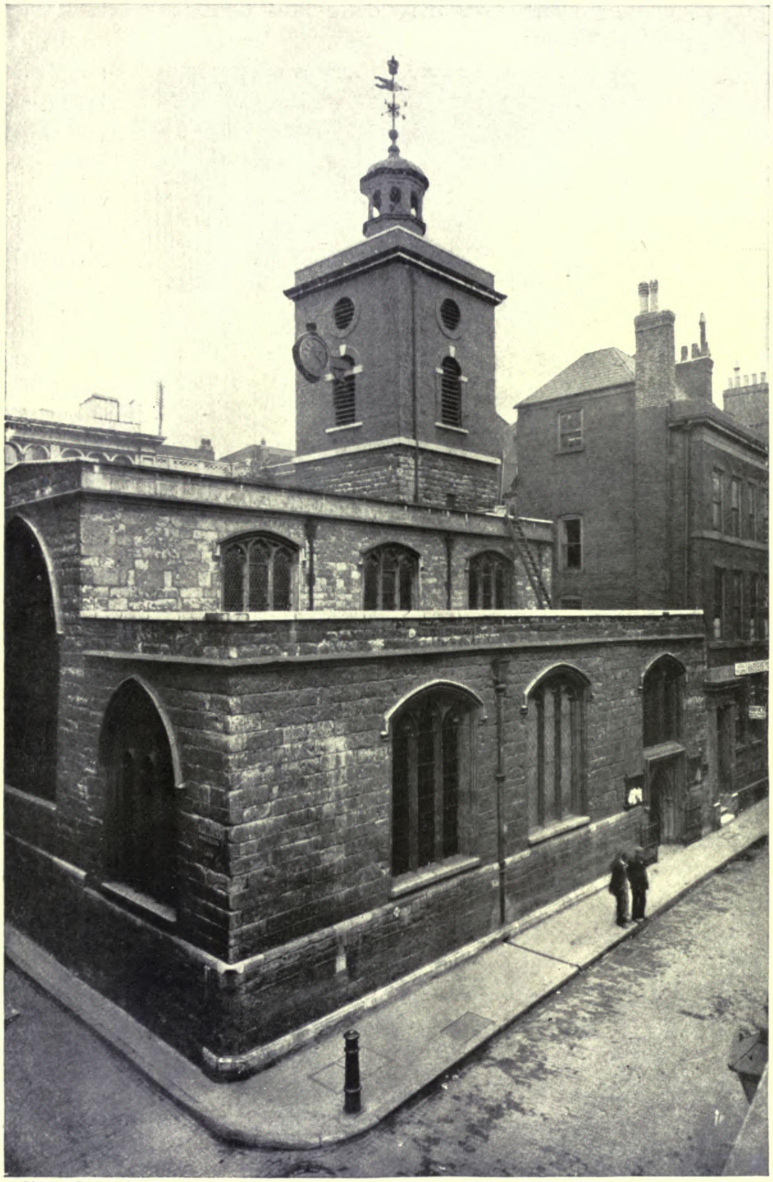
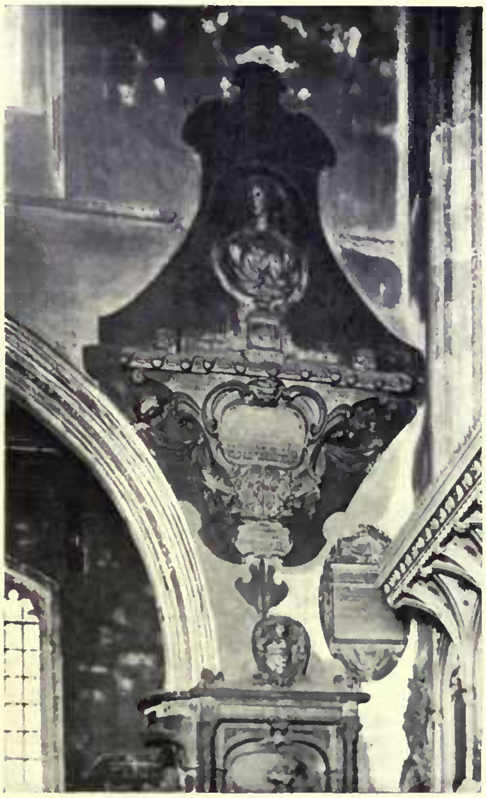


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

PEPYS'S CHURCH : ST. OLAVE'S, HART STREET.

Where Pepys is Buried.

admirable preservation, is exceptionally rich in monuments and carvings, some of them from All Hallows Staining, while the pulpit, attributed to Grinling Gibbons, is that of St. Benet Gracechurch. But all its other associations, noteworthy as some of them are, are overshadowed by St. Olave's connection with the inimitable Pepys, who worshipped here during the years he lived in Seething Lane, and was buried here in 1703 (June 4), beside his wife, who had died many years before, in 1669, and his brother, who had died in 1664. His account of his brother's funeral is one of the most characteristic passages of his diary, delightful—despite the solemnity of the occasion — in its candid analysis of his own feelings, which, as usual, were of a very mixed description. He comes to St. Olave's to choose the grave, and is struck by the readiness of the sexton to "justle" together the bodies in the middle aisle in order to make room for the newcomer. "To see how a man's tombes are at the mercy of such a fellow!" he reflects. There was a large funeral party at his brother's house: 120 guests had been bidden, and those who came numbered nearer 150. They were regaled with "six biscuits apiece, and what they pleased of burnt claret." Always impressionable where women were concerned, he could not help recording his gratitude to one Mrs. Holden, "who was most kind, and did take mighty pains, not only in getting the house and everything else ready, but this day in going up and down to see the house filled and served, in order to mine and their great content, I think."


MONUMENT OF MRS. PEPYS IN ST. OLAVE'S, HART STREET.

Then comes the funeral service. "And so I saw my poor brother laid into the grave; and so all broke up; and I and my wife, and Madam Turner and her family, to her brother's." By and by he and a boon companion adjourned to a separate room, and "fell to a barrel of oysters, cake and cheese." It struck him, when he came to write it down, as "too merry for so late a sad work." But he comforts himself with the reflection that it is the way of the world to make "nothing of the memory of a man an hour after he is dead!" The comfort, however, does not hold out. "Indeed," he adds, "I must blame myself, for though at the sight of him, dead and dying, I had real grief for a while, while he was in my sight, yet presently after, and ever since, I have had very little grief indeed for him.

At the beginning of 1666 we find Pepys paying his first visit to St. Olave's after his return to the City which he had left to avoid the Plague. Under date the 30th of January, he writes: "Home, finding the town keeping the day solemnly, it being the day of the King's murther; and they being at church, I presently into the church. This is the first time I have been in the church since I left London for the Plague; and it frighted me indeed to go through the church, more than I thought it could have done, to see so many graves lie so high upon the churchyard where people have been buried of the Plague. I was much troubled at it, and do not think to go through it again a good while."

A few months later, however (the 6th of June), Pepys is at St. Olave's again, this time enjoying himself to his heart's content. News had just arrived of Monk's victory over De Ruyter, and Pepys's ingenuous vanity was immensely tickled. "To our church, it being the Common Fast-day, and it was just before sermon; but Lord! how all the people in the church stare upon me, to see me whisper the news of the victory over the Dutch to Sir John Minnes and my Lady Pen! Anon I saw people stirring and whispering below, and by-and-by comes up the sexton from my Lady Ford, to tell me the news which I had brought, being now sent into the church by Sir W. Batten, in writing, and passed from pew to pew." The Sir John Minnes to whom Pepys communicated the tidings with which he was no doubt bursting was Vice-Admiral under Charles I., and after the Restoration Chief Comptroller of the Navy and Master of Trinity House. He died at the Navy Office in Seething Lane, of which we shall presently speak, and was buried in St. Olave's, where he is commemorated by a mural tablet.

A Charming Monument.

Pepys himself reared a monument here, in the chancel, on the north side, with a Latin inscription of his own composing, to his beautiful wife, who was the daughter of Alexander Marchant, Sieur de St. Michel, a Huguenot gentleman who had come to this country as a member of the household of Queen Henrietta Maria. A beautiful monument it is, the sculptor of the bust having represented the lady as bending slightly forwards to look down upon the worshippers in the middle of the church—a most engaging pose, suggestive of the keenest interest. Of Pepys himself there was no monument until the year 1883, when the omission was quite handsomely repaired, a memorial in the form of a medallion in low relief, enclosed in a lovely alabaster shrine with pilasters and pediment, the whole designed by the late Sir A. Blomfield, being erected by public subscription against the south wall, just where hung a small gallery for the use of the Navy Office, in which gallery the Diarist was wont to sit. It was unveiled on the 18th of March, 1884, by the late James Russell Lowell, the American Ambassador, acting as a substitute for Lord Northbrook, the then First Lord of the Admiralty. Beneath the medallion is the inscription:

Samuel Pepys
Born Feb. 23, 1632
Died May 26, 1703

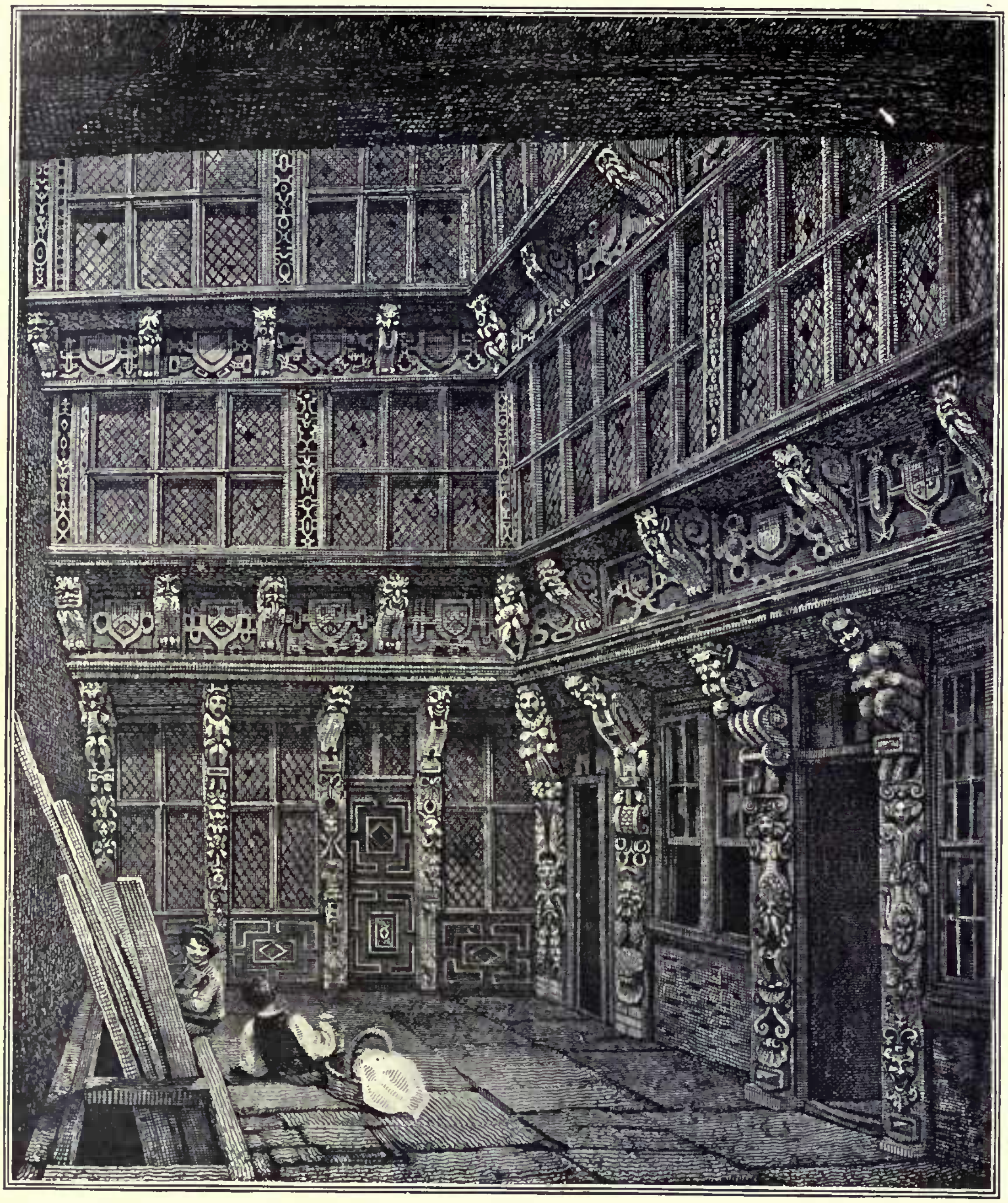
Below are figured, in colour, his family arms.

Seething Lane.

In Seething Lane Pepys was living from 1660 the year after his diary opens, until 1673, four years after its close, in a house adjoining the Navy Office, in which he held the post of Clerk of the Acts. In the latter year he became Secretary of the Admiralty, and he continued to be the most important figure in the Administration of the Navy until the Revolution (1688), when, unable to serve under those who had driven out James II., for whom he cherished a regard which no doubt had its origin in their common interest in the Navy, he retired. The Navy Office, removed in 1788, stood on the east side of Seething Lane, with the chief entrance in Crutched Friars. The lane was spared by the Fire, but Pepys's house has not survived, and the buildings which now line it are mostly corn and wine offices and warehouses of modern erection, though there are still some older houses of brick, with carved oak porches, left. In Stow's day the name appears to have been spelt Sything, and he alleges it to be a corruption of Sidon Lane. But Riley cites a document of the year 1309 in which is a reference to Synethene Lane, which he interprets as "probably"

PEPYS'S MONUMENT IN ST. OLAVE'S.

The Name.



"WHITTINGTON'S HOUSE" IN HART STREET.

Drawn and Engraved by J. T. Smith.

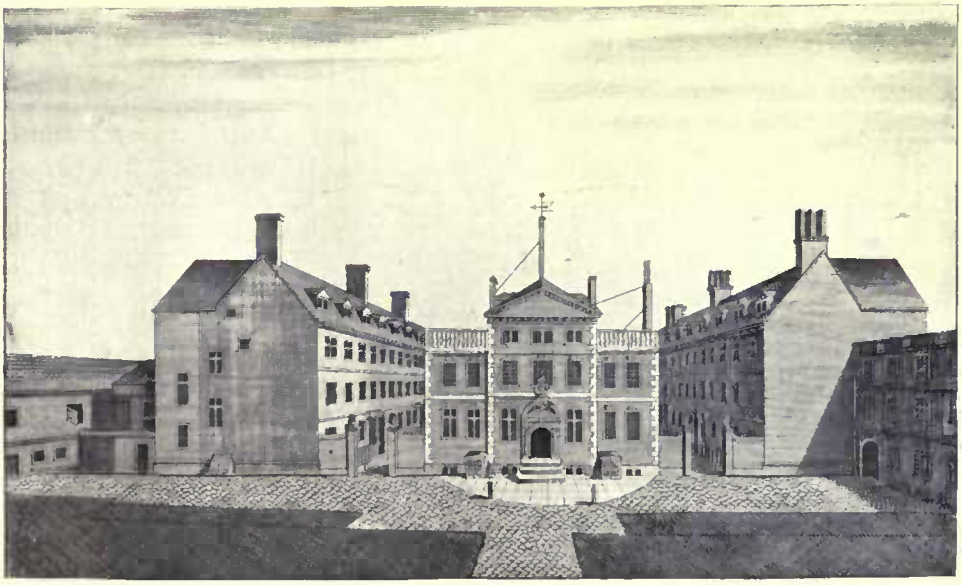
referring to this street, and in a document of 1381 it appears as Synenden Lane. This is a step nearer to "Sidon," but the latter can hardly have been, as Stow thought, the original form.

Hart Street.

Hart Street, which continues Crutched Friars to Mark Lane, must be mentioned, because here stood, until 1801, a mansion said to be that of Richard Whittington, sketched by J. T. Smith in 1792, whose drawing is here reproduced (p. 226). An engraving of the house appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July, 1796, and, according to Wheatley and Cunningham ("London Past and Present"), the correspondent who sent the drawing asserted that in old leases the house was expressly declared to be Whittington's Palace. Of Whittington's connection with the house, however, there is no direct evidence, and as he certainly lived on College Hill the legend is not antecedently probable, though it is possible, of course, that at one time he dwelt here in Hart Street. The last occupant of the house was a carpenter. Let us hope that he had the grace to appreciate the carved oak of which the whole front of the house was composed.

The Minories.

The Minories, leading from Aldgate to Tower Hill, is so called from the Minoresses, or Nuns of the Order of St. Clare, who in 1293 were established in a house here, just without the City wall, by Edmund Earl of Lancaster, brother of Edward I. The property was surrendered to Henry VIII. in 1539, and the house was replaced by buildings for the manufacture and storage of arms and armour, and when Strype wrote (1720) the Minories was still the haunt of gunsmiths. The church of the abbey became a parish church—that of the Holy Trinity, Minories—for those who dwelt in the precincts, and it survived until 1706, when it was rebuilt. Its successor remained in use until 1898, when it was closed, and soon afterwards taken down, the benefice being united with that of St. Botolph's, Aldgate. In 1849 was discovered in its vaults a head which was believed to be that of the Duke of Suffolk (father of Lady Jane Grey), executed in the Tower hard by. The head, says Daniell, the author of "London City Churches," was preserved from decay by having been cast into sawdust; "the skin has very much the appearance of leather, and the features are perfectly clear and distinct. At its first discovery the teeth were entire, but since then several have dropped or been pulled out. The hair of the top of the head has fallen off, but some of a reddish colour remains about the chin." The gruesome relic is now kept under lock and key in the vestry of St. Botolph's, Aldgate, and those whose taste runs that way may see it on application to the vicar.



THE OLD NAVY OFFICE, SEETHING LANE.

CHAPTER XXI

THE TOWER

Plan of the Tower—Beginnings and Growth—Lions' Gate—Bell Tower: Bishop Fisher's Prison-house—The King's House—Lord Nithsdale's Escape—Traitor's Gate—Bloody Tower—Wakefield Tower—The Regalia—Colonel Blood's Attempt upon the Crown Jewels—The Keep—Little Ease—The Murdered Princes—St. John's Chapel—The Council Chamber—Arrest of Lord Hastings—The Armoury—Implements of Torture—Beauchamp Tower and its Mural Inscriptions—Anne Boleyn's Execution—St. Peter-in-Chains—Tower Hill and its Great Memories—Officials of the Tower—The Locking-up Ceremony—Recent Additions

THE exact relation of the Tower of London to the City is a question not easy of determination. In Coke's "Institutes" it is stated that the City wall extended through the Tower, and that so much of the Tower precinct as lay towards the west of the wall was in the Tower ward, while that part to the east of the wall was situated in the county of Middlesex; but it does not appear that the civic authorities have ever exercised any jurisdiction within the Tower except when the Constable of the Tower happened to be also Sheriff of London, as in the case of Geoffrey de Mandeville in the 12th century, or on other extraordinary occasions. As, however, the association of the Tower with the City has from the beginning been of the most intimate kind, we shall give some account of it here, before making our way along the river-side to London Bridge.

Plan.

In plan the Tower is an irregular pentagon, about twelve acres in extent, the whole space within the garden rails, however measuring about eighteen acres. It is surrounded by a double line of circumvallation, enclosing the Outer and the Inner Ward, the former flanked by six towers on the river face and by three semicircular bastions on the north face, the latter by thirteen towers, and the whole enjoyed the further protection of a deep and broad moat, until in 1843 this was partly filled up and gravelled as a *campus martius* for the garrison. The Tower was designed primarily as a fortress, and this purpose it still serves. But from the time of the Conqueror onwards until James I.'s reign it was also a royal residence. After the feudal era, however, our kings were glad to live in more commodious and luxurious palaces. James I. only occupied the Tower as a preliminary to the opening of his first Parliament, and Charles II. was the last sovereign to sleep here on the night before the coronation. At first the Keep, more familiar to us as the White Tower, was the royal residence, but afterwards a separate Palace was built, in the Inner Ward, to the south of the Keep. This was destroyed during the Protectorate, and a buttress of an old archway adjoining the Salt Tower is the only vestige of it now to be seen.

A State Prison.

Yet a third purpose has the Tower served in its long history—that of a State prison, and it is this office that gives it its unique place of interest among our national buildings. The first to be confined within its walls was Randulf Flambard, Bishop of Durham in the reign of Henry I., and though after the Revolution of 1688 its involuntary inmates became fewer and fewer, it was not until the reign of George III. that it ceased to be used as a prison, the Cato Street conspirators being the last offenders against the State to be held in durance within its walls.

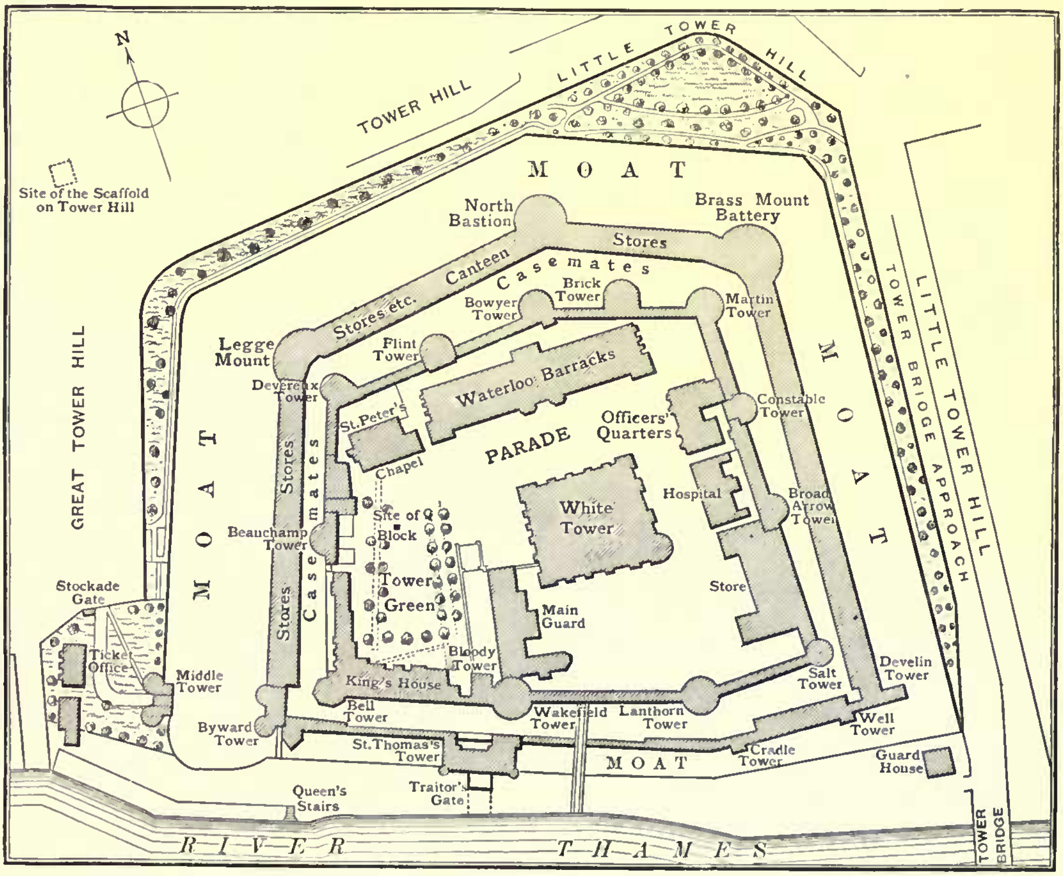
Origins.

The Tower traces its origin to William the Conqueror, who, says G. T. Clark, the author of "Mediæval Military Architecture," immediately after his coronation, directed the actual commencement of the works, which at first consisted of a deep ditch and a strong palisade; the Keep apparently was not begun until twelve or fourteen years later. But there were fortifications here long before the

Conqueror determined to build a great castle to overawe the citizens of London. Here stood the old Roman wall, a section of which, with a couple of bastions, William had to demolish, as well as to make some encroachment upon the City boundaries, in order to make room for his fortress. It is probable, indeed, that at this point the Romans strengthened the wall with a fort, for in 1898-99, in the course of excavations made close to the south-west angle of the Keep, a fragment of such a structure, built of the same materials as the ancient walls, was laid bare. Long before this, in 1777, was found a double wedge of silver—now in the British Museum—inscribed " Ex offi[cina] Honorii," together with Roman coins, and this discovery suggests that in their fort on this site—the Arx Palatini it has been called—the Romans had a mint. Shakespeare, therefore, was probably substantially right when, in *Richard III.* (Act iii., sc. 1) he makes Buckingham tell Prince Edward that Julius Cæsar "did begin that place, which since succeeding ages have re-edified," though Julius Cæsar himself may have had nothing to do with it.

The Builder of the Keep.

It was to Gundulf, a monk of Bec, who in 1077 became Bishop of Rochester, that the Conqueror entrusted the task of building the castle, and to him is to be ascribed the great Keep, as well as the wall of the Inner Ward. In the reign of Richard I. the moat was excavated and barbicans were built to strengthen the walls. But it was in the reign of Henry III. that the work of completing the Tower was most vigorously prosecuted, and among the additions now made was that of St. Thomas's Tower, with the Traitor's Gate, the chief of the water gates, that commanding the passage between the river and the moat. Connected with the building of this tower, which was dedicated to the martyr of Canterbury, an incident occurred which soon became invested with a supernatural significance. On the night of St. George's Day, 1240, when the tower was in course of construction, the gateway and the


N
TOWER HILL
LITTLE TOWER HILL
Site of the Scaffold on Tower Hill
MOAT
North Bastion
Brass Mount Battery
Stores
Canteen
Casemates
Brick Tower
Bowyer Tower
Martin Tower
Stores etc.
Legge Mount
Flint Tower
Waterloo Barracks
Devereux Tower
St. Peter's Chapel
Officers' Quarters
Constable Tower
PARADE
GREAT TOWER HILL
Stores
Casemates
White Tower
Hospital
Broad Arrow Tower
Site of Block
Beauchamp Tower
Tower Green
Store
Stockade Gate
Main Guard
Ticket Office
Bloody Tower
Middle Tower
King's House
Salt Tower
Develin Tower
Bell Tower
Byward Tower
Wakefield Tower
Lanthorn Tower
Well Tower
St. Thomas's Tower
Cradle Tower
Guard House
Queen's Stairs
Traitor's Gate
RIVER THAMES
TOWER BRIDGE APPROACH
LITTLE TOWER HILL
TOWER BRIDGE

PLAN OF THE TOWER.

An Apparition.

adjacent wall suddenly collapsed. The work was done over again, but only to meet the same fate on the same night of the following year, and Matthew Paris tells us that on this second occasion, just before the collapse, a priest saw a robed archbishop, cross in hand, gazing sternly upon the walls. The archbishop asked, "Why build ye here?" at the same time striking the wall, and at the blow wall and gateway came tumbling down. The archbishop was attended by a clerk, and of him the priest inquired who the prelate was. "St. Thomas the Martyr," was the answer, "by birth a citizen, who resents these works, undertaken in scorn, and to the prejudice of citizens, and destroys them beyond the power of restoration." If the story was told to the King, he regarded it, no doubt, as simply a picturesque expression of the disapproval with which the strengthening and extension of the Tower were regarded by the citizens. At any rate the work was done once again, and this time no St. Thomas appeared to bring it to nought. Perhaps his shade was appeased by the dedication to him of the new tower, when at last it was finished. About the same time the Keep was newly white-washed, and it is believed to have been on this occasion that it was dubbed the White Tower, the name by which it has ever since been popularly known.

By the end of Henry III.'s reign the vast work, with its walls of tremendous thickness, was virtually finished, but it was reserved for Edward III. to build the Beauchamp Tower, and, as is believed, to add to the defences of the Inner Ward the Salt Tower, and probably the Bowyer Tower.

Lions' Gate.

Bell Tower.

Bishop Fisher's Prison-house.

Having thus briefly sketched the growth of the Tower, let us speak of its most salient features, taking them virtually in the order in which they are seen by visitors. The public entrance is at the south-west corner, known as the Lions' Gate, from the royal menagerie which was kept here from the reign of Henry I. until in 1834 the few wild beasts of which it then consisted were transferred to the Zoological Gardens. The site of the menagerie is marked by the refreshment-room near the ticket office. Access to the Outer Ward is won through a gateway beneath the Byward Tower. Passing through this we have on our left the Bell Tower, named from an alarm bell which used to hang in a little turret above the roof, and now does duty in the chapel of St. Peter-ad-Vincula. It is in this tower that the Princess Elizabeth is believed to have been kept when she fell under her sister's displeasure, and to this day the parapet walk is called "Queen Elizabeth's Walk." Whether or not Elizabeth was interned here, there is no doubt that this was the prison-house of one of the chief of her father's victims, the aged Bishop Fisher, who in the winter of 1534-35 wrote to Thomas Cromwell a piteous letter detailing his sufferings from cold and hunger and insufficient clothing, and begging him to intercede with the King on his behalf. The news of his sad plight was carried to Pope Clement, who did him the ill service of making him a cardinal and sending him the red hat. At this Henry was furious, and sent to Fisher to examine him about it; "but," says Bishop Burnet, "he protested that he had used no endeavour to procure it, and valued it so little that if the hat were lying at his feet he would not take it up. It never came nearer to him than Picardy," adds Burnet, "yet did this precipitate his ruin." For the tyrant swore that though the Pope might send his captive a red hat, he should have no head to put it on, and such an oath he found it mighty easy to keep.

The King's House.

A few steps further and we come to the King's House—why so called no one knows—a many-gabled building which with its flagged court fringed by sycamores, looks, as Lord Ronald Gower observes,* "a place of ancient peace, and seems rather to be a portion of some venerable college than of a mediæval fortress." For all that, it has no lack of gruesome associations. For here is the Council Chamber in which (1606) Guy Fawkes and his fellow conspirators were examined by Cecil and the Council of State and condemned, though the torture was applied not here but in the dungeons below the White Tower. Here, too, the Duke of Monmouth spent the last miserable days of his wasted life. Here, again, is preserved

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* "The Tower of London." By Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, F.S.A. (George Bell & Son.)

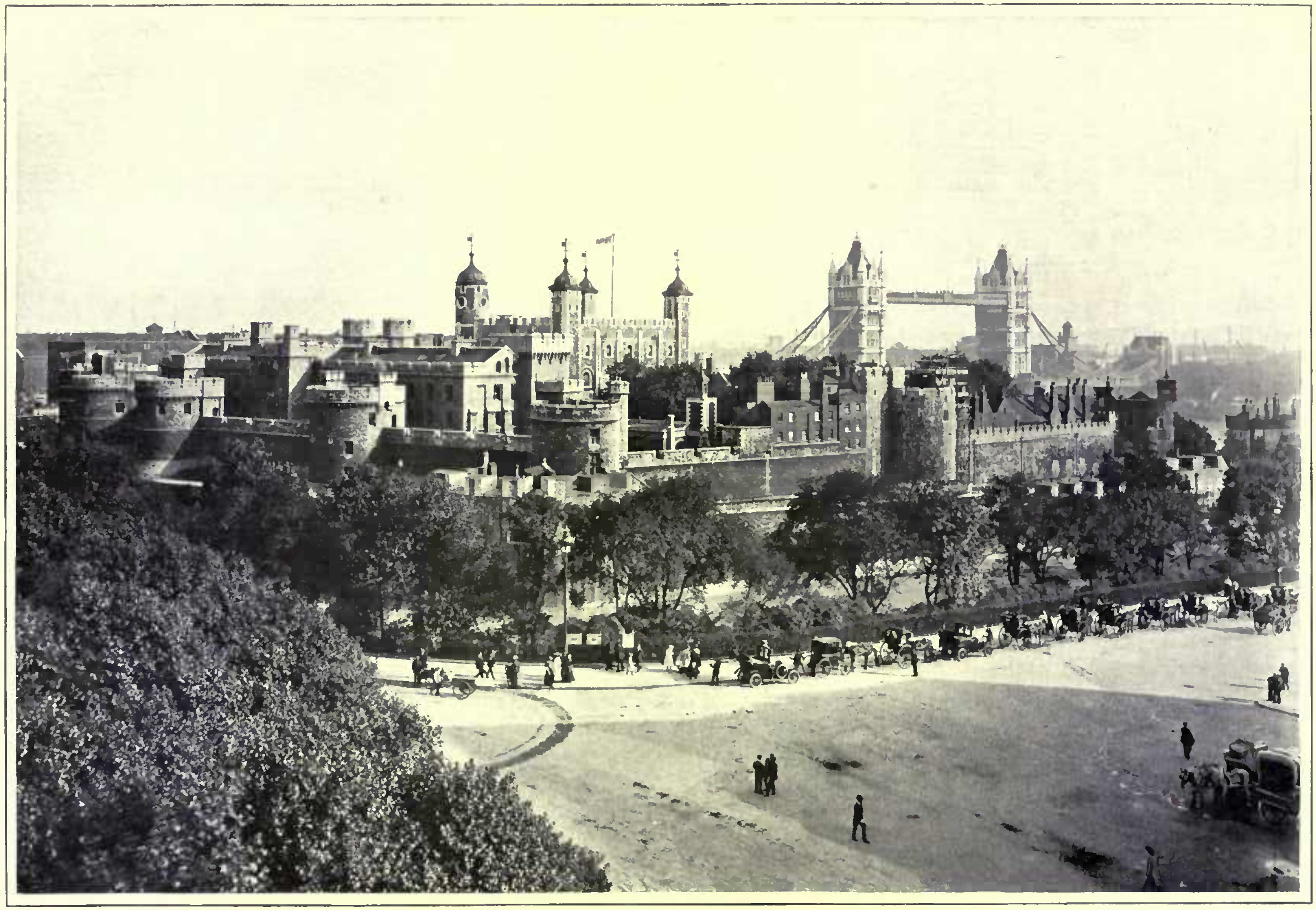


Photo: Pictorial Agency

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWER.

one of the most interesting of the Tower's relics, the axe which was carried before State prisoners by the Gentleman Warder to and from their trial, its edge turned away from the prisoner until he had been sentenced, when it was turned towards him. It is now, says Lord Ronald Gower, kept in the study of the Lieutenant of the Tower, and is only used on such occasions as the installation of a new Constable.

Lord Nithsdale's Escape.

But the King's House is still more memorable from its association with Lord Nithsdale, one of the rebels of 1715, and with his devoted and daring wife. When George I. had made it clear that her hopes of a reprieve were vain she came up from Dumfriesshire, hired lodgings at a house in Drury Lane, and elaborated an ingenious scheme for snatching her husband from the gallows, in which she prevailed upon a Mrs. Mills and a Mrs. Morgan to help her. On the 24th of February, 1716, the three women started for the Tower in a coach, hardly venturing, one would think, to hope for a successful issue to their audacious plan. But their resourcefulness was rewarded with success, and not only did they get the prisoner without the walls, but all three women also succeeded in getting clear away. For three days the husband and wife lived in a garret, and then Lord Nithsdale escaped across the Channel in the livery of the Venetian Ambassador. When the news of his prisoner's escape reached the King's ears he flew into a passion, and a warrant was instantly issued for Lady Nithsdale's arrest. But she evaded arrest, and before leaving these shores posted to Scotland and possessed herself of the family papers. On hearing of this second feat, the King, half admiringly, perhaps, exclaimed that she was a woman who did exactly as she pleased, and that she had given him more trouble than any other woman in the whole of Europe.

Traitor's Gate.

As we proceed, we have on our right St. Thomas's Tower, which was rebuilt in the reign of Henry VIII., and renovated in 1866. Beneath this tower is the Traitor's Gate, through which State prisoners entered the Tower when they came hither by water. This way came Anne Boleyn on the 2nd of May, 1536, only three short years after her triumphant progress to the Tower the day before her coronation. As soon as she landed she went down upon her knees in prayer, and, having protested her innocence, asked the Constable where she was to be lodged, and was told that she would have the same room as she occupied at the time of her coronation. "It is too good for me," she mournfully said. Then, says Knighton, she began "weeping a great pace, and in the same sorrow fell into a great laughing, and so she did several times afterwards."

To the Traitor's Gate also came Anne Boleyn's daughter, on the 18th of March, 1554, under suspicion of being privy to Wyatt's conspiracy. The Princess was averse from entering the Tower by this ill-omened gateway, and as she set her foot on the steps she exclaimed, "Here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed on these stairs, and before Thee, O God, I speak it, having none other friends but Thee." Then, in the heavy rain, she sat herself down on a stone, and the Lieutenant pressing her to pass in, she exclaimed, "Better sit here than in a worse place, for God knoweth whither you will bring me." Though nothing was proved against Elizabeth, she was kept in the Tower in rigorous confinement for two months, being released on the 19th of May and taken to Woodstock.

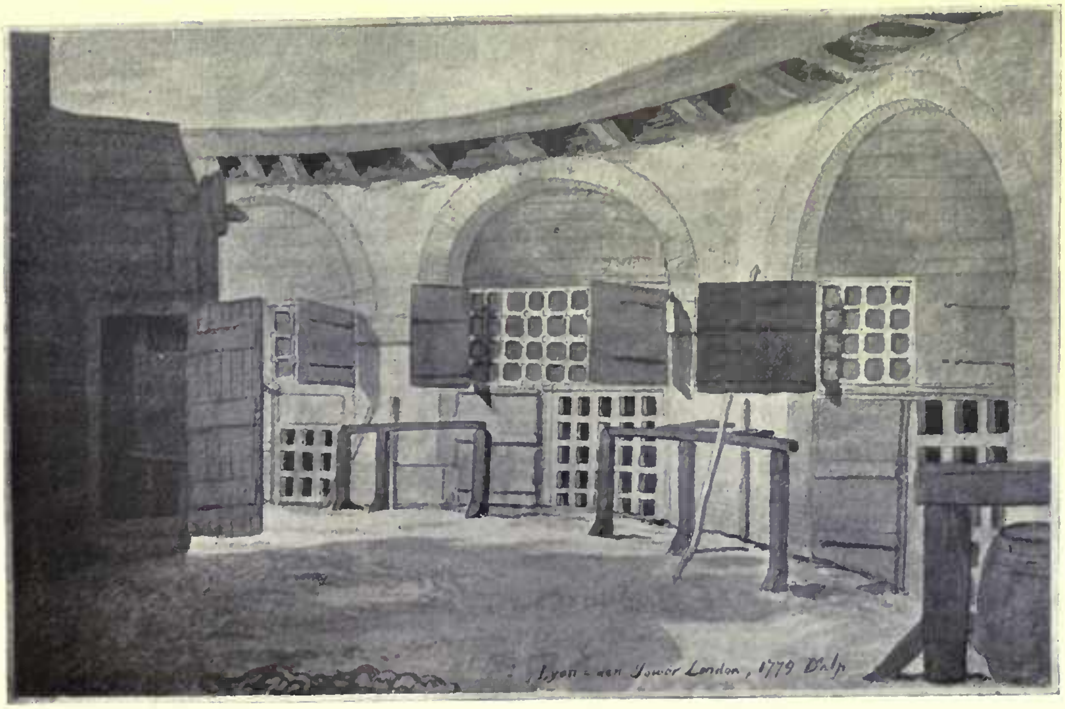
When four years later Elizabeth, in fulfilment of custom, spent the night before her coronation within the Tower, her mind could not but be impressed with the contrast between then and now. As she emerged from the gateway to make her triumphant progress to Westminster she raised her shining eyes to heaven and exclaimed, "O Lord, Almighty and Everlasting God, I give Thee most humble thanks, that Thou hast been so merciful unto me as to spare me to behold this joyful day; and I acknowledge that Thou hast done wonderfully and mercifully with me. As thou didst with Thy servant Daniel the prophet, whom Thou deliveredst out of the den from the cruelty of the raging lions, even so was I overwhelmed, and only by Thee delivered. To Thee, therefore, only, be thanks, honour, and praise for ever."

Nor could Elizabeth have failed to see the strangely complete contrast between her case and her mother's. Anne Boleyn came to the Tower in triumph and returned to it to endure a shameful death; her daughter came to it a prisoner and returned to it in triumph.

In Hare's "Walks in London" it is stated that in the restorations carried out in modern times the old stone steps were torn up, together with the stone upon which the Princess rested. The gates themselves, according to the same authority, though they were strong and durable as ever, were sold to a Whitechapel tradesman for 15s.! Barnum, he adds, gave the man £50 for them and added them to his exhibition.

Bloody Tower.

Opposite Traitor's Gate, and forming one of the defences of the Inner Ward, is the Bloody Tower, which has undergone a restoration that ended in 1900. Until the reign of Elizabeth it was styled the Garden Tower, from a garden on its western side belonging to the King's House, or, as it was then called, the Constable's Lodging. It was in this garden, now partly built upon and partly thrown into the parade ground, that Sir Walter Raleigh found solace, during his incarceration in the Bloody Tower, by tending his flowers, or distilling essences in a little garden house which he had built with his own hands. According to tradition, the Bloody Tower was the scene of the murder of the two young Princes, the sons of Edward IV., by the agents of their uncle, Richard Crookback, and to that tradition it is sometimes said to owe its present evil name, though the epithet is also ascribed to other dark deeds which its walls have witnessed. Here were lodged Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, father-in-law of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, Archbishop Cranmer, and Sir Thomas Overbury, the murder of whom, at the instigation of the wicked Countess of Somerset, differs from many other crimes perpetrated in the Tower only in the sense that it had no legal sanction. It was from the window over the gateway on the north side that Archbishop Laud, himself a prisoner, gave Strafford his blessing as the latter was led to his doom. A later tenant of the Bloody Tower was the infamous Jeffreys, who here died of drink and fright. Here, again, in 1663, Lucy Hutchinson, who had been born in the Tower, shared her husband's imprisonment, the two, as she writes, occupying "a room where it was said the two young Princes, Edward V. and his brother, were murdered; the room that led to it was a great dark room with no window, where the portcullis to one of the inner gates was drawn up and let down." This portcullis, like that of the Byward Tower, is still in working order. The chamber in which the


Lyon s den Tower London, 1779 Dalp

THE TOWER MENAGERIE.

From a Print in the Gardner Collection.

little Princes are believed to have been smothered has been divided into two, "but," says Lord Ronald Gower, "there is nothing to show that the walls and the ceiling are not the same as those which were there when the murderers entered, having presumably passed through a window at the end of a passage which opens out on to the terraced wall overlooking the river." In these days, the same writer records, the only prisoner the Bloody Tower can claim is a small bird, whose cage hangs out from a window. So the times change!

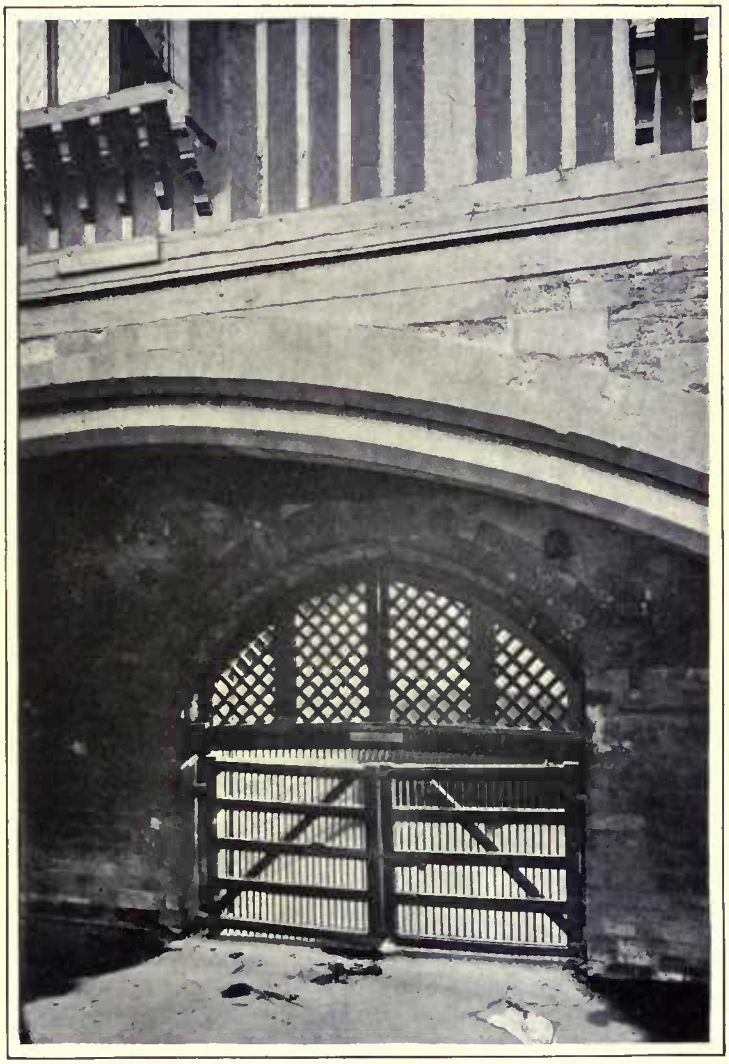


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

TRAITOR'S GATE, LOOKING RIVERWARDS.

Next to the Bloody Tower, and indeed forming part of the same block, is the Wakefield Tower, perhaps named from its use for the detention of Yorkist prisoners after the battle of Wakefield, in 1460, but known also as the Record Tower, because, until 1856, it was one of the places where were stored the public records, now preserved in the Record Office in Fetter and Chancery Lanes. Another name by which this tower has been known is that of the Hall Tower, from its nearness to the Great Hall of the royal palace, in which hall the Court of Common Pleas long sat. The most memorable association of the Wakefield Tower is with Henry VI., who was lodged here, and here died, or was put to death (May 22, 1471). To the present generation the Wakefield Tower is familiar

Wakefield Tower.

Crown Jewels.

as the place where are stored the objects forming the regalia of England. The Crown jewels have been kept in the Tower of London almost without intermission since 1253, though not in their present quarters. In the reign of Charles I. they were stored in a small building at the south side of the White Tower; then, for greater safety, they were transferred to a strong chamber in the Martin Tower, which thus came to be called the Jewel Tower. This tower was much damaged by fire in 1841, and the present room in the Wakefield Tower was then fitted up for their reception.

After the execution of Charles I., when it was supposed that it would never again be wanted, the ancient regalia of England was dispersed or broken up. At the Restoration the task of providing the new regalia was entrusted to Vyner, the City banker and goldsmith, whose charges are believed to have amounted to £31,978. It is doubtful whether he ever received more than £5,500. In designing the present regalia, Vyner took the greatest care to follow the old patterns as far as they could be remembered, and though he was not able to complete his task by the 7th of February, 1661, the date first fixed for the coronation, some eight months after Charles's entry into his capital, he had everything ready by the festival of St. George, the 23rd of April, when the coronation actually took place.

Anointing Spoon.

Ampulla.

Of the old regalia, broken up and dispersed, as we have seen, shortly after Charles I.'s execution, one of the few remnants is the Anointing Spoon, of silver, heavily gilt. Its great antiquity is indisputable, and a leading authority on the subject, Henry Shaw, concludes from its ornamentation that it was made in the twelfth century, and that it has most probably been used in the coronation of our monarchs since that age. The Ampulla, also, the vessel that contains the consecration oil used in the anointing at coronations, is believed to be in part at least very ancient, and it was probably restored and re-chiselled in 1661. Of gold, it takes the form of a bird —which may be intended for a pelican, an eagle, or a dove—with outstretched wings; and the head is unscrewed to receive the oil, which flows into the Anointing Spoon through the beak.

St. Edward's Crown.

Of the crowns in the regalia the most interesting is that known as St. Edward's, which was made by Vyner for Charles II., to take the place of the crown with which it was believed all our monarchs had been crowned from Edward the Confessor onward, and which was made away with by Parliament in 1661. The present St. Edward's Crown has since the time of Charles II. been used as a kind of official pattern of the State Crown, or "Crown Imperial," though on various occasions it has been slightly altered. It is believed to be as close an imitation as was possible of the old Crown of St. Edward. This crown it is which the late Archbishop of Canterbury placed on King Edward's head in the ceremony of the crowning at Westminster Abbey, and which his Majesty wore until the coronation was completed, when, having retired to St. Edward's Chapel, he replaced it by the Imperial or State Crown.

The State Crown.

But it is the latter, the State Crown, which by its dazzling splendour and its position at the summit of the stand upon which the regalia is arranged, first catches and holds the eye. The present State Crown was made by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge for Queen Victoria, and was somewhat enlarged and re-embellished for King Edward, who wore it on his way to and from the Abbey to be crowned. Three of its stones, the great ruby and two large sapphires, all of them from the State Crown made for Charles II. (not to be confused with St. Edward's Crown), are at least as ancient as the Anointing Spoon, and may be of much greater antiquity. The ruby, which has been valued at £110,000, was given to his brother-in-law, the Black Prince, by Peter the Cruel, King of Castile, and was set in the helmet worn by Henry V. at Agincourt. When the State Crown is required for any such ceremonial as the opening of Parliament, the Lord Chamberlain of the Household comes to the Tower, and in his presence, and that of the Keeper of the Jewels and other officials, the case is opened and the Crown placed in a velvet-lined box, which is carried by a sworn Waterman, in plain clothes, to the Lord Chamberlain's carriage. The ceremony over, no time is lost in returning it to the safe custody of the Jewel House. When King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra were crowned the crowns and such other objects of the regalia as were required for the ceremony were taken back to the Wakefield Tower the next day.

Other crowns to be seen here are the Queen Consort's Crown, made for Mary of Modena, Consort of James II., the Queen's Diadem, made for Queen Mary II., and the Prince of Wales's Crown; and the other objects that make up the regalia include St. Edward's Staff, carried before the monarch in the Coronation ceremony; the Royal Sceptre, which the Archbishop of Canterbury places in the Sovereign's right hand; the Sceptre of the Dove, placed in his left hand; the Swords of Mercy (yclept Curtana) and Justice; and the Coronation Bracelets and Spurs. There is also the gold and silver-gilt table plate which in earlier days was used at the Coronation banquets, with the dish used at the annual distribution of the royal alms on Maundy Thursday.*

Colonel Blood.

It was not the Wakefield Tower, but the earlier Jewel House in the Martin Tower, that was the scene of the infamous Colonel Blood's attempt to carry off the regalia on the 9th of May, 1673. Blood, who is said to have been the son of a blacksmith, had contrived to ingratiate himself with Talbot Edwards, the Keeper of the Jewels, and going to the Tower on the day named with three confederates, all of them armed, on a sudden he, or one of them, threw a cloak over the old man's head and gagged him. They then told him that they would take the crown, the orb, and the sceptre, and would not harm him if he submitted quietly. But Edwards made a brave resistance, until they knocked him on the head with a mallet and stabbed him. Having as they supposed made an end of him, they helped themselves, Blood taking the State Crown under his cloak, while one of his confederates stuffed the orb into his pocket, and another began to file the sceptre in two. But now, most unexpectedly, help appeared in the person of the Keeper's son, a soldier from the Low Countries. Running upstairs, eager to see his parents, he broke in upon the robbers, who, leaving the sceptre, fled with the crown and the orb. The plucky old Keeper, managing to get the gag out of his mouth, was able to explain the situation, and young Edwards and another started off in pursuit. A warder tried to stop the fugitives and was shot for his pains; the sentinel at the drawbridge was less alert and suffered them to pass, but Blood was overtaken and seized with the crown in his grasp, and though the others contrived to get away on horseback, one with the orb in his possession, they were all captured and the globe was recovered.

A Strange Sequel.

The sequel was still more extraordinary than the incident itself. Neither of the four ruffians was ever brought to book, and Blood himself was presently pensioned. The reason for this leniency from a sovereign who was little inclined to mercy where offences against himself were in question is not known, but the most diverse conjectures have been made—among them that Charles, in dire need of money, had himself instigated the theft as a means of raising funds! He would be a bold man who should denounce this theory as incredible. As for Edwards, to whose loyalty and courage it was owing that the precious scheme missed fire, he was promised a reward of £200, but after long waiting he had to sell the order at half price for ready money. A merry monarch, indeed!

The Keep.

And now we come to Gundulf's mighty Keep. Standing foursquare* in the middle of the Inner Ward, it grimly dominates the whole fabric, and though it was modernised by Sir Christopher Wren, who inserted Italian windows in its walls, it still gives to the Tower a look not merely of strength but also of loftiness and dignity. In a paper by G. T. Clark read at the Congress of the Archæological Institute in 1866, and printed in the volume entitled "Old London," the immense defensive strength of the Keep in the days before Gundulf's plan had been modified is well brought out. "The main door . . opened upon a very gloomy first floor from which a turnpike stair led downwards to the basement, and upwards to the second floor. To this the way from the stairs was along a bent and narrow mural passage and from the inner

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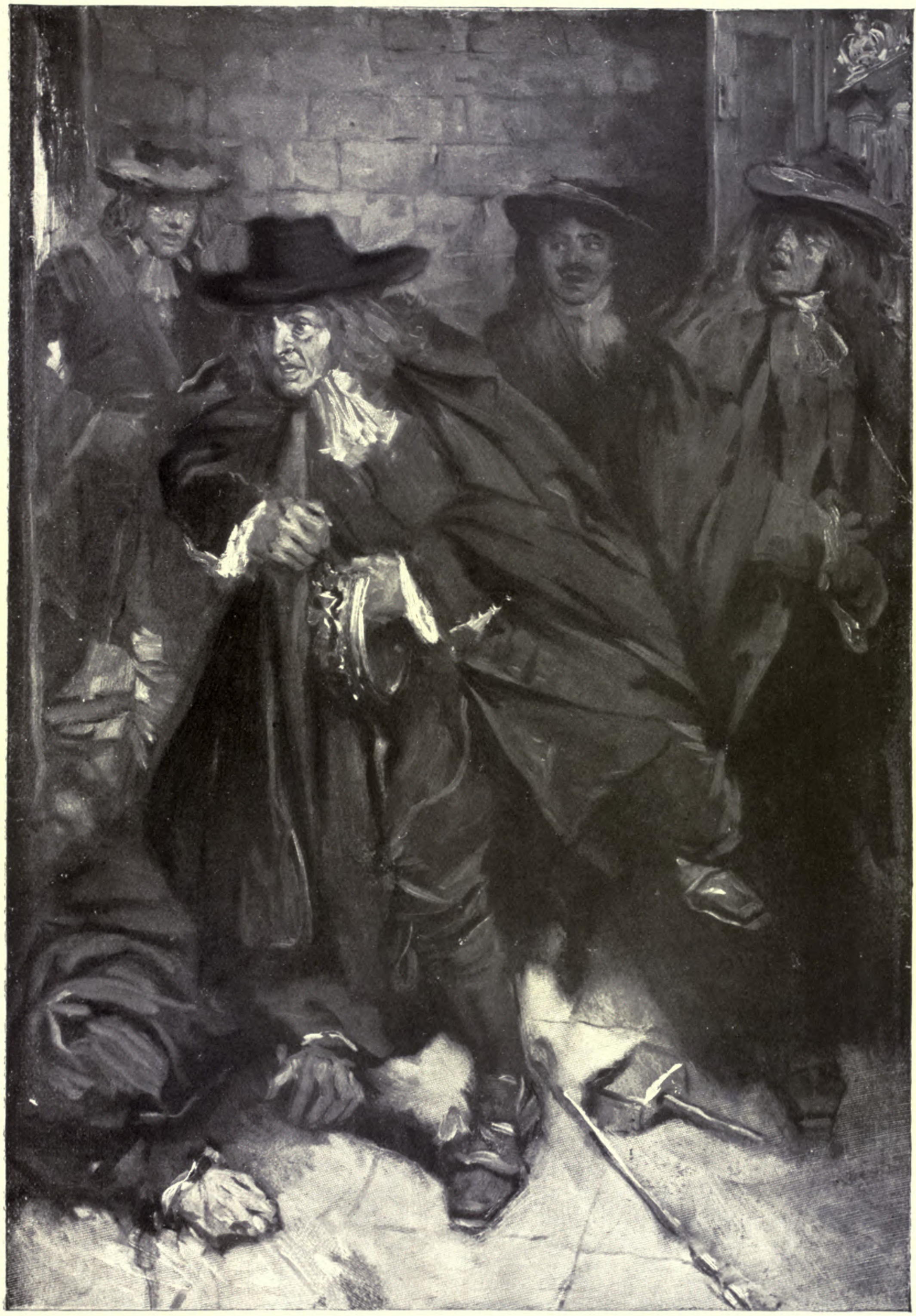
* For more detailed information as to the regalia, *see* "The Coronation Book of Edward VII." By W. J. Loftie, B.A., F.S.A.

* The keep is not a perfect square, the western side measuring 107 feet, and the south side 118 feet.



COLONEL BLOOD'S ATTEMPT UPON THE CROWN JEWELS IN THE TOWER.

room by two staircases to the upper storey and battlements. Having attained the upper storey, the entrance to the State rooms was again only by mural galleries, admitting but one person abreast. For purely military purposes all this was advantageous. Supposing a score of resolute men to garrison the Keep, they could hold the main door and postern against an army; or supposing them, by surprise, to have lost the lower stories, they could still defend the passage to the second floor without fear of being outflanked; while above there was easy access from the State floor to the battlements, whence the enemy could be assailed to most advantage."

But the Keep was intended for occasional residence and the holding of Councils, and not merely as a fortress, and Clark goes on to point out "that for purposes of state the altitude of the Council-chamber, its excessive coldness, the difficulty of access, the inconvenience of the frequent posts, probably necessary for the support of its roof, and finally the entire absence of privacy in a room so large, and with so many lateral openings, must have been serious drawbacks."

The height of the Keep is 90 feet, and its walls are of immense thickness, which varies from twelve to fifteen feet. The basement is a little below the level of the ground on the north side, and is just flush with it on the south. The great dungeon which it contains, 47 feet long by 15 feet broad, was formerly in total darkness, and little more air than light could have found entrance to it. Opening into it is the cell known popularly as Little Ease, where, according to tradition, Guy Fawkes spent his last fifty days on earth. Very miserable days must they have been, if the tradition is correct, for the cell is little more than a hole in the wall shut in by a door, and of such dimensions that a man could neither lie down in it nor stand upright. A cross wall divides the Keep into an eastern and a western portion. Above the basement is the chapel of St. John, with the

Little Ease.

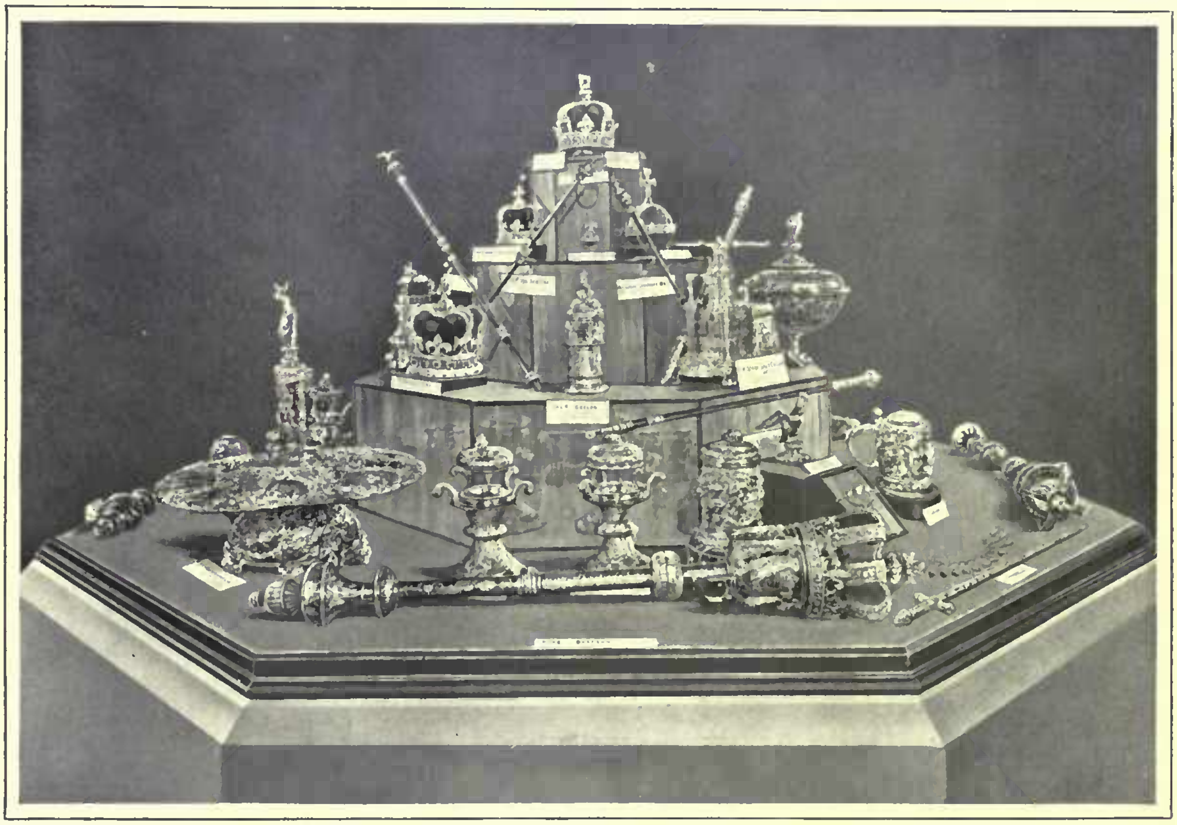


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE REGALIA.

Banqueting Hall, in these days filled with stands of arms; and on the floor above this is the Council Chamber, which with the adjoining room is occupied with a collection of old armour.

Access to the various floors is gained by a Norman staircase in the south wall, through a doorway cut in Tudor times. Just inside this doorway, in July, 1674, were discovered the remains of children who were believed to be the murdered princes, the sons of Edward IV. The record of the event sets out that as workmen "were taking away the stairs going from the King's Lodging into the chapel of the White Tower, [they] discovered, about 10 feet deep in the ground, some small human bones in a wooden chest; which bones being nicely examined are found to have been those of two boys, the one of thirteen, the other of eleven years of age." Sir Thomas More had written that their uncle was not pleased that, being a king's sons, the children had been buried where they died, and "would have them buried in a better place. Whereupon," he adds, "a priest of Sir Robert Brakenbury's took them up and buried them in such secrecy as by the occasion of his death, which was very shortly after, no one knew it." It would not be safe to say more than that the remains discovered in 1674 may very well have been those of the young princes, but one would like to believe that the marble urn, designed by Sir Christopher Wren for their reception, and deposited in Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey, really enshrines the hapless children's bones.

The Princes.

SPOT WHERE THE REMAINS OF THE PRINCES WERE FOUND.

The chapel of St. John, as we have seen, is on the second floor, but it rises through the upper floor to the roof of the Keep. Of the most massive construction, and effective though simple in plan, it is one of the most complete and most impressive specimens of Norman architecture to be seen in this country. It is plain to baldness, the arches being relieved neither by moulding nor by order, and the walls being of coarse masonry, while the barrel vaulting of the roof and the groining of the aisles are rougher than the walls.

St. John's Chapel.

When the Tower was a royal residence, St. John's was the chapel of the Court, the royal party generally, it is believed, occupying the triforium, which they entered from the Council Chamber on the floor above. After the Civil Wars the chapel became a mere

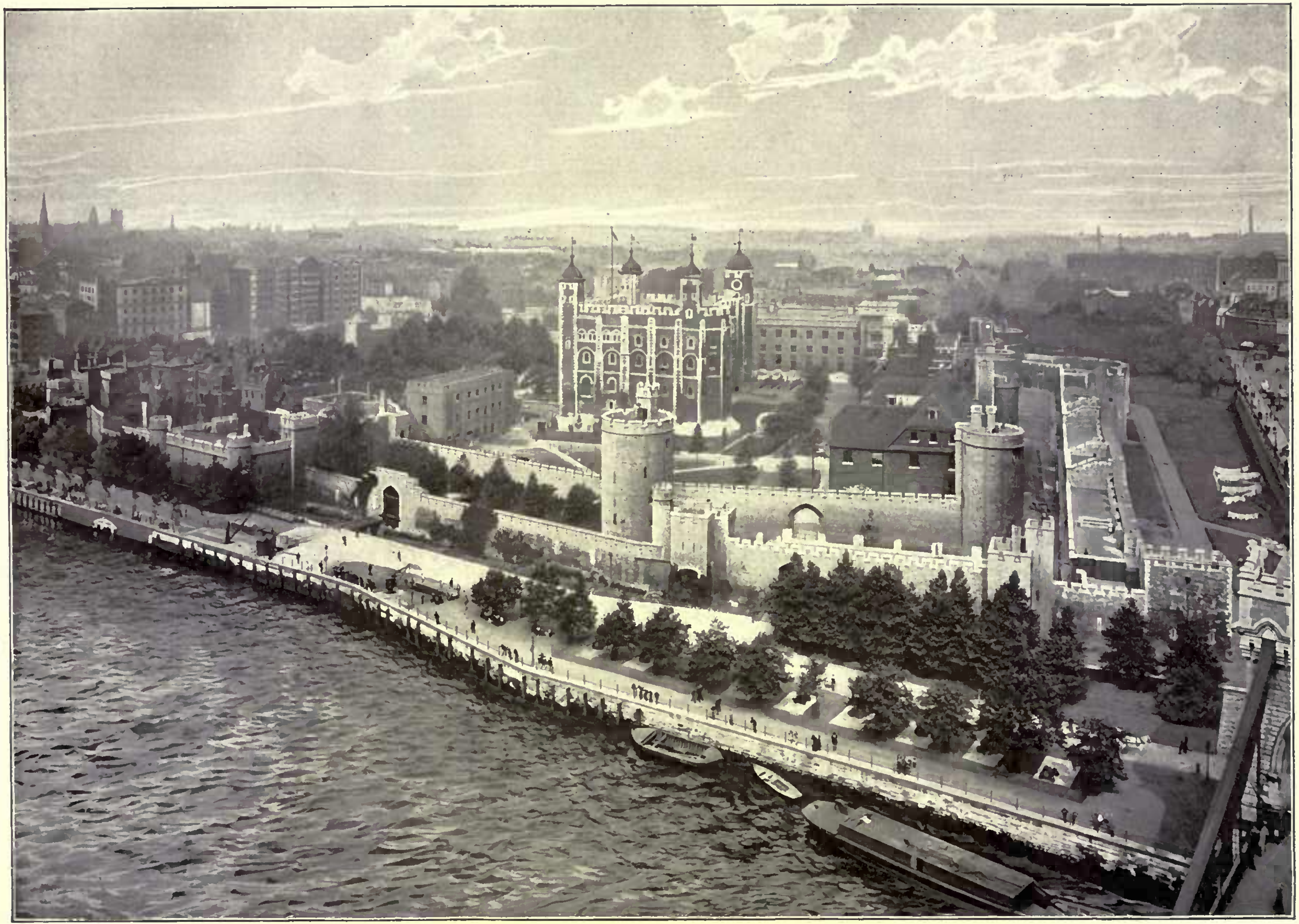
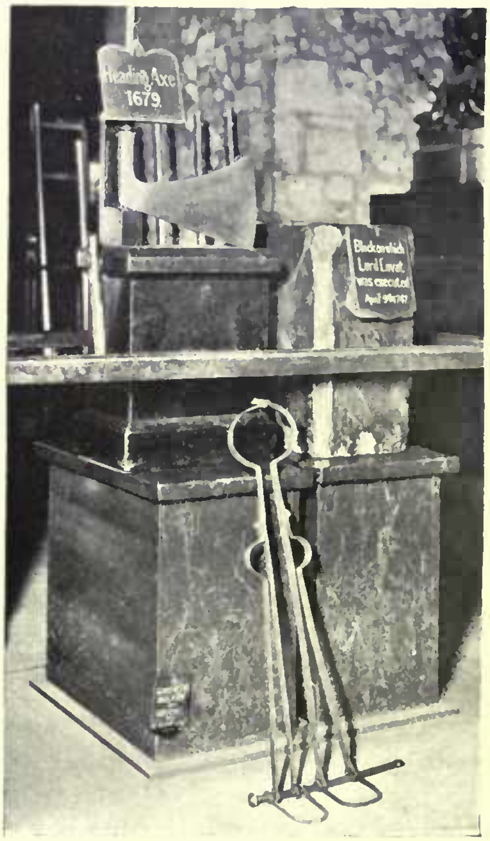


Photo: Pictorial Agency

THE TOWER, FROM THE RIVER

receptacle for papers and lumber, and in due course was whitewashed and plastered. But happily it was impossible for neglect and misuse to do permanent mischief to a building of such solid construction, and now that it has been cleaned and restored and fitted up for service there is nothing in its aspect to call to mind the debasement which long it suffered.



BLOCK, AXE, AND SCAVENGER'S DAUGHTER.

Arrest of Lord Hastings.

The Council Chamber was the scene of Richard II.'s abdication and of a much more dramatic event—the arrest, by the next Richard, of Lord Hastings, brother-in-law of the king-making Earl of Warwick, and Lord Chamberlain of the Household. The story has been told by Sir Thomas More. On the 13th of June, 1483, Richard, his mind full of schemes for getting rid of those who were not likely to become his tools, re-entered the Council Chamber after a short absence, and sat himself down, and after gnawing at his lips for a while in moody silence, asked what they were worthy of who compassed and imagined his destruction. "Surely, my lord," said Hastings, "they are worthy to be punished as traitors, whosoever they be." Then the Duke, denouncing his brother's widow, the Queen, and Jane Shore as sorceresses, charged them with having by their unholy acts wasted his body, and, turning up the doublet sleeve of his left arm to the elbow, showed a small withered arm. Everyone knew that the arm had always been so, and all perceived that the Duke was bent upon picking a quarrel with someone. At last Hastings remarked, "Certainly, my lord, if they have so heinously done, they be worthy of heinous punishment." "What!" rejoined Gloucester, "thou servest me, I ween, with ifs and ans; I tell thee they have done so, and that I will make good on thy body, traitor." At this he smote the table with his hand, and a cry of "Treason" being raised in the adjoining chamber he went to the door and in rushed a body of armed men, who seized Hastings. "I arrest thee, traitor!" exclaimed the Protector. "Me, my lord?" said Hastings, thunderstruck. "Yea, thee!" shouted Gloucester, "and I would have thee shrive; for, by St. Paul, I will not dine till I have seen thy head off." Immediately the hapless Lord Chamberlain was hurried down and taken outside, and there his head was smitten off upon a log of timber, Richard grimly looking on. Happily the annals of this country, stained as they are with noble blood, are disgraced with few acts of tyranny so flagitious as this, which set at defiance every maxim of law as well as of justice.

Even in the reign of Queen Elizabeth the Tower was famous for its collection of arms and armour, which moved to wonder Paul Hentzner, the German traveller. Eight or nine men, employed by the year, he records, were scarce sufficient to keep all the arms bright. In the Civil War much of the armour was carried away, and most of this was never returned, but if in these days the collection is not what it was before the reign of Charles I., it has, at any rate, thanks to the learning and industry of Sir Samuel Meyrick, Mr. Hewitt, Mr. J. R. Planché, and more recently of Lord Dillon, who has entirely re-arranged and re-catalogued it, been so disposed as to have an interest and an informative value such as it can never before have possessed. In the Banqueting Hall are kept the more modern weapons, and the Oriental armour; on the floor above, the earlier weapons, and the suits of foot and horse armour.

The Armoury.

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE WHITE TOWER.

But to most of those who visit the Tower none of the objects preserved in the upper floors of the Keep are so interesting as the implements of death and torture. "Here," writes Lord Ronald Gower, "are the thumb-screws, the bilboes, and the Scavenger's

Daughter—in the last the victim was almost bent double in its iron embrace. Here, too, is an iron collar, very massive, with a row of iron spikes within its ring, which, when fastened round the sufferer's neck, must speedily have caused death. This horrible instrument is incorrectly stated to have been taken in one of the ships of the Armada, but Lord Dillon vouches for its having been used in the Tower long before the Spanish ships were seen in the Channel. Here, too, is a small model of the rack, the most general form of torture employed in the Tower during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when even women were cruelly torn almost limb from limb by its cords and pulleys. This toy rack does not give so vivid an impression of the torture as does a small woodcut from Foxe's 'Book of Martyrs.' Here is also the block, with the axe. The latter was kept here so far back as the year 1687, so it is uncertain whether it is the axe that was used for the execution of the Duke of Monmouth and William Lord Russell, but it is probable that it was the one used for beheading the rebel lords after the two Jacobite risings in Scotland, and it was undoubtedly used for decapitating Lord Lovat in 1747." Lord Ronald Gower adds, with regard to the block, that it appears to have been the custom for a new one to be made for each State execution, and that, although there is more than one mark made by the axe on the top of this block, it does not follow that it was used for more than one execution.

Abhorred Relics.

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL.

Next in interest to the White Tower, in spite of the drastic renovation its exterior suffered some half-century ago, is the Beauchamp Tower, in the middle of the eastern curtain wall of the Inner Ward. Named

Beauchamp Tower.

after Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who was held in durance here in 1397, prior to his banishment to the Isle of Man, it has probably had a greater number of distinguished captives than any other tower of the fortress. Carved on the stones of its walls are the names of ninety-one prisoners, some of which have been brought to the chief chamber, on the first floor, from other parts of the building, so as to be more easily accessible to visitors. Of all these names the most memorable and the most pathetic is the simple word IANE, and although it may not have been inscribed by the Lady Jane Grey herself, since there is no evidence that she was imprisoned here, it is no doubt intended to refer to her, and may have been the work of her husband, Lord Guilford Dudley, or of one of his three brothers, for all of them were detained here, and the eldest of the four, John, Earl of Warwick, has left on the right of the fireplace an inscription with his device—the ragged staff grasped by a lion and a bear. Another of these tragedies writ in stone runs thus:—"I. W. S. 1571. Die Aprilis. Wise men ought circumspectly to see what they do—to examine before they speake—to prove before they take in hand—to beware whose company they use, and above all things, to whom they truste—Charles Bailly." The inscriber was a young Fleming who had engaged in a plot to rescue Mary Stuart from captivity; and who can doubt that the wise saws he has left on record represent his melancholy ruminations upon his own imprudence?

Of the remaining towers of the Inner Ward, the Devereux, at the north-west angle, owes its present name to the Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth's favourite, imprisoned here prior to his execution in 1601; in earlier days it was known as Robert the Devil's Tower. The Bowyer Tower, at the centre of the north side, where the royal maker of bows pursued his craft, is the traditional scene of the drowning of the Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV., in a butt of Malmsey wine. In the Salt Tower, at the south-east angle, and dating from the days of William Rufus, is a quaint drawing of the Zodiac, the work of one Hugh Draper of Bristol, imprisoned here as a sorcerer in 1561.

Anne Boleyn's Execution.

Between the Beauchamp Tower and the White Tower, and over against the Chapel of St. Peter, is a spot of exceptional and pathetic interest which was railed in by order of Queen Victoria—the site of the scaffold where were beheaded six of the most distinguished of those who have perished in the Tower. The first to suffer here was Anne Boleyn. She was condemned on the 15th of May, 1536, and four days afterwards, a little before noon, she was led out here to meet her doom at the hands of a headsman, who, according to Mr. Loftie's "Authorised Guide to the Tower," had been specially brought over from Calais. Knighton, the Constable of the Tower, writing to Cromwell, narrates how she demeaned herself the day before. "I told her," he says, "it should be no payne, it was so suttel, and then she sayd, 'I have heard say the executioner was very good, and I have a lyttel necke,' and put her hand about it lawying [laughing] hartely. I have seen many men and also women executed," Knighton adds, "and that they have been in grate sorrow; and to my knowledge thys lady hasse muche joy and plesur in dethe."

Among the thirty high officials present at the execution was the Lord Mayor, with the Sheriffs of London and Westminster. The Queen addressed to those present a few words breathing a spirit of resignation and forgiveness. "And thus," she concluded, "I take my leave of the world and of you all, and I heartily desire you all to pray for me." Then her ladies, bitterly weeping, having bandaged her eyes and stepped back, she knelt down, without bending her "lyttel neck"—for no block was used, and the instrument of execution was a sword—and submitted herself to the fatal stroke, her last words being, "O Lord God, have pity on my soul." It was said that the eyes and lips moved after the head had been severed. When all was over her ladies bestowed the body and the head in a wooden chest that had been used as a receptacle for arrows, and it was deposited in the chancel of St. Peter's.

Three others of Henry's victims suffered on this spot—Queen Katharine Howard (1542), Jane Viscountess Rochford, beheaded on the same day as Queen Katharine, and the Countess of Salisbury (1541). Next came Lady Jane Grey (1554), and last of all Robert

Contrast.

Devereux, Earl of Essex (1601). The serene dignity with which the Lady Jane met her cruel fate is enough in itself to glorify this spot for all time. What a contrast to the horrid scene witnessed at the execution of the aged Countess of Salisbury, the mother of Cardinal Pole, who "would not die, as a proud dame should, decorously." Lord Herbert of Cherbury relates, on the authority of "a person of great quality," that when she was bidden to lay her head on the block, she refused, saying, "So should traitors do, and I am none." The executioner reminded her, in Lord Herbert's curious phrase, that "it was the fashion," but she would have none of it, "so turning her grey head every way, she bid him, if he would have her head, to get it as he could; so that he was constrained to fetch it off slovenly." The Countess's mutilated remains also found sepulture of some sort in St. Peter's.

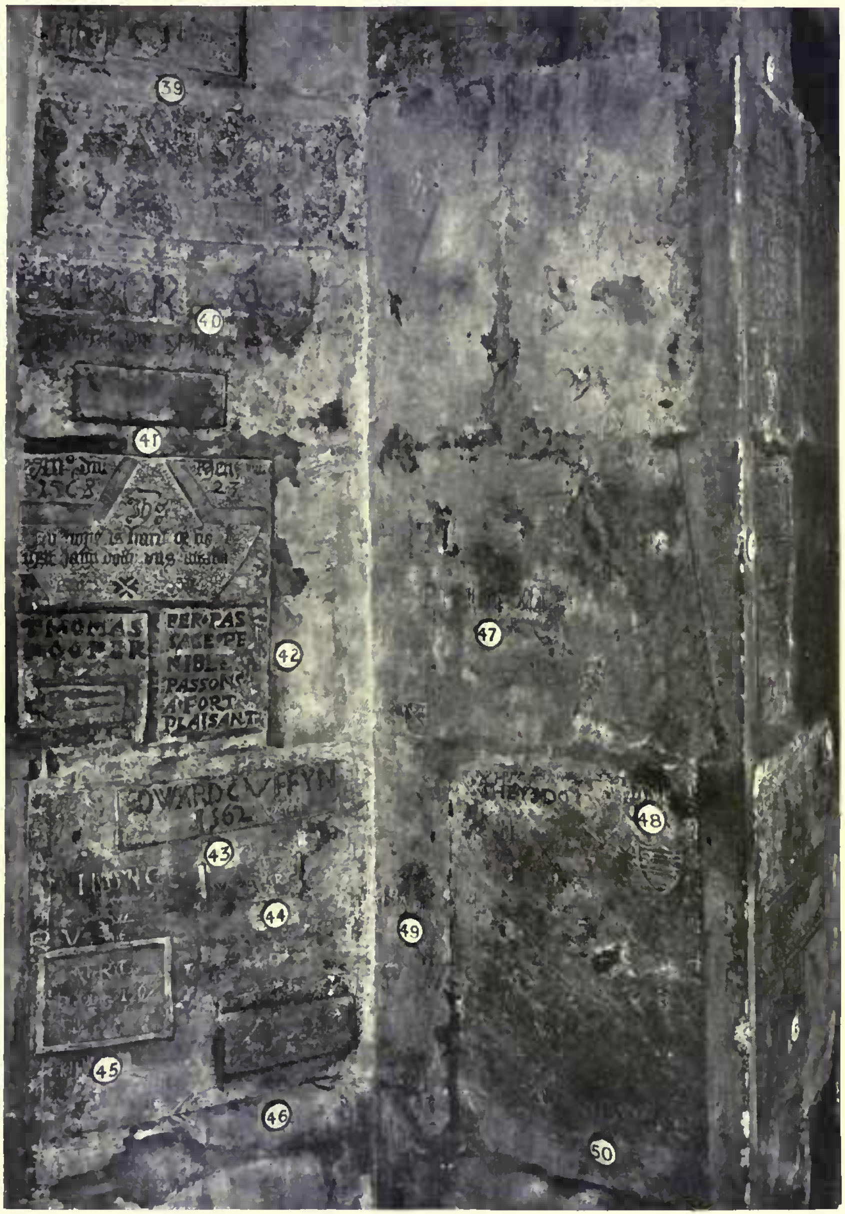


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

INSCRIPTIONS OF CAPTIVES IN THE BEAUCHAMP TOWER. (THE NUMBERS CORRESPOND WITH THOSE IN THE AUTHORISED GUIDE.)

St. Peter-in-Chains.

The older part of the present chapel of St. Peter-in-Chains (S. Petrus ad Vincula) was built by Edward I. to replace an earlier church, probably reared by Henry I. It was largely rebuilt in the reign of Henry VIII., hence its obvious Tudor character. During the eighteenth and the earlier part of the nineteenth centuries the ceilings were smothered with plaster, and it was further adorned with galleries and high pews, and when Macaulay wrote of it it had been transformed "into the likeness of a meeting-house in a manufacturing town." But in 1876 a careful restoration was undertaken, which was completed in the following year. Under the floor had been buried those who had perished on the scaffold within the Tower, and the much more numerous victims who had suffered on Tower Hill, and it was considered necessary, for sanitary reasons, to dig up all the earth within the walls of the nave. Such of the coffins as were still intact were transferred to the crypt, where also were deposited scattered bones which had been collected into cases; and to the western wall was affixed a brass plate giving the names of those known to have been buried in the chapel.

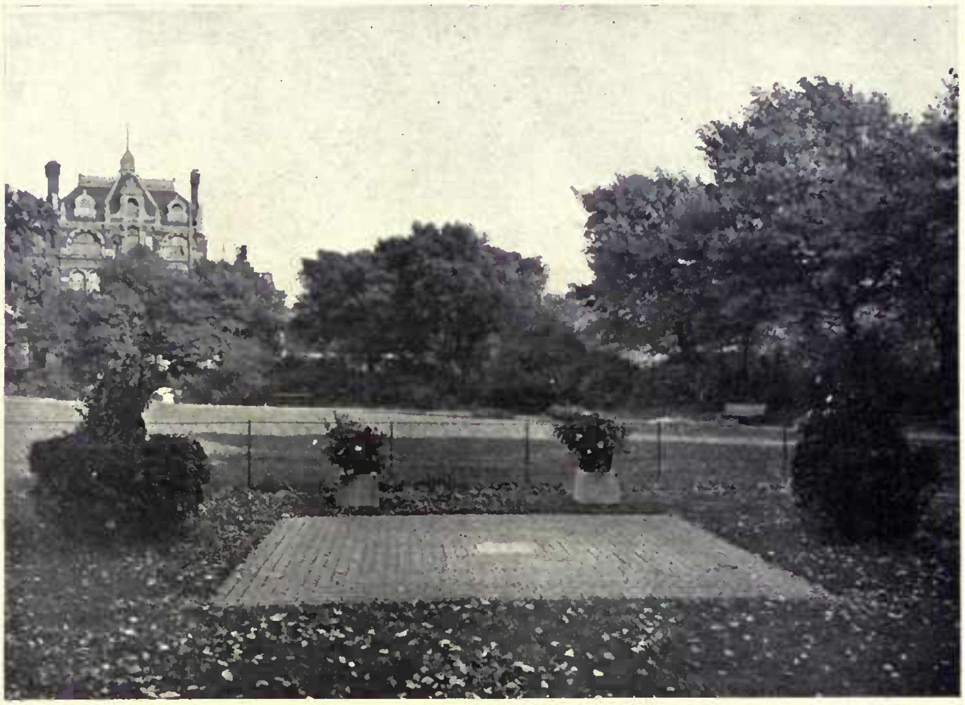


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

SITE OF THE SCAFFOLD ON TOWER HILL.

When the chancel was excavated it was found that most of the bodies had been buried uncoffined, and in some cases had been covered with quicklime. The remains were now placed separately in lead coffers, enclosed in strong wooden cases, which were buried beneath the new pavement of particoloured marble, whereon were engraved the names of those who thus tardily received decent sepulture. Little difficulty was found in identifying the remains of Anne Boleyn. "The forehead and lower jaw," says Mr. Doyne Bell in his monograph on the chapel, "were small and especially well formed. The vertebræ were particularly small, especially one joint (the atlas), which was that next to the skull, and they bore witness to the queen's 'lyttel neck.'" The Countess of Salisbury's remains also were easily distinguished, but in the case of Queen Katharine identification was less certain, for quicklime had been used, which had done its work well. Whether Lady Jane Grey was buried in the chancel, or in the body of the church, is not known. How much would it add to the interest of this "saddest spot on earth," as Macaulay calls St. Peter's, could this sweet and gracious lady's last resting-place be shown.

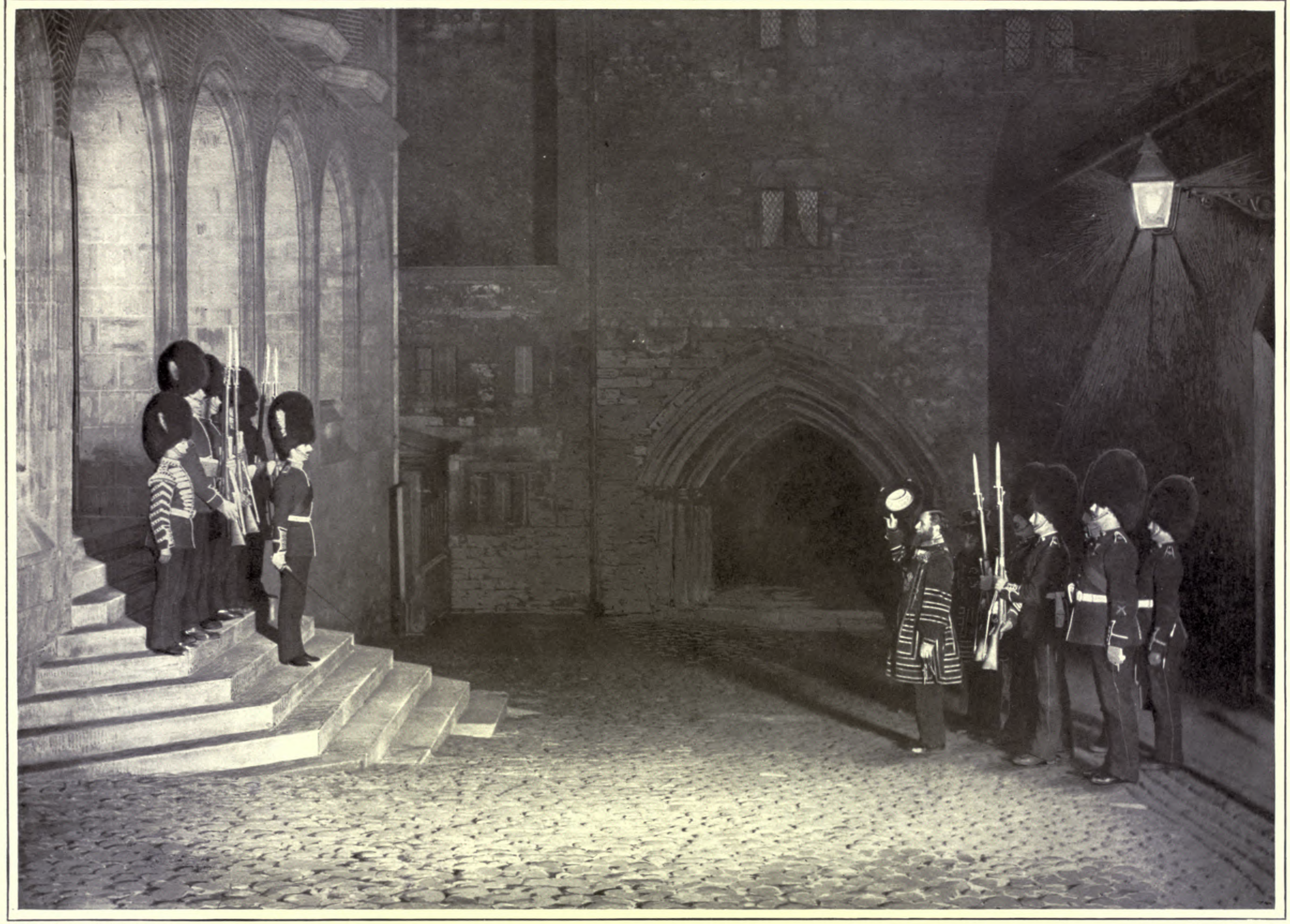


Photo: Pictorial Agency

SALUTING THE KING'S KEYS AT THE TOWER

A sadder spot, certainly, is St. Peter's than the site of the scaffold outside, or than the site of the other scaffold, just without the fortress on Great Tower Hill, in what is now a pleasant shady garden, with nothing but a tablet to remind one of the tragedies that have here been enacted. For here, where the prisoners of the Tower sentenced to death were handed over to the Sheriffs of the City for execution, there was displayed in the majority of instances a lofty courage, by which tragedy was touched to finer issues. The long list of those who have suffered here includes the saintly Bishop Fisher and the wise and witty Sir Thomas More, both beheaded in 1535; Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex (1540); Thomas Lord Seymour, the Admiral (1549); the Protector Somerset (1552); John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland (1553); Lord Guilford Dudley, husband of Lady Jane Grey (1554); Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk (1572); the Earl of Strafford (1641); Archbishop Laud (1645); the handsome and brilliant Duke of Monmouth (1685); and the three noblemen who were beheaded for their complicity in the rising of 1745—William Earl of Kilmarnock, Arthur Lord Balmerino, and the wily and callous Simon Lord Lovat. Even those who had brought their fate upon themselves by their intolerance and harshness bore themselves nobly when they came to look Death in the face. Archbishop Laud, for example, died as heroically as any martyr to a great cause. "No one," said he, when told of the day appointed for him to die, "No one can be more ready to send me out of life than I am to go." Having addressed the crowd, he forgave his enemies and prayed, and then laying his head on the block, cried out, "Lord, receive my soul." Strafford, again, who four years earlier had craved Laud's blessing as the Archbishop sped on his way to Tower Hill, showed such splendid fortitude there, though he knew himself to be an object of popular execration, that some who had been willing enough to see him brought to his doom were moved to tears.

Tower Hill.

Great Memories.

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

CHURCH OF S. PETRUS AD VINCULA, WITH SITE OF BLOCK.

The chief official at the Tower is known as the Constable, and the office is usually

Officials.

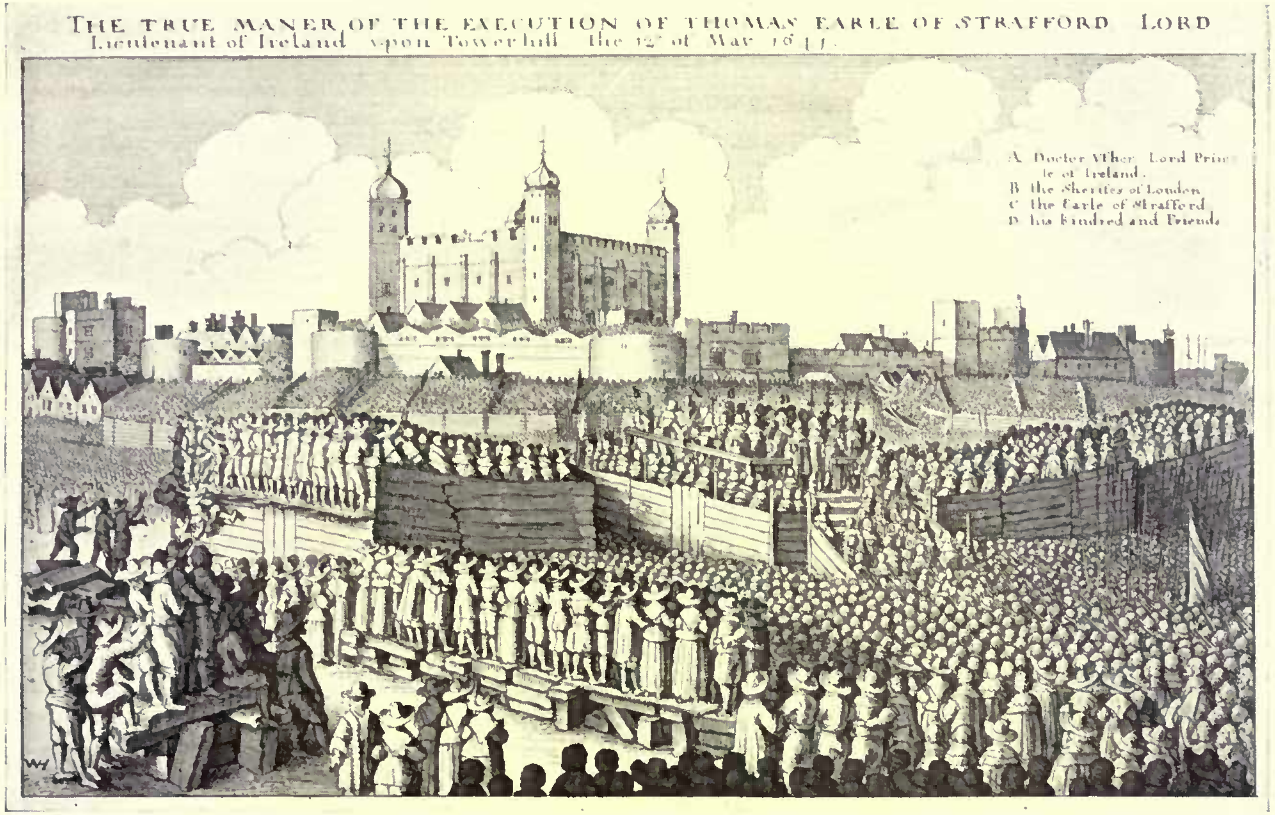
conferred upon a soldier of high distinction; and next to him ranks the Lieutenant of the Tower. The guardians of the Tower are the Yeomen Warders—that band of about forty old soldiers, ranking as sergeant-majors, whose picturesque costume is the delight of all visitors to the Tower, and is, save for some small modifications, the same as it was in the reign of Edward VI. At the head of the corps is the Yeoman Porter, and next to him in dignity is the Yeoman Gaoler, or Warder, whose collar is marked with an axe, and whose office it was, in olden days, to escort State prisoners to and from their trial, carrying before them the processional axe. The Yeomen Warders, or Gentlemen Warders, as they are also called, are often confounded with the Yeomen of the Guard, a quite different body, the members of which figure in State ceremonies at St. James's Palace and Buckingham Palace; for them should be reserved the popular title of "Beefeaters," often applied mistakenly to the Yeomen Warders of the Tower.

Locking Up at Night.

The ceremony for locking up the Tower for the night is still observed with all the stately form of ancient days. Just before midnight the Yeoman Warder and the Yeoman Porter proceed to the main guard-room, the latter carrying a huge bunch of keys. At the Guard-room he loudly calls out, "Escort of the keys," and the sergeant of the guard, with half-a-dozen private soldiers, the former carrying a lantern, turn out and follow him to the outer gate, the party being challenged by each sentry, as they pass, with the question, "Who goes there?" to which the reply is "Keys." The Yeoman Porter having, with the help of the guard, made fast the gate, the procession returns, meeting the same challenges as before. At the Guard-room the sentry stamps with his foot and asks, "Who goes there?" "Keys." "Whose keys?" "King Edward's keys." "Advance, King Edward's keys, and all's well." Then the Yeoman Porter exclaims, "God bless King Edward!" and the guard respond "Amen!" "Present arms!" orders the officer of the guard, and the keys having been duly saluted, the Yeoman Porter carries them to the Governor's House, otherwise the King's House, where they are deposited for the night. After the Tower has thus been locked up no ingress or egress is permitted, nor may anyone go from one part of the Tower to another unless furnished with the countersign, which, outside the Tower, is communicated only to the Lord Mayor of London, to whom it is sent once a quarter.

Modern Additions.

Of modern additions to the Tower the chief is the Waterloo Barracks in the Inner Ward, to the north of the White Tower, occupying the site of the Armoury which, begun under James II., and completed under William and Mary, was destroyed in 1841 by a fire that also damaged the Bowyer Tower and the Martin Tower. Opened in 1845 by the Duke of Wellington, who at that time was Constable of the Tower, the barracks provide accommodation for a thousand men. To the south-east of the White Tower is the new Guard-room, which in 1900 replaced a building that was known as the Main Guard. A bit of the wall of the Main Guard has been retained in the frontage of the Guard-room, and the building has been so constructed as not to interfere with an ancient wall, believed to be of Roman origin. Outside the White Tower is to be seen the gun-carriage which bore Queen Victoria's coffin in the funeral procession at Windsor (February 2, 1901).


THE TRUE MANER OF THE EXECUTION OF THOMAS EARLE OF STRAFFORD LORD Lieutenant of Ireland vpon Towerhill the 12th of May 1641.
A Doctor Vsher Lord Primate of Ireland.
B the Sheriffes of London
C the Earle of Strafford
D his Kindred and Friends
WH

EXECUTION OF THE EARL OF STRAFFORD

(From an Engraving by Hollar)

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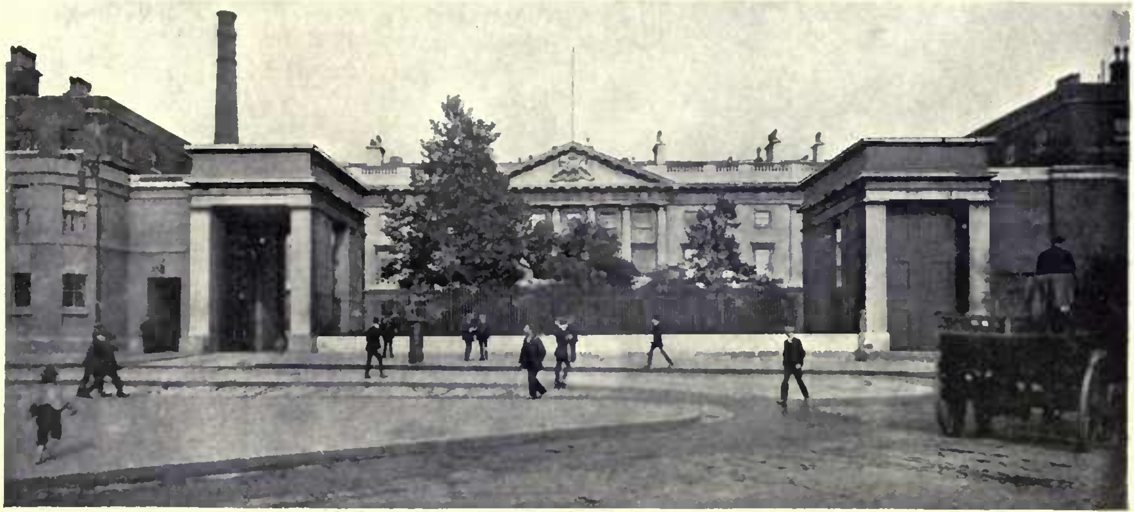


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE ROYAL MINT.

CHAPTER XXII

FROM THE ROYAL MINT TO EASTCHEAP

The Mint in the Tower—The Present Building—Within the Gate—Taking Care of the Dust—The Process of Coining—Relations between the Mint and "The Bank"—Trinity House—Story of the Corporation—Its Successive Habitations—Allhallows' Barking—A Freakish Gunpowder Explosion—Associations of Allhallows' with America—Great Tower Street and Peter the Great—Bakers' Hall—Water Lane and "The Seasons"—St. Dunstan's in-the-East—"Ziloah"—Thomas Fuller and the Memory Man—Tower Ward—A Manslayer's Punishment—Eastcheap—Princely Brawlers and Judge Gascoigne—The "Boar's Head"—Tributes to Jack Falstaff

The Mint.

ALTHOUGH the plain, sedate stone building, on the side of Little Tower Hill, where all our money is coined, except that which issues from the branch mints at Melbourne, Sydney, and Perth (Western Australia), is just outside the boundary of the City, it has been so intimately associated with the Tower that, like the Tower itself, we may notice it in this Book of "London Town." From the Norman Conquest until the early years of the last century, indeed, the Mint was within the Tower, but in 1811 it was transferred to its present habitation, designed by Mr. John Johnson, surveyor of the county of Essex, and completed by Sir Robert Smirke, who is responsible for the entrances. Though the building makes little show, it cost more than a quarter of a million. It was considerably enlarged in 1881-82, and further alterations have since had to be made to enable the Mint to respond to the demands made upon it by the vastly increased trade of recent days.

Inside the Gates.

Visitors who, armed with an order of admission from the Deputy-Master, are admitted to a courtyard made pleasant with greenery, and bordered by the residences of various of the officials. In the midst of it stands the Mint Office, the centre whence all the work is regulated. Every morning, says Mr. Harmer, in a sketch contributed to "Britain at Work," the officials have to decide what coins are to be made. "Sometimes the Bank of England informs the Mint that it is running short of half-sovereigns; at another time there may be a demand from the Bank of South Africa for an extra supply of silver money. All these little points have to be taken into consideration, and the work is planned out accordingly. Let us suppose that sovereigns are to be made on a certain day. So much gold, with the proper proportion of alloy, is weighed out and delivered to the superintendent, who is responsible for passing it on from room to room until he returns it again to the chief office in precisely the same weight of metal, but in the form of finished coins."

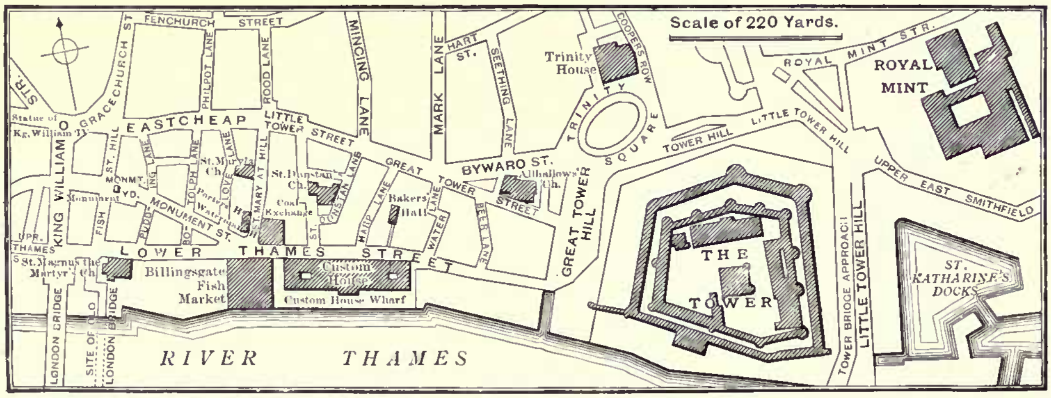
Taking Care of the Dust.

It is mainly upon this system of checking the weight, carried out with the most rigid precision, and not upon searching or espionage, that the Mint officials rely to prevent leakage. Account is even taken of the dust on the floor, for when the time comes to stop work for the day this is carefully swept up and put into water, when the particles of gold or silver soon sink to the bottom Other necessary precautions are also taken. Each department is kept locked, and no man, without the permission of his superior, is allowed to go into any room but that in which his work lies, nor may he leave the premises until the day's work is done.

How Coining is Done.

Of the various processes through which the metals have to pass before they become coin of the realm, or public medals—for these also are manufactured at the Mint—the first is that which is carried out in the Melting House. Having here been reduced to liquid form, the metal is poured into moulds in which it becomes bars of a uniform composition, the gold alloyed with one-twelfth of copper, the silver with three-fortieths. Then the bars, if they have satisfied the scruples of the assayer, are passed on to the Rolling-room, where by being put through a series of steel rollers they are thinned and lengthened until they are only slightly thicker than the coins into which they are being converted. Next they go to the Cutting-room, where they are consigned to a machine that punches out of them circular discs the size and shape of the coin, at the rate of 150 a minute. Now comes the turn of the Annealing-room, where the work of the Rolling-room is partly undone, for the tremendous pressure to which the metal has been subjected has made it so hard that the discs have to be put into an oven and softened in order that they may receive the impressions of the coining presses and so become finished coins of the realm. But before they go to the coining-presses they have to pay a visit to the Blanching-room, where they are treated with acids in order that the silver may attain the requisite whiteness and that the gold may be freed from the black surface left by the annealing; after which they are dried and cleansed by being shaken up in revolving drums containing warm sawdust. Now at last the discs are meet for the coining-presses, worked by hydraulic power, with one operative to each, who feeds the discs into his machine at the rate of ten dozen per minute.

All that has now to be done until the coins are ready to be deposited in the Strong-room is to pass them through the Weighing-room, where from three to four hundred thousand pounds' worth of money can be weighed in a single day by machines which not only retain the good coins, but throw out such as are too light or too heavy, these being re-melted. Then the gold coins are tested by boys, who fling each piece down upon a steel block to hear if it rings true. Now at last the work of manufacture is ended, and while the gold is put up into £1,000 bags and stored in the Strong-room, to await removal to "the Bank,"


Scale of 220 Yards.
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ROOD LANE
MINCING LANE
MARK LANE
HART ST.
SEETHING LANE
COOPERS ROW
Trinity House
TRINITY SQUARE
ROYAL MINT STR.
ROYAL MINT
Statue of Kg. William IV
KING WILLIAM ST.
EASTCHEAP
LITTLE TOWER STREET
GREAT TOWER STREET
BYWARD ST.
Allhallows' Ch.
TOWER HILL
LITTLE TOWER HILL
UPPER EAST SMITHFIELD
ST. HILL
MONMT. YD.
Monument
MONUMENT ST.
FISH ST. HILL
PUDDING LANE
BOTOLPH LANE
LOVE LANE
ST. MARY AT HILL
St. Mary at Hill Ch.
St. Dunstan's Ch.
Coal Exchange
ST. DUNSTAN'S HILL
HARP LANE
Bakers' Hall
WATER LANE
BEER LANE
GREAT TOWER HILL
UPR. THAMES ST.
LOWER THAMES STREET
St. Magnus the Martyr's Ch.
Billingsgate Fish Market
Custom House
Custom House Wharf
THE TOWER
TOWER BRIDGE APPROACH
ST. KATHARINE'S DOCKS
LONDON BRIDGE
SITE OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE
RIVER THAMES

PLAN OF THE REGION BETWEEN THE ROYAL MINT AND EASTCHEAP silver and bronze coins are counted by a machine of which the wheel revolves so many times for, say, a hundred pounds' worth of silver, when it automatically stops.

The Mint and "the Bank."

The Mint is, of course, a Government institution, but all the gold in its possession, whether in the form of bullion or of coin, is the property of the Bank of England. When a further supply of sovereigns or of half-sovereigns is required, the Bank sends bullion to the Mint, where at no cost to itself the metal is converted into coin, this being a part of the arrangement that exists between the Government and the Bank. The Mint, however, is able to make a substantial profit upon the silver and bronze coins which it manufactures. Bronze coinage, it may be added, was first issued on the 1st of December, 1860, to replace the copper coinage which originated in the reign of Charles II., one of whose mistresses, afterwards Duchess of Richmond, was the model for the figure of Britannia which still adorns our humbler coins.

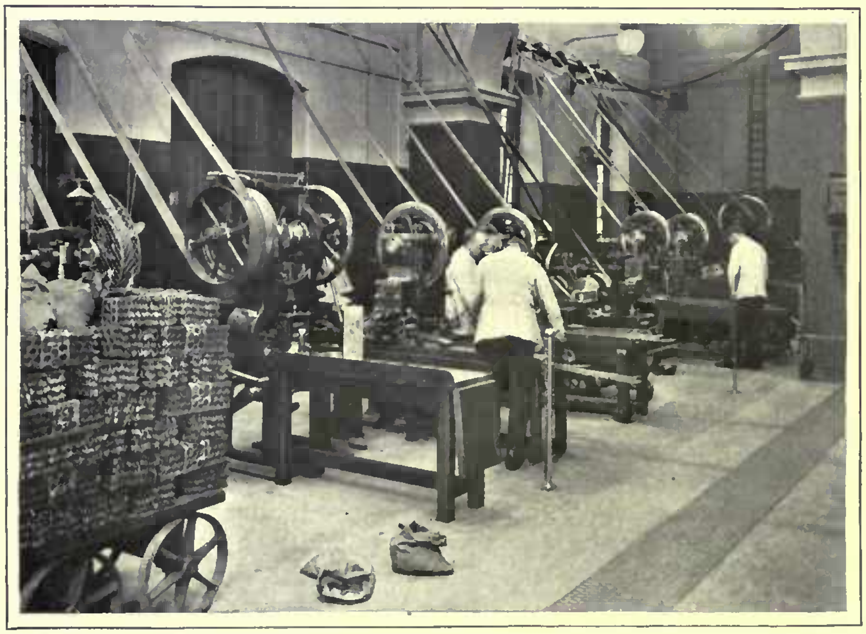

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

CUTTING ROOM AT THE ROYAL MINT.

Trinity House.

A stone's throw from the Mint, on the north-west side of Tower Hill, abutting upon Trinity Square, is Trinity House, the habitation of another public institution of exceptional interest—that which controls the lighthouses, beacons and buoys around our coasts, licenses pilots, and is in other ways concerned with British navigation. Founded by Sir Thomas Spert, Comptroller of the Navy to Henry VIII., and commander of the famous *Harry Grâce de Dieu*, the huge four-master in which the King sailed to Calais on his way to the Field of the Cloth of Gold, Trinity House was incorporated in 1514 as the Guild or Fraternity of the Most Glorious and Undividable Trinity of St. Clement; and in a charter granted by James II. in 1685, its title was lengthened into the Master, Wardens and Assistants of the Guild, Fraternity, or Brotherhood of the Most Glorious and Undivided Trinity, and of St. Clement, in the parish of Deptford Strond, in the county of Kent. Until this guild was formed the lighthouses on our coasts were built by private persons, who obtained for the purpose a patent from the Crown. Trinity House erected its first lighthouse in 1680, but it was not till 1854 that the last private rights in light dues were extinguished.

The Corporation derives its revenue from tonnage, beaconage, etc., and the balance which is left after the expense of lighting and buoying has been defrayed goes to the Mercantile Marine Fund. Trinity House has also the administration of various funds for the relief of decayed pilots and seamen and their families. At present the Corporation is made up of a Master, a Deputy-Master, twenty-one Elder Brethren and an unlimited number of ordinary members. The Mastership has usually been bestowed upon a prince or an eminent statesman.

The Building.

Trinity House, of the Ionic order, with a rusticated basement, and with a front sculptured with the arms of the Corporation (a cross between four ships under sail), medallions of George III. and Queen Charlotte, genii with nautical instruments and so forth, was built in 1793-95 by Samuel Wyatt. Before this the Corporation was established in Water Lane, Lower Thames Street, and before this again at Ratcliff. At the time of its foundation its home was at Deptford, where it inhabited a hall that was taken down in 1787. In Trinity House are preserved many interesting portraits of monarchs and of masters and brethren, including a large group by Gainsborough of the members of the Board in 1794. In the Museum, among other curiosities, is a flag captured from the Armada by Drake, besides models of lighthouses, floating lights and lifeboats.

Allhallows' Barking.

One of the most interesting of the City churches is that which stands just at its eastern extremity, on the west side of Great Tower Hill, and abutting upon Great Tower Street—the church of Allhallows' Barking, the second name denoting that the vicarage belonged to that convent at Barking, in Essex, a few miles down the river, which is said to have been founded by the great Bishop Erkenwald at the end of the seventh century (p. 27). Richard I. added to Allhallows' a chapel of St. Mary, which was enlarged by Edward I. and rebuilt by the pious Richard III., who founded in connexion with it a college for priests. Both chapel and college were pulled down in 1548, and the site of them was appropriated to mundane purposes. Allhallows' escaped the Fire, but only very narrowly, as Pepys narrates in his Diary (September 5th, 1666):—"About two in the morning my wife calls me up and tells me of new cryes of fires, it being come to Barking church, which is at the bottom of our lane [Seething Lane] . . . But going to the fire I find by the blowing up of houses, and the great help given by the workmen out of the King's yards, sent up by Sir W. Penn, there is a good stop given to it . . . ; it having only burned the dyall of Barking church, and part of the porch, and was then quenched. I up to the top of Barking steeple, and there saw the saddest sight of desolation that I ever saw."

A Gunpowder Explosion.

The "steeple" of which the Diarist speaks was the present tower, which at that time was a new structure, the old one having had to be taken down in 1659, in consequence of damage done to it by an explosion of twenty-seven barrels of gunpowder at a ship-chandler's shop close by, in 1649 (January 4th). An extraordinary freak of this explosion is described by a contemporary, one Mr. Leyborn. "The next morning," he says, "there was found upon the upper leads of Barking Church a young child lying in a cradle, as newly laid in bed, neither the child nor the cradle having the least sign of any fire or other hurt." In an earlier age the incident would have been regarded as a miracle. "It was never known," Leyborn adds, "whose child it was, so that one of the parish kept it for a memorial; for in the year 1666 I saw the child, grown to be then a proper maiden, and came to the man that had kept her all that time, where he was drinking at a tavern with some other company then present, and he told us she was the child that was so found in the cradle." The explosion destroyed some fifty or sixty houses, besides ruining the tower of Allhallows'. "The number of persons destroyed by this blow," says Leyborn, "could never be known, for the next house but one was the Rose Tavern, a house never at that time of night but full of company; and that day the parish dinner was in that house. And in three or four days after digging, they continually found heads, arms, legs, and half bodies, miserably torn and scorched, besides many whole bodies, not so much as their clothes singed. . . . In the digging . . . they found the mistress of the house of the Rose Tavern, sitting in her bar, and one of the drawers standing by the bar's side with a pot in his hand, only stifled with dust and smoke; their bodies being preserved whole by means of great timbers falling cross one upon another." Altogether a very singular as well as tragic explosion.

Associations with America.

We must not leave the church of Allhallows, which has recently undergone a careful restoration, without noting that it was the scene of the baptism (October 23rd, 1644) of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, as the register records, and that here John Quincy Adams, afterwards President of the United States, was married. The entry in the marriage register runs thus: "John Quincy Adams, Esq., of Boston, in North America, and Louisa Catherine Johnson, spinster, of this parish, by licence." Adams, whose father was at this time President of the United States, was on his way to assume a diplomatic appointment at Berlin.*

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

TRINITY HOUSE.

Great Tower Street.

Peter the Great.

The street which runs beside Allhallows' Church, Great Tower Street, has associations with the dissolute Earl of Rochester and with Peter the Great. The former, when in disgrace at Court, and obliged, as Bishop Burnet says, "to keep out of the way," took lodgings next door to the "Black Swan" in this street, and, disguising himself as an Italian quack, surprised his patients with his knowledge of Court secrets. Of Peter the Great's connexion with the street we are reminded by the public-house which still bears the name of the "Czar's Head," though it has been rebuilt since the time when the "royal savage," after his day's labours in the dockyards to acquire the art of shipbuilding, would repair to it and refresh himself with copious draughts of ale and brandy. The landlord had the Czar's head painted and put up for a sign, and here it remained until 1808, when it came into the possession of one Waxel, who painted a new one in exchange for it. This, too, has now disappeared, and only the title of the house remains.

Bakers' Hall.

In Harp Lane, running out of Great Tower Street on the south, is the Hall of the Bakers' Company, which was rebuilt after a fire in 1715, and renovated about the year 1825 by James Elmes, Sir Christopher Wren's biographer. The building which perished in 1715 was anciently the dwelling of John Chicheley, Chamberlain of London, and a relative of the Archbishop of Canterbury of this name. The Bakers' Company was incorporated in 1509, in the first year of the reign of

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* *London Argus*, May 13, 1905.

Henry VIII., and in a later charter granted by James II. (1686) it was invested with the right to test the weight and quality of bread sold within the City and for twelve miles around. These regulations remained in force until 1822, when they were cancelled by Act of Parliament.

Photo: Pictorial Agency

ALLHALLOWS' BARKING.

Water Lane.

Water Lane, another turning out of Great Tower Street on the south, was once called Sporier or Spurrier Lane, but bore its present name in Stow's day. Here stood the earlier Trinity House (p. 250), rebuilt for the second time after fire in 1718, the site now indicated by a group of offices which bears the name of Old Trinity House.

"The Seasons."

In Little Tower Street, which prolongs Great Tower Street westwards to Eastcheap, Thomson, the poet of "The Seasons," composed his "Summer," published in 1727. In a letter to Aaron Hill, dated May 24th, 1726, he says, "I go on Saturday next to reside at Mr. Watt's academy, in Little Tower Street, in quality of tutor to a young gentleman there."

St. Dunstan's-in-the-East.

Running south from Little Tower Street to Lower Thames Street is St. Dunstan's Hill, in which stands the church of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, so called by way of distinction from St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, in Fleet Street. It is rather curious that both churches should be remarkable for their uncommon Gothic steeples. That of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East is the work of Wren, and is built in imitation of the steeple of St. Nicholas', Newcastle-upon-Tyne, now the cathedral church of that city. The tower, in four stages, has at each angle a tall pinnacle, and from behind these spring four arched ribs which meet at the centre to support a lantern and spire. In this uncommonly graceful structure Wren took special pride, and though it gives an impression of fragility, he had the utmost confidence in its stability. When, after a great storm, one came to him with a long face to tell him that all the steeples in London had suffered—an absurd exaggeration, by the way—he replied, "Not St. Dunstan's, I am sure"; and he was right.

The body of the church, in which Wren departed from the Gothic, was built less solidly, and in 1817-21 it was rebuilt, in the Gothic, from plans by David Laing, the architect of the Customs House, who was assisted by Tite, the future builder of the Royal Exchange. The wood-carvings by Grinling Gibbons disappeared when Wren's church was taken down, save for the arms of Archbishop Tenison, which are preserved in the vestry-room; nor were Father Smith's organ and the old font deemed to be worth preserving. Of the monuments in St. Dunstan's, the most noteworthy is one to Lord Mayor Sir John Moore (died 1702), who was a loyal supporter of the Court policy in the reign of Charles II., and appears as Ziloah, the ruler of Jerusalem, in Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel." The poet tells us how

> ". . . Ziloah's royal labours so prevailed,
> That faction at the next election failed;
> When ev'n the common cry did justice sound,
> And merit by the multitude was crowned."

This was the Sir John Moore who, at a cost of £5,000, built the writing school of old Christ's Hospital in Newgate Street.

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

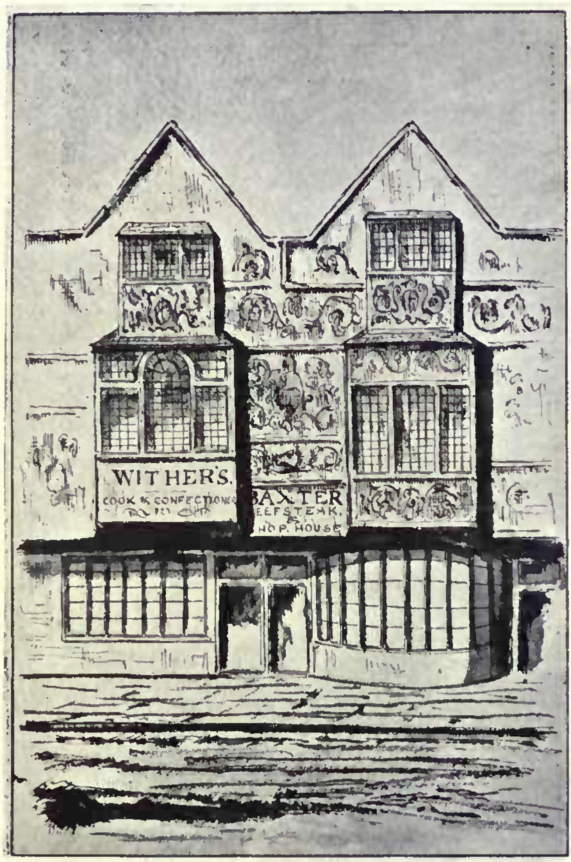
ST. DUNSTAN'S-IN-THE-EAST

Among the monuments in old St. Dunstan's which perished in the Fire was one to the memory of Sir John Hawkins. This gallant sailor was buried at sea, but he was a parishioner of St. Dunstan's and the monument was erected by his widow.

Thomas Fuller, also, is associated with St. Dunstan's, by a pleasant exercise of his wit. In writing of his wonderful memory, he

Thomas Fuller's Wit.

denies that he had ever pretended to an *art* of memory, and goes on to recall how once when he came out of the pulpit of St. Dunstan's he was accosted in the presence of others by one who claimed to have taught him the art of memory in Sidney College. Fuller challenged the claim, and successfully as he considered, for he declared that he could not remember ever having seen his interlocutor before!



THE "BOAR'S HEAD," EASTCHEAP.
From a Drawing in the Guildhall Library.

A Manslayer's Punishment.

The Tower Ward, in which we now find ourselves, was originally known as the ward of William de Hadestoke. So it appears in a document of the year 1276, cited by Riley in the "Memorials," and concerned with a dispute between one Gervase le Noreys and William de Lindeseye, which had a fatal termination, for, whipping out his knife, William twice stabbed Gervase, and then fled for refuge to Allhallows' Church. In those early days penalties were less ferocious than they afterwards became, and having in the presence of the Chamberlain and Sheriffs abjured the realm, the manslayer had the port of Dover assigned to him as his place of embarkation and was allowed to depart from the City unmolested. His possessions consisted of a short coat (a tabard), valued at tenpence, a hatchet, a bow and three arrows, and a sheet, and London, one may conjecture, considered itself well rid of a citizen whose property was so incommensurate with his temper.

Eastcheap.

Eastcheap, so called to distinguish it from Westcheap, the present Cheapside, was formerly divided into Little Eastcheap and Great Eastcheap, but the western portion of the street was absorbed in the improvements made when the present London Bridge was built. The market from which the street derives its name was, according to Stow, removed to Leadenhall Street. But in the historian's day there was still carried on here a butchers' market, and there also flourished at Eastcheap, he tells us, cooks "and such others as sold victuals ready dressed of all sorts." "For of old time," he adds, "such as were disposed to be merry met not to dine and sup in taverns (for they dressed not meats to be sold), but to the cooks, where they called for meat what them liked."

Royal Brawlers.

Stow goes on to narrate a brawl at Eastcheap in which two of the sons of Henry IV. took part. "In the year 1410, the 11th of Henry IV., upon the even of St. John Baptist, the king's sons, Thomas and John, being in Eastcheap at supper (or rather at breakfast, for it was after the watch was broken up, betwixt two and three of the clock after midnight), a great debate happened between their men and other of the Court, which lasted one hour, till the mayor and sheriffs with other citizens appeased the same; for the which afterwards the said mayor, aldermen and sheriffs were called to answer before the king, his sons, and divers lords, being highly moved against the city. At which time William Gascoigne, chief justice, required the mayor and aldermen, for the citizens, to put them in the king's grace; whereunto they answered that they had not offended, but (according to the law) had done their best in stinting debate and maintaining of the peace; upon which answer the king remitted all his ire and dismissed them." The historian has left the affair in some obscurity, but it would seem that in "stinting the debate," to employ their euphemism, the City officers used the young princes with some violence: hence the royal anger. However this may be, it is pleasant to find them making so bold a stand for themselves. May it not be that this incident is the foundation of the popular legend that Chief Justice Gascoigne committed Prince Hal to prison for striking him on the Bench? If so, the facts were very curiously twisted. And may it not have been this brawl which led Shakespeare to represent the Prince and Falstaff as enjoying their carouses at Eastcheap?

The "Boar's Head."

The famous "Boar's Head" tavern, where Dame Quickly dispensed her hospitality to the Prince and his boon companions, stood on or close to the site of the statue of William IV., at what is now the junction of Eastcheap, Gracechurch Street, King William Street and Cannon Street. Mention of it has been traced back to the year 1537. After the Fire it was rebuilt, and it survived until 1831, when it was made away with in the construction of the approaches to the new London Bridge, the sign, however, a boar's head cut in the stone, with the initials of the landlord and the date (1668), being preserved in the Guildhall Museum. Before this the house had ceased to be a tavern, and at the time of its destruction was in the occupation of a gunsmith.

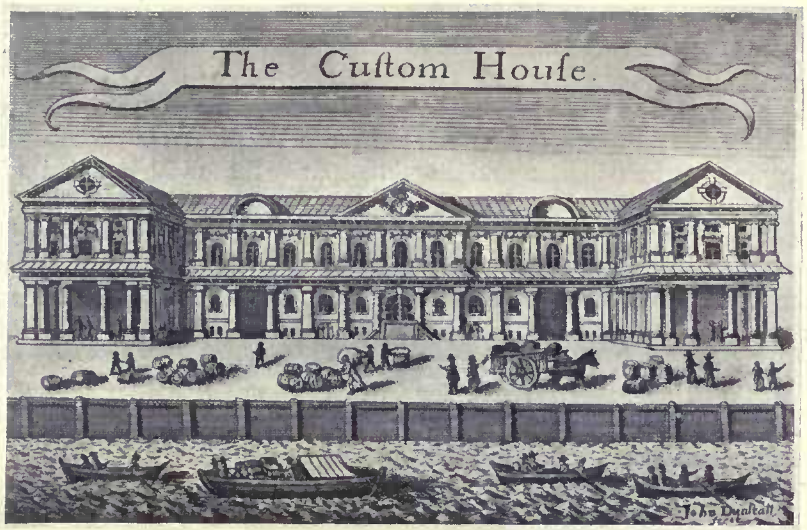
Goldsmith on "the Fat Knight."

In its later days the memories called up by the "Boar's Head" were as stimulating as Mistress Quickly's sack. It is easy to forgive Goldsmith for assuming, in "A Reverie," that the walls in which he indulges his day-dreams were the very walls which resounded with the fat knight's laughter; for what could be more characteristic than the reflections with which he was inspired? "The character of Falstaff, even with all his faults," he ingenuously writes in one of his works, "gives me more consolation than the most studied efforts of wisdom. I here behold an agreeable old fellow forgetting age, and showing me the way to be young at sixty-five. Surely I am well able to be as merry, though not so comical as he. Is it not in my power to have, though not so much wit, at least as much vivacity? Age, care, wisdom, reflection, begone! I give you to the winds. Let's have t'other bottle. Here's to the memory of Shakespeare, Falstaff, and all the merry men of Eastcheap!"

SIGN OF THE BOAR'S HEAD, GUILDHALL MUSEUM.

Washington Irving's Eulogy.

Washington Irving, again, when he was shown a sacramental cup from St. Michael's Church, hard by, pretended immediately to recognise in it "the identical parcel-gilt goblet on which Falstaff made his loving but faithless vow to Dame Quickly" that he would make her his wife. In this passage the author of "The Sketch Book" has been, one ventures to think, interpreted much too seriously; but if he had been ever so earnest in his identification, who would blame him after his eulogy of the hero of "The Boar's Head"? "I would not give up fat Jack," he declares, "for half the great men of ancient chronicles. What have the heroes of yore done for me or men like me? They have conquered countries of which I do not enjoy an acre; or they have gained laurels of which I do not inherit a leaf; or they have furnished examples of hare-brained prowess which I have neither the opportunity nor the inclination to follow. But old Jack Falstaff!—kind Jack Falstaff!—sweet Jack Falstaff!—has enlarged the boundaries of human enjoyment; he has added vast regions of wit and good humour, in which the poorest man may revel; and has bequeathed a never-failing inheritance of jolly laughter, to make mankind merrier and better to the latest posterity."



THE CUSTOMS HOUSE BUILT BY WREN AFTER THE GREAT FIRE.

CHAPTER XXIII

LOWER THAMES STREET

Past and Present—The Customs House—Cowper at Tower Wharf—Billingsgate, and its Market—Fish-fags—The Porters—The Coal Exchange—St. Mary-at-Hill and the Church Army—Watermen's Hall—Love Lane and the King's Weigh House—Botolph Lane—Pudding Lane—The Great Fire—A False Confession—The Monument—Fish Street Hill—St. Magnus-the-Martyr and its Lovely Steeple—Miles Coverdale—Weigh House Chapel

THE street which runs beside the river from the Tower to Blackfriars, once known simply as Thames Street, is now divided into Lower Thames Street and Upper Thames Street, the point of division being marked by London Bridge, under one of the arches of which the road passes. In these days, when the river is bordered by an unbroken line of uncouth wharves and warehouses, it is not easy to realise that once this was a favourite quarter of the nobility, who here had their mansions, as they also had them further westwards along the Strand. **Past.** But so it was; and a glance at Visscher's View of London (1616), is enough to see how brave a show the City made, looked at from the Southwark side. As for Lower Thames Street, though no longer a narrow thoroughfare, it has lost none of its riverside character, and any who have no tolerance for "fish-like smells" may give it a wide berth. **Present.** Those of less delicate sensibilities will find it to be one of the most interesting quarters in the whole of the City.

Customs House.

Near the eastern end of the street is His Majesty's Customs House, "The King's Toll-bar" as it has been called, which presents to the street a sufficiently dingy face, but shows on the river side a pillared front looking down upon a broad quay.

The first Customs House in London of which history has anything to say was, according to Stow, rebuilt by John Churchman, Sheriff of London, in 1385, a little eastward of the present building. It was succeeded in the reign of Elizabeth by a larger structure, which perished in the Great Fire, and was replaced by one designed by Wren. This was much damaged by fire in 1714, and, repaired by Ripley, finally went the way of its predecessor in 1814. For the present building, designed by David Laing, a number of quays which occupied the space between Ripley's building and Billingsgate Market were added to the site. Excavations showed that this had once formed part of the bed of the river; they also brought to light three distinct lines of wooden embankments, which no doubt formed part of the river rampart mentioned by Fitzstephen, who, writing in the twelfth century, tells us that "the City formerly had walls and towers" on the south as well as on its other sides, but that "that most excellent river the Thames . . . runs on that side, and has in a long space of time washed down, undermined, and subverted the walls in that part."

The new Customs House was opened in 1817 (May 12th), but insufficient attention had been paid to the foundations, and though many thousands of pounds were spent in rectifying the defects, there was a serious subsidence in 1852, and the present façade, designed by Sir Robert Smirke, was substituted for Laing's.

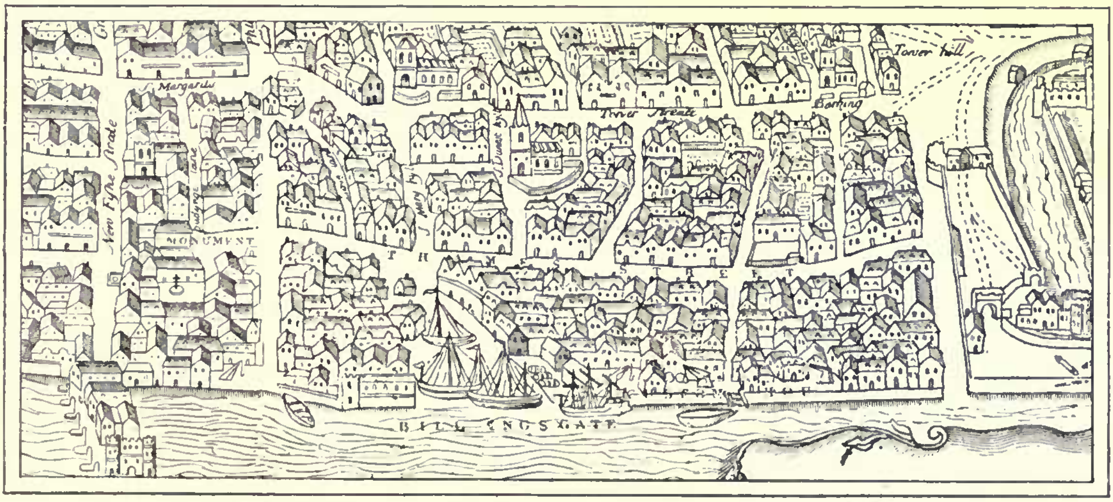
The great feature of the Customs House is the "Long Room," a noble apartment 185 feet by 66 feet, and 55 feet in height, which has given its name to all the "long rooms" in other Customs Houses. Round it, on all four sides, runs a continuous counter at which scores of clerks may be seen plying their busy pens. It is to this room that masters of ships coming up the Thames repair to give account of their cargoes, so that the report may be compared with that of the consignee and dues be levied upon the goods if they are of a dutiable character. After the "Long Room," the most interesting part of the Customs House is the huge warehouse, on the ground floor, where are stored confiscated goods until the time comes for the annual sale in Mincing Lane.

A Reminiscence of Cowper.

The Customs House Quay is memorable as the scene of one of the many attempts at self-destruction to which the poet Cowper was goaded by melancholia. "Not knowing where to poison myself," he has himself recorded, "I resolved upon drowning. For that purpose I took a coach, and ordered the man to drive to Tower Wharf, intending to throw myself into the river from the Custom House Quay. I left the coach upon the Tower Wharf, intending never to return to it; but upon coming to the quay I found the water low, and a porter seated upon some goods there, as if on purpose to prevent me. This passage to the bottomless pit being mercifully shut against me, I returned back to the coach." Happily, the gentle poet was not a very determined suicide, or he would scarce have needed to come to the Customs House Quay to throw himself into the river.

Billingsgate.

Billingsgate, which almost adjoins the Customs House and gives its name to one of the City Wards, was a wharf, with a fortified river-gate to keep out intruders. Geoffrey of Monmouth derives the name from Belin, a king of the Britons, who some four hundred years before the Christian era built here a gate; but Stow sternly rejects so fanciful a theory. "It seemeth to me," he says, "not to be so ancient, but rather to have taken that name of some later owner of the place, happily [haply] named Beling or Biling." The question must



LOWER THAMES STREET IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.
From Aggas's Map.

be left undetermined; but from a document cited by Riley in the "Memorials," it is clear that the name in virtually its present form ("Billingesgate") has been in use at least since the year 1282.

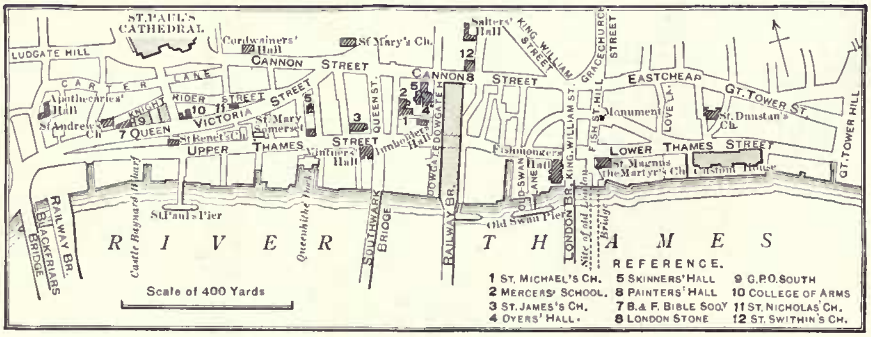
At that time Billingsgate, as a wharf, was in active rivalry with Queenhithe, above London Bridge, and here boats landed their cargoes, not merely of fish, but of all sorts of produce, which were sold in the neighbouring streets. The dangers involved in "shooting" the narrow arches of London Bridge to get to Queenhithe told strongly to the advantage of Billingsgate, and gradually it outdistanced its above-bridge competitor, which when Stow wrote was "almost forsaken."

The sales in the streets around Billingsgate Wharf gradually crystallised into a market, which received legal recognition in the reign of William III. (1699) as a free and open market for the sale of fish on weekdays, and on Sundays, before Divine service, for mackerel alone. Until the middle of the last century, however, the market was badly housed in mere sheds. "The open space on the north of the well-remembered Billingsgate Dock," wrote Horace Jones in 1874, describing the market as it was prior to 1850, "was dotted with low booths and sheds, with a range of wooden houses with a piazza in front on the west, which served the salesmen and fishmongers as shelter, and for the purposes of carrying on their trade." In 1830 the City Corporation provided what was considered to be a suitable building, from the designs of its architect, J. B. Bunning; but the trade of the market grew so rapidly that in 1874-77 Bunning's building was superseded by the present much larger structure, of Italian design, the work of Sir Horace Jones.

Billingsgate is still a daily market, and business is still done on Sundays—not in mackerel, however, as in the time of William III., but in shrimps, which are distributed by costermongers in the working-class quarters in time for tea. Still, too, does the market tend to grow. In 1891 the quantity of fish that passed through Billingsgate annually was returned at 144,000 tons; now it is about 170,000 tons. Of this about 70,000 tons is brought from the fishing-fleets in the North Sea by the long, swift steamers that steal up the Thames during the night; the other two-thirds of the produce is railway borne, and is brought from the termini by the vans that throng the surrounding streets. In these days of swift transit Billingsgate is more than a fish market for the metropolis. A much larger quantity of the harvest of the sea comes to Billingsgate than is required to satisfy the needs of London, and by mid-day the surplus is being whirled along by train into the provinces to figure in the *menu* of the evening dinner in remote country places.

Fish-fags.

Billingsgate is both a wholesale and retail market, and much the greater part of the fish which is displayed here is sold by auction. But the auctions are much less lively affairs than they were in the days when the Billingsgate fish-fags were the chief bidders, and an auctioneer ran the risk of being floored by a fair bidder unless he knocked down the fish to her. The fish-fag and her "debates," to borrow Addison's delicate expression, have disappeared; a "Billingsgate" has ceased to mean, as it meant when Bailey's English Dictionary was published (1736), "a scolding, impudent slut"; and no one would think now of cracking on the Variety stage such a joke as Morton introduced into his *Speed the Plough*, in which one


ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL
LUDGATE HILL
Cordwainers' Hall
St. Mary's Ch.
CANNON STREET
CARTER LANE
Apothecaries' Hall
St. Andrew's Ch.
KNIGHT RIDER STREET
VICTORIA STREET
7 QUEEN
St. Benet's Ch.
St. Mary Somerset
UPPER THAMES STREET
Vintners' Hall
Innholders' Hall
QUEEN ST.
DOWGATE H.
Salters' Hall
KING WILLIAM STREET
GRACECHURCH STREET
EASTCHEAP
GT. TOWER ST.
St. Dunstan's Ch.
Monument
LOVE LA.
FISH ST. HILL
KING WILLIAM ST.
Fishmongers' Hall
OLD SWAN LANE
LOWER THAMES STREET
St. Magnus the Martyr's Ch.
Custom House
GT. TOWER HILL
Castle Baynard Wharf
St. Paul's Pier
Queenhithe Dock
SOUTHWARK BRIDGE
RAILWAY BR.
BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE
Old Swan Pier
LONDON BR.
Site of old London Bridge
R I V E R   T H A M E S
Scale of 400 Yards
REFERENCE.
1 ST. MICHAEL'S CH.
2 MERCERS' SCHOOL.
3 ST. JAMES'S CH.
4 DYERS' HALL.
5 SKINNERS' HALL
8 PAINTERS' HALL
7 B. & F. BIBLE SOC.Y
8 LONDON STONE
9 G.P.O. SOUTH
10 COLLEGE OF ARMS
11 ST. NICHOLAS' CH.
12 ST. SWITHIN'S CH.

PLAN OF THE RIVERSIDE STREETS FROM THE TOWER TO BLACKFRIARS.

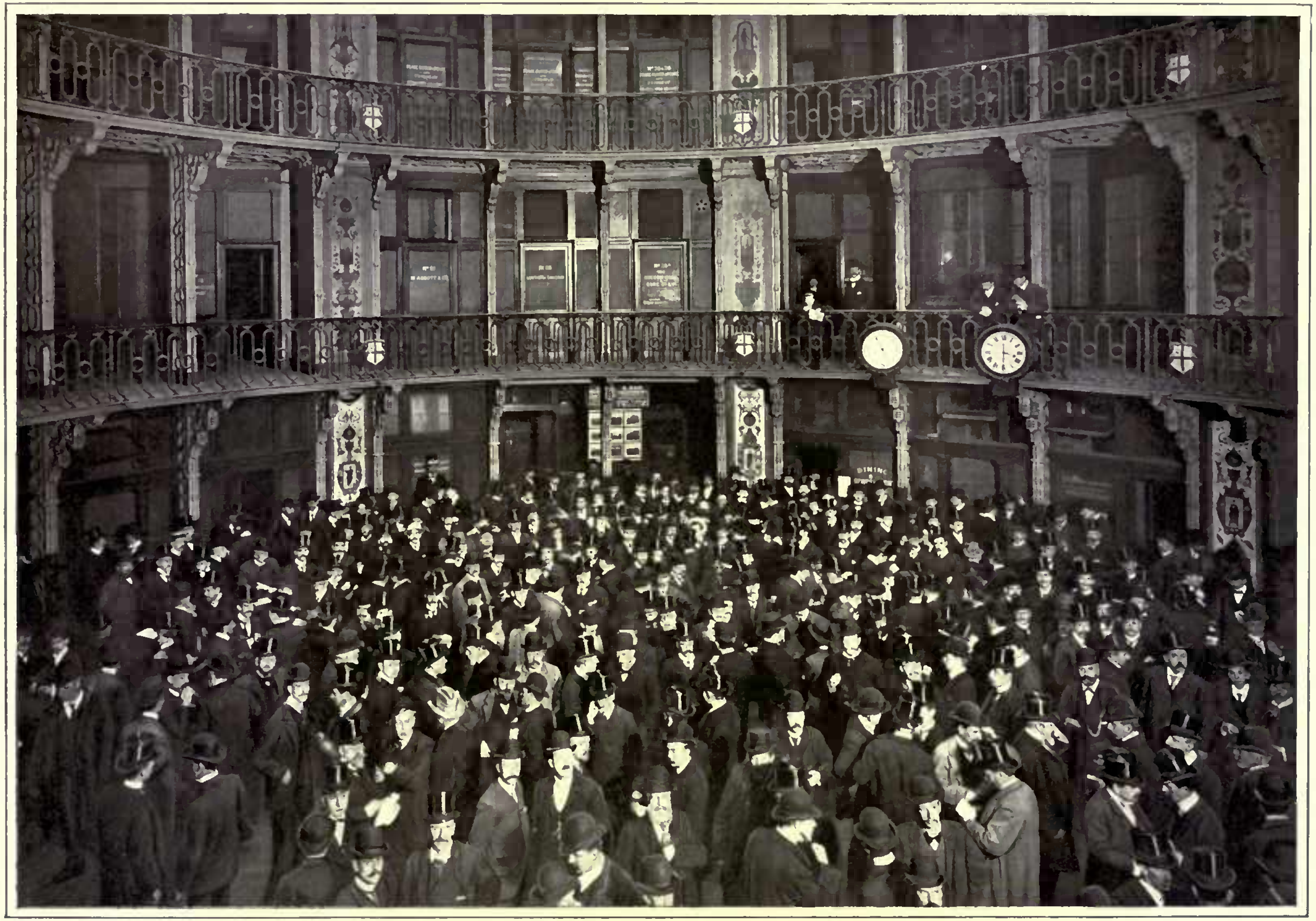
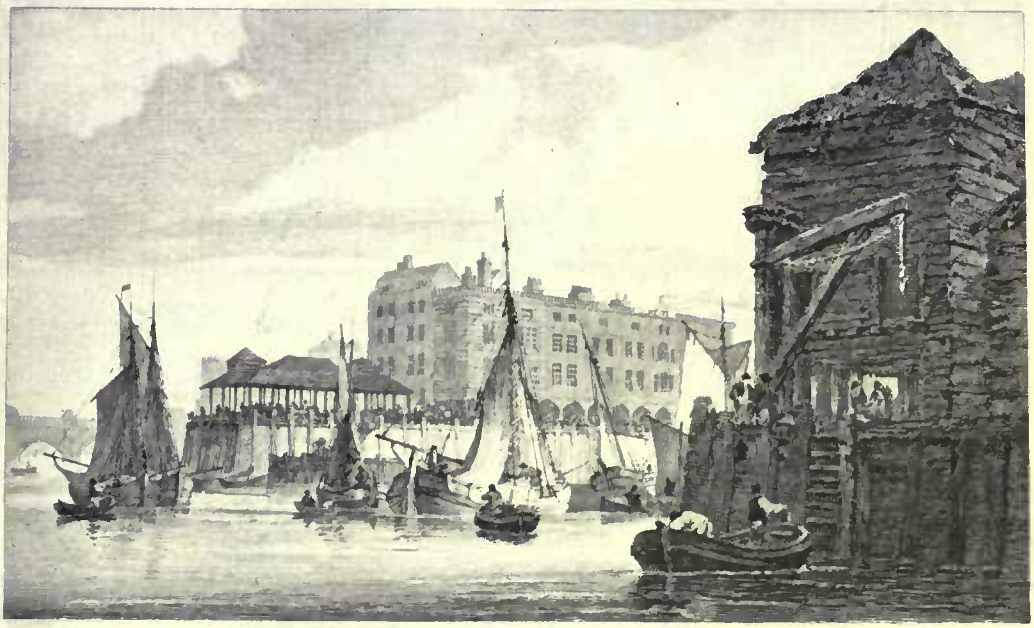


Photo: Pictorial Agency

IN THE COAL EXCHANGE

of the characters, asked about the temper and manners of his wife, replies by asking, "Were you ever at Billingsgate in the sprat season?" But it will be long before Billingsgate ceases to suggest a vigorous vernacular, as it did, for example, in the days of Lord North, who, when one of the City aldermen presented to the House a petition from Billingsgate against the Government, and backed it up with coarse vituperation, said he could not deny that the hon. gentleman spoke "not only the sentiments, but the very language of his constituents."



OLD BILLINGSGATE FISH MARKET IN 1820.

From a Drawing by S. Owen.

The Porters.

Yet the burly porters of Billingsgate, in their dirty white smocks and with their well-lined hats, are not racier or more vigorous in their diction than their fellows in other markets. They are licensed, for a small fee, by the Corporation, and they number somewhere about a thousand; and altogether some thirteen hundred persons earn their daily bread at Billingsgate. The porters, as is set out in the Right Hon. Charles Booth's "Life and Labour of the People in London," are paid by the piece, and a sturdy, industrious man often makes as much as £3 a week. Their work, hard as it may be, is not unhealthy, though it has a tendency to produce affections of the heart from the strain of the heavy loads which the men have to handle. Many of them, too, go bald at an early age as a result of carrying their burdens on their heads.

Coal Exchange.

Opposite Billingsgate, at the corner of the steep street styled St. Mary-at-Hill, is the Coal Exchange, built at the charges of the City Corporation from the designs of Mr. Bunning, the first stone being laid on December 14th, 1847, and the Exchange being opened by the Prince Consort on October 30th, 1849. It replaces an Exchange built in 1805. Plain as to the exterior, a Roman-Doric storey below, an Ionic storey above, the building is rather elaborately, though not very effectively, decorated within. A rotunda, 60 feet in diameter, and 70 feet in height, with a dome-like roof resting on eight piers, is surrounded by three series of galleries giving access to offices of merchants. The floor is composed of thousands of pieces of inlaid wood of many varieties arranged in the form of a mariner's compass. The walls and galleries, the panels and niches, are embellished with allegorical and emblematic figures in a variety of colours; and there are illustrations of the plants found in the coal measures, of collieries, of mining implements, and so forth.

St Mary-at-Hill.

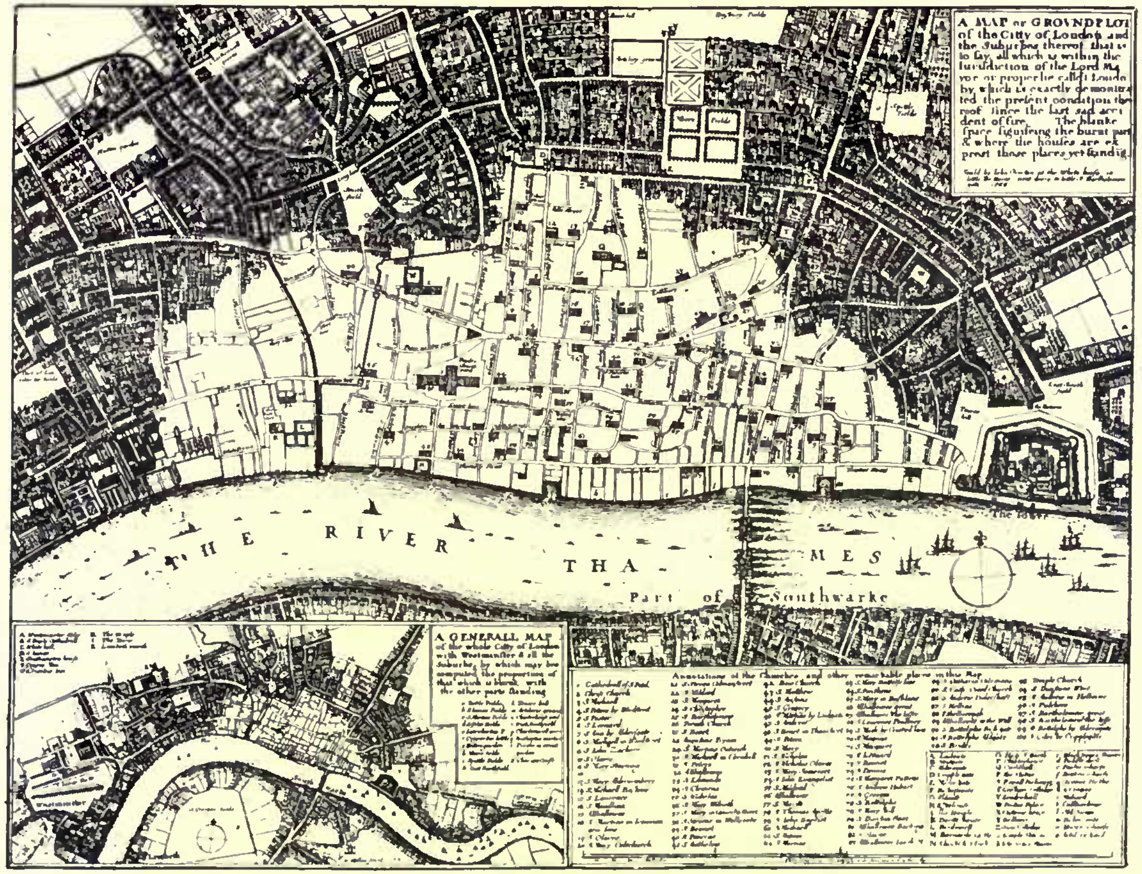
The church of St. Mary-at-Hill stands between the street of this name and Love Lane. The body of old St. Mary's perished in the Fire, but the tower escaped and survived until 1780, when it was replaced by the present tower of brick. The church, built by Wren in 1672-77, and extensively renovated in 1892-94, rises into a cupola, resting on four Doric columns, which form two side aisles. It is not the least interesting of Wren's churches; but the curious passer-by who turns into it between one and two o'clock on a week-day will perhaps find himself plunged into dense darkness, and not until he has become accustomed to the gloom does he find that he forms one of a congregation of riverside workers who have come to gaze upon devotional pictures thrown upon the screen and to listen to good music. For the rector of St. Mary's is Prebendary Carlile, the founder and honorary chief secretary of the Church Army, and the church is one of the centres of operations of that body. We must not leave St. Mary's without recalling that it was the scene of the marriage between Edward Young, the author of the lugubrious "Night Thoughts," and the Lady Elizabeth Lee, the widowed daughter of the Earl of Lichfield.

Watermen's Hall.

In the street of St. Mary-at-Hill is the Hall of the Watermen and Lightermen, one of the minor City Companies. The Watermen held their first Court in 1555, and in 1667 the Lightermen were added to the Company. At one time it was of much greater consequence than it is now. Strype (1643-1737) tells us that in his day there were forty thousand watermen upon its rolls, and that upon occasion they could furnish twenty thousand men for the fleet. Even now none but freemen of the Company are eligible for licences to act as watermen or bargemen or pilots on the Thames between Teddington Lock and five miles below Gravesend. The Company's first Hall was at Coldharbour, near the "Three Cranes" in the Vintry, and was

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

BILLINGSGATE PORTERS.


A MAP or GROVNDPLOT of the Citty of London and the Suburbes thereof that is to say, all which is within the Iurisdiction of the Lord Mayor or properlie called London by which is exactly demonstrated the present condition thereof since the last sad accident of fire. The blanke space signifieing the burnt part & where the houses are exprest those places yet standing.
THE RIVER THAMES
Part of Southwarke
A GENERALL MAP of the whole Citty of London with Westminster & all the Suburbs, by which may bee computed the proportion of that which is burnt with the other parts standing
Annotations of the Churches and other remarkable places in this Map

EFFECT OF THE GREAT FIRE

(*From an Engraving by Hollar*)

more than once rebuilt; the present hall dates from 1780.

Adjoining Watermen's Hall is the building formerly used as the hall of the Fellowship Porters' Company, which was dissolved and disbanded by the Common Council in 1894, at the request of the members, among whom the proceeds of the property were divided. This fellowship was incorporated in 1155 and reincorporated in 1613, and the business of its members was to carry or house corn, salt, coals, fish and fruit.

In Love Lane, once, according to Stow, called Roape Lane, and then, after the owner of a part of it, Lucas Lane, a name which by the historian's time had been corrupted into its present form, there stood the church of St. Andrew Hubbard, which was not rebuilt after the Fire, the parish being annexed to that of St. Mary-at-Hill. On the site of the church was built the King's Weigh House, where, says Strype, were "weighed merchandizes brought from beyond seas to the King's Beam," a function which had formerly been performed at Cornhill. In a large upper room of the Weigh House was established, early in the eighteenth century, a Presbyterian chapel, by Samuel Slater and Thomas Kentish, two divines who had been ejected by the Act of Uniformity from St. Katharine's in the Tower. A few years later the congregation removed to a chapel which they built in Fish Street Hill, under the name of the Weigh House Chapel (p. 264).

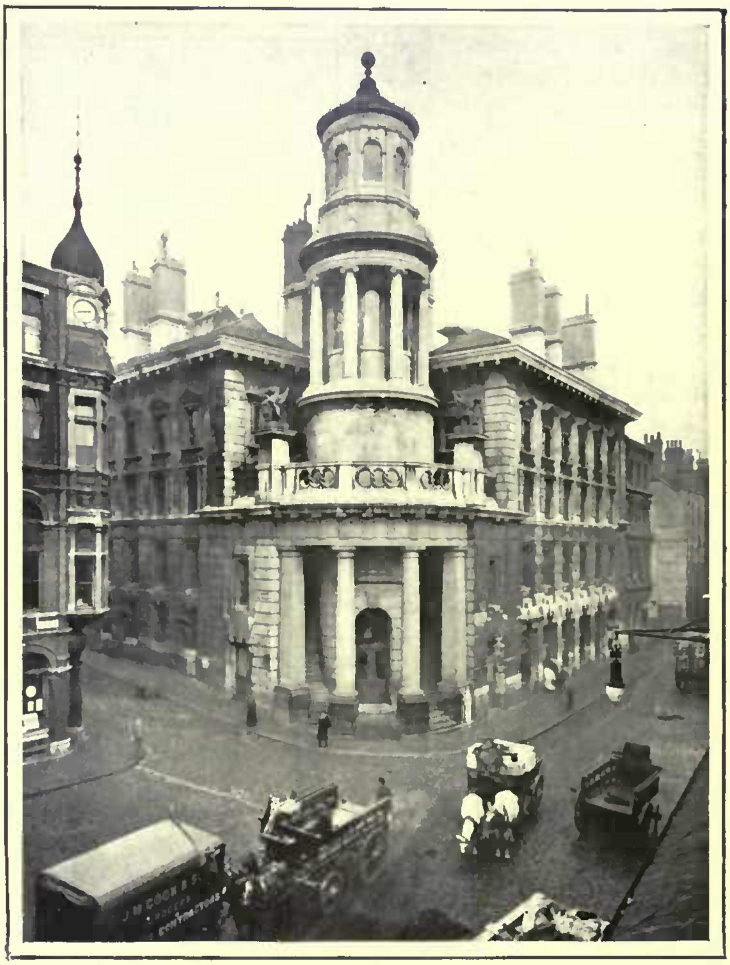


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE COAL EXCHANGE.

Botolph Lane.

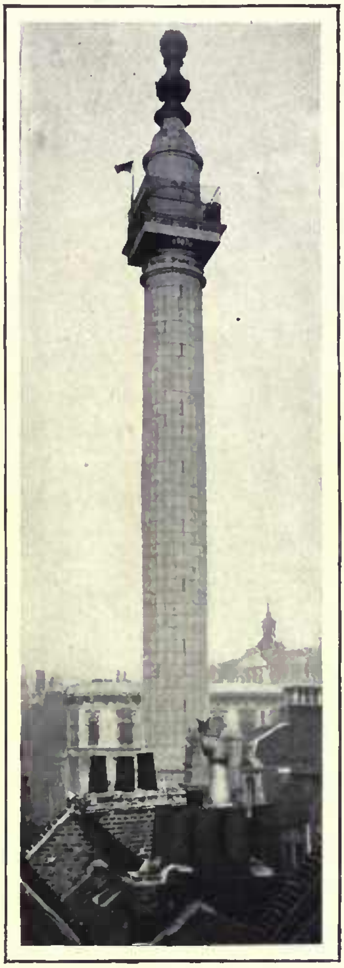
Botolph Lane derives its name from the church of St. Botolph, which stood on the south side of Thames Street, opposite Botolph Lane, and was not rebuilt after the Fire, the parish being joined to that of St. George, in the Lane itself. The church of the united parishes, the only church within the City of London dedicated to England's patron saint, was rebuilt by Wren, but, after having been closed for some years, was sold by auction and demolished in 1904. In this lane, until recently, was a fine seventeenth-century house which tradition avers to have been the residence of Sir Christopher Wren what time the Monument was being built. There is no documentary proof of the legend, but if the house was not Sir Christopher's it well deserved to have been.

Pudding Lane, the next of these thoroughfares between Lower Thames Street and Eastcheap, was once, says Stow, called Rother Lane, or Red Rose Lane, its name being changed "because the butchers of Eastcheap have their scalding-houses for hogs there, and their puddings with other filth of beasts are voided down that way to their dungboats on the Thames." This street is memorable because it was here, at the shop of Farryner, the King's baker, that the Great Fire of 1666 began. When the house was rebuilt there was placed upon it this inscription: "Here, by the permission of Heaven, Hell broke loose upon this Protestant City, from the malicious hearts of barbarous priests, by the hand of their agent Hubert, who confessed and on the ruins of this place declared the fact for which he was hanged —viz., that here began that dreadful fire which is described on and perpetuated by the neighbouring pillar [the Monument], erected anno 1681, in the mayoralty of Sir Patience Ward, Kt." This amiable inscription, set up by order of the Common Council in 1681, was taken down in the reign of James II., replaced in the next reign, and finally removed about the middle of the eighteenth century "on account of the stoppage of passengers to read it." The stone which bore it was buried in the cellar of the house, and was unearthed when the house was demolished in 1786, and it is now preserved in the Guildhall Museum.

Where the Great Fire Began.

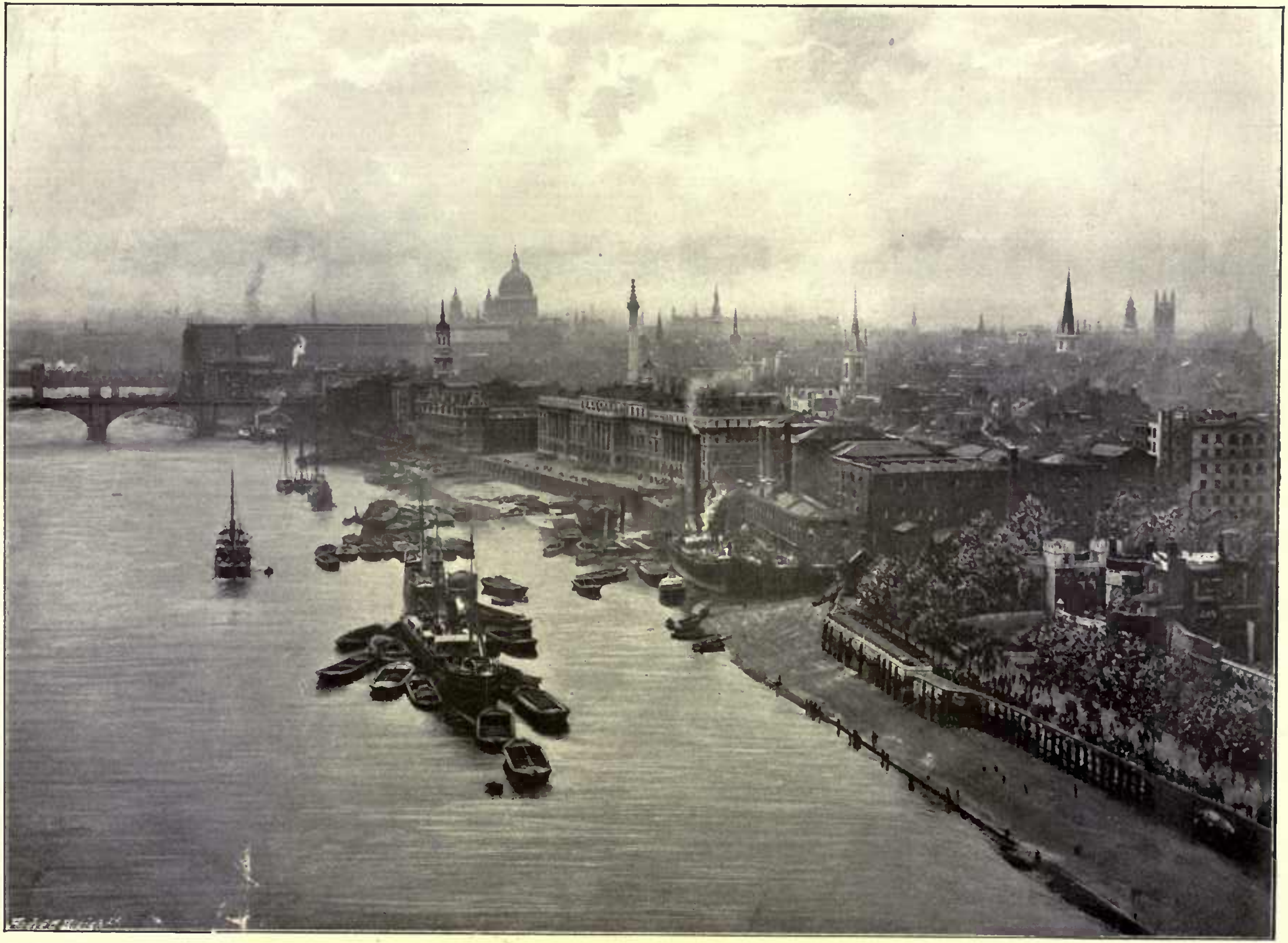
Hubert was a Frenchman of about five-and-twenty, the son of a watchmaker at Rouen. Either he was already crazy or his brain was turned by the great catastrophe which visited London, and he denounced himself as the author of the calamity and alleged that he had been instigated to it in Paris, and had had confederates in the wicked deed. Clarendon testifies that "neither the judges nor any present at the trial did believe him guilty, but that he was a poor distracted wretch, weary of his life, and chose to part with it this way." But the public mind was only too ready to lay the Fire at the door of the Roman Catholics, and so the wretched fellow was hanged, and for generations his co-religionists had to bear the odium of having destroyed the capital.

Hubert's Confession.



THE MONUMENT.

"The Monument," which commemorates the Fire, stands between Pudding Lane and Fish Street Hill, in Monument Yard, which was once the churchyard of St. Margaret's, Fish Street Hill, and which has associations with Goldsmith, who here, in 1756, on his return from his foreign tour, got employment in the shop of a chemist of the name of Jacob, but soon left to set up as a physician at Bankside. Wren's fluted column, of the Doric order, is 202 feet high, and as his son records in the "Parentalia," his first intention was that it should be surmounted by a colossal statue of Charles II. as the restorer of the City, or by "a figure erect of a woman crowned with turrets holding a sword and cap of maintenance, with other ensigns of the City's grandeur and re-erection." He also thought of having flames of gilt brass coming out of every loophole, and on the top a phœnix, also in gilt brass, rising from the flames; but in the end the present vase of flames—which, it must be confessed, are not very flame-like—was decided upon. The bas-relief on the pediment, setting forth in allegory the destruction of the City and its restoration, was carved by Caius Gabriel Cibber, the Danish sculptor, and the four dragons at the angles by Edward Pierce; the Latin inscriptions were from the pen of Dr. Gale, Dean of York, that on the north face describing the havoc wrought by the Fire, and that on the south the means taken to repair the scathe, all the glory being loyally ascribed to Charles II.; while that on the east side enumerates the Lord Mayors, under whose auspices the Monument was erected, in the years 1671-77. The west side, now



VIEW UP THE RIVER FROM THE TOWER BRIDGE

blank, once bore a libel attributing the Fire to "the treachery and malice of the Popish faction." It was not the work of Dr. Gale, and was not inscribed until 1681. Obliterated under James II., it was restored under William III., and remained for nearly a century and a half to justify Pope's couplet—

> "Where London's Column, pointing to the skies,
> Like a tall bully lifts its head and lies."

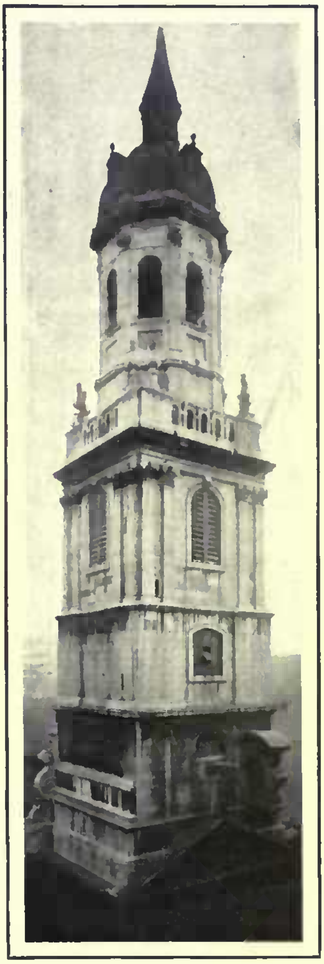
In the year 1831, when the current of Liberalism was running strong, it was finally removed by order of the City Corporation.

The pillar, though loftier than the columns of Trajan and Antoninus at Rome, is of a diameter that gives a sense of magnitude rather than of height. It encases a staircase of black marble of 345 steps leading to a platform—a favourite vantage point of sightseers—which is covered by an ugly cage, added in 1842 to keep suicidally-disposed persons out of temptation. The immediate cause of this addition was the suicide of a girl of seventeen, who flung herself down from the platform in August of that year; but there had been five earlier cases of the kind, the first being that of William Green (June 25th, 1750), whom a highly charitable coroner's jury declared to have suffered accidental death!

Fish Street Hill.

Fish Street Hill, the most westerly of the streets communicating between Lower Thames Street and Eastcheap, was the thoroughfare that led to old London Bridge. Stow records that the Black Prince once lived here, in a house which in the historian's day had become a hostelry known as the "Black Bell." At the Eastcheap corner is the churchyard of St. Leonard, the church itself being one of thirty-five which were not rebuilt after the Fire. At the lower end of Fish Street Hill stands the church of St. Magnus-the-Martyr, named after a saint who, according to Newcourt, suffered in Cappadocia under Aurelian, in the year 276. It is distinguished by perhaps the most chastely beautiful of Wren's steeples, which so good a judge as Mr. Loftie prefers to the steeple of Bow Church in Cheapside. It is not necessary to set the two in rivalry, and one need only say that those who in the Gothic prefer the austere beauty of the Early English to the more luxuriant charms of the Decorated will probably share Mr. Loftie's preference. The church is so hemmed in by other buildings and is so close to the Monument that it is not easy to find a good point from which to view the spire, but it may be seen to advantage from the top of the steps at the south-east corner of London Bridge, and also from Gracechurch Street. The old church having perished in the Great Fire, the body of the present church was completed in 1676, but the steeple, which rises to a height of 185 feet, was not added till 1705. The lowest stage of the tower, as left by Wren, was open on the west side only, but it was opened out on the north and south sides about 1760, in order that foot passengers might have easier access to Old London Bridge, which lay in a direct line with it. Wren, most practical and most far-seeing of architects, had anticipated that this change would one day be required, and had so built his arches that no difficulty was experienced in making the passage.

St. Magnus-the-Martyr.

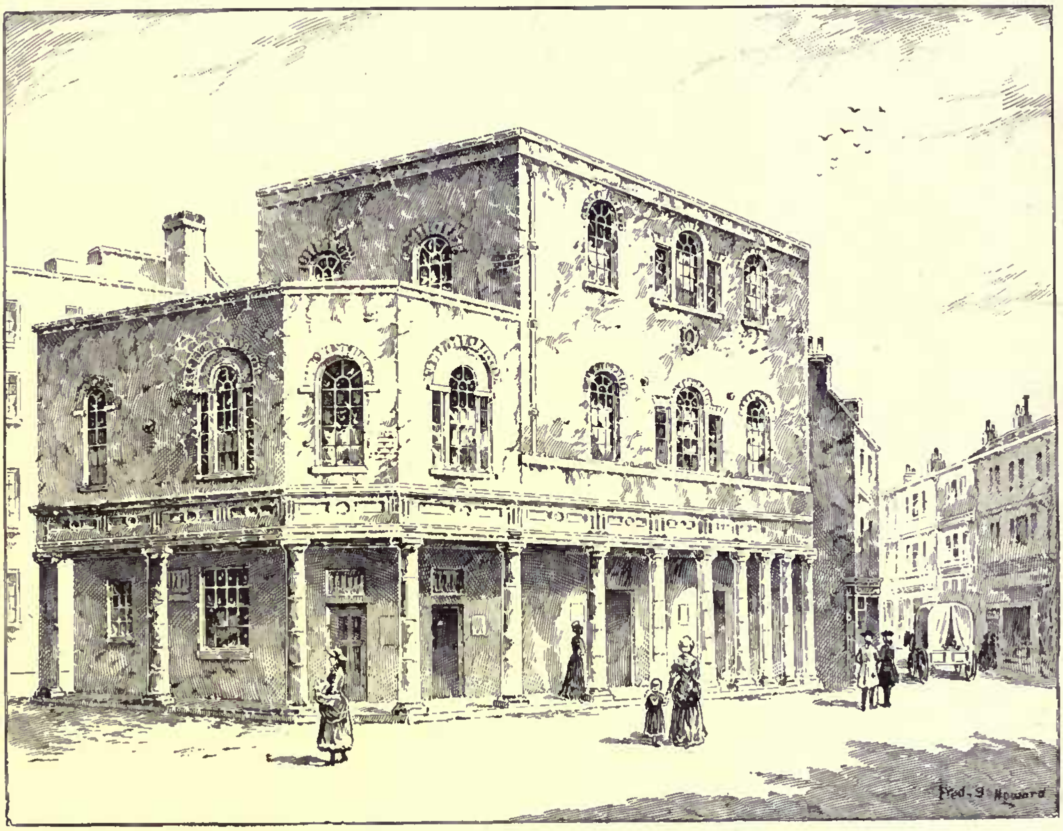


STEEPLE OF ST. MAGNUS-THE-MARTYR.

Of the rectors of St. Magnus' the most famous is Miles Coverdale, the Reformer, and translator of the Scriptures, who, dispossessed of his bishopric by Queen Mary, was

Miles Coverdale.

presented to this rectory in 1563, but held it for two years only. When he died, in 1568, he was buried in the church of St. Bartholomew-by-the-Exchange, and on the destruction of that building, in 1840, his remains were re-interred in St. Magnus', where three years before a monument to his memory had been erected by the parishioners.



THE OLD WEIGH HOUSE CHAPEL IN 1780.

Weigh House Chapel.

Fish Street Hill has had also its historic chapel, that of the Weigh House, named after the King's Weigh House in Love-Lane, hard by (p. 261). Among other eminent divines who ministered here was the Rev. John Clayton, who became the pastor in 1779, and died in 1843, and of whom Robert Hall said, " He was the most favoured man I ever saw or heard of." His successor was the Rev. Thomas Binney, who, born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne in 1798, was elected to this pastorate in 1829, and held it for forty years, retiring in 1869. A man of powerful intellect and fine presence, he was long the most prominent figure in the Congregational denomination. The chapel and its site were bought in 1883 for the completion of the Inner Circle Railway, at a cost of £37,000, and five years later the congregation acquired from the late Duke of Westminster, at a peppercorn rent, a site in Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, where they built a chapel which perpetuates the historic name.

ON THE FASCINATING

1913.

st thing that impressed me he greyish tinge of smoke er everything, a faint haze; ct that, as a city, street for square for square, it was ident as New York, not harsh, writes Theodore The Century Magazine, de- s visit to London. The less noisy, the people were htful and considerate, the ush which characterizes was less foolish. There is rowdyish and ill-mannered street life of New York. true of London. It struck le, sedate, thoughtful, and y conclude that it sprang stirring atmosphere of op- I fancy it is harder to get ondon. People do not n one thing to another so world there is more fixed ic routine, and people are e of their so-called "bet- pe not, but I feel it to be

believe that it is given to wholly to suggest a city. s like a voracious fish: it to eat up all the experi- characteristics of a city or ut this, fortunately, is not My own mind was busy t the gates of fact, but all I was there I got only a I remember being struck ature of St. James' Park, near my hotel; the great the Duke of Marlborough, of the street; the whirl of algar square and Piccadilly ch were both very near.

I visited in a narrow street ne, and the storm of cabs led by all the corners of It was described to me tre of London, and I an it was, for clubs, theatre rt shops and the like we The heavy trading section east, along the banks of s, and between that and eet, where my little hotel

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A TAILOR-MADE S

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BUSINESS CENTRES LONDON MYSTERIES

Shifting of Doctors' Quarters to Quiet Street Suggests Comment.

VAGARIES OF TRADES

Good Reason Why Tanners Should Locate in One Section.

1913

London, Nov. 22.—More than any other place, perhaps in the world, London gathers professions and trades together, in streets or districts where practically every shop or house is occupied by people in the same line of business. The topic arises at present through a suggestion that Harley Street, where London doctors congregate, is about to be abandoned by medical men on account of the increasingly noisy traffic through it. For many years Harley Street, locally known as the "Valley of the Shadow of Death," has been famous all over the world as the street of doctors, just as Fleet Street is known everywhere as the street of newspapers, and Lombard Street as the street of banks.

But with the coming of taxis, with their hooting at all hours of the day and night, and the general increase in traffic of all kinds, a good many doctors are beginning to find Harley Street rather trying for their nerves. It is not unlikely that they will all flit from Harley Street, just as some years ago they all left the neighborhood of Finsbury Square when it was invaded by noise and commerce. And when they leave Harley Street they will not scatter, but will all settle in some other street and make that famous in its turn. From Wimpole Street, that great city of the sick, it is said the nursing homes may gradually retreat.

The natural law that birds of a feather flock together could not be better illustrated anywhere than in London. The latest industry is the aeroplane industry; and one finds that it has already almost monopolized one building in Piccadilly. There is the Aero Club, there the office of the Aeroplane and there the headquarters of the best known people in aviation. Another new development is the cinema industry. This is monopolizing Charing Cross Road and the immediate neighborhood.

Tottenham Court Road is still the great furniture thoroughfare. No one knows now what it was that first made that great thoroughfare the haven of the about-to-marry, the newly married, the removing and the just removed.

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WON'T DESTROY OLD SEAL

che Bears Images of St. Paul and St. Thomas a Becket.

1914

Special to The Mail and Empire

London, Jan. 4.—It is satisfactory learn that the old Mayoral city seal ter all is not to be broken up, but ll be preserved for its great historical interest.

It bears the earliest known represe ation of the City's coat of arms d so desirous is the Court of Alder n for its perfect preservation tha its withdrawal it was not even de ed by the customary method o ting a groove across it. It was sim "damasked" by the ceremonio with a small hammer.

An interesting history attaches t old City seal. It bears the image St. Thomas a Becket and St. Pa when Henry VIII. ordered the de iction of all images and pictures o former throughout the realm the mon seal of the City of London, ch bore his effigy, was destroyed. the Mayoral seal was by error de- bed in official records as depict- St. Peter instead of St. Thomas it is to this fortunate mistake tha b doubt owes its preservation.

E LONDON PARKS TO PRODUCE FOOD

st Step in the New Food Campaign in Great Britain

1917

(Canadian Press Despatch.)

ndon, Jan. 10.—Fodder and cer- are to bo grown in Richmond Bushy Parks as the first step, e new food campaign. London's s are Royal property, and the has the sanction of King George. e idea is to set an example and ulate private land-owners to sim activity as a means of increasing supplies.

chmond and Bushy Parks lie the Thames, in tho fashionable west district of London. Richmond Park is of 2,255 acres in area eight miles in circumference. It favorite summer resort, being ented by crowds of pedestrians rists and horseback riders. les I. in 1637 had the park en- d and used it as a hunting d.

shy Park contains one thousand . It has numerous whitethorn horse-chestnut trees, many of planted by William III.

ONCE HAD SPECIAL MEANING.

At This Day, However, It Is Practically Impossible to Even Conjecture What Original Purport Was.

The street names of old London. What a wealth of conjecture and romance lies in them! Those who are most familiar with the London streets probably think least about their history. But the stranger who at rare intervals, or possibly for the first time in his life, visits the metropolis, must often speculate as to the origin of this or that thoroughfare, or wonder how some of the curiously named s he passes through came by names.

it has always been the custom this country to name the ways and cities after somebody or c. one may be sure that every London streets

to believe that the area about Charing Cross was no more than a little village in the time of Edward I. Opinions differ as to the first meaning of the word "Cross" attached to the name of the hamlet, but it is probable that it had the same signification that is to be discovered in other cases of the kind in London and the country. There have probably been crossroads here from time immemorial, but it is said that in the case of Charing Cross there was a more specific reason. Edward I. is stated to have erected a cross in memory of his Queen on the spot where the statue of Charles I. was afterwards set up.

Piccadilly, if we may believe the usual explanation given for its curious name, was so called because the first person to build a house in that neighborhood was interested in "piccadilloes," by which name the stiff collars or ruffs formerly worn were originally known.

AFTER THE FENS.

Abundant evidence as to the marshy nature of the ground upon which a large part of the city of London was originally built is still to be discovered in such names as Fenchurch street, Finsbury and Moorfields. The district traversed by the first of these was at one time nothing better than fenland, the Langbourn, a tributary of the Thames running across it.

Finsbury for the same reason, was at first "Fensbury," but the alteration of a single letter has entirely destroyed all indications as to its insalubrious beginnings.

That area of the city now known as Moorfields must have taxed the ingenuity of the builder to no small extent when he first attempted to set houses upon it, for we are told that the ground was of such a squelchy nature that causeways of wood and stone had to be built across it before it could be traversed.

The religious associations of Paternoster row are still upheld by the present residence in that quarter of those who deal in publications of that order.

to understand as "Old-gate," and from that to Aldgate was a simple transition. Aldersgate and Aldermanbury both doubtless take their names from the fact that that part of the city was the scene of the important functions held by the mayor and aldermen.

On the east side of Aldermanbury there formerly stood a hall in which the city dignitaries were wont to hold their court or levees. The origin of Bishopsgate is not clearly known, but it is supposed to have been built by some famous prelate in or about the year 1200, and named after him.

NUMBERS SIGNS ORIGINALLY

The numbering of houses in London,
is above shown, is of comparatively
recent date, and a backward glance
into the history of the method has
been gained at the sacrifice of a pic-
turesque element in our streets. In
the later Stuart times, the houses we
not numbered, for of the coachm
chairmen, porters and errand boys
London a very small proportion
read. The shops were, therefor
distinguished by painted or scu
signs, which gave a very
grotesque aspect to the streets
measures were adopted for
tion of private houses.
Inn Fields, for example,
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London Cabbies Have Been Institu
Since Seventeenth Century.

London—In these days of taxica it is hard for us to realize that hackney coaches were considered objectionable innovations by the Thames watermen who plied for hire on the river.

This, however, was the case early in the seventeenth century. Nevertheless hackney coaches gained popularity and were to be found standing for hire in the inn-yards till Captain Baily, a retired mariner, in 1634 established a stand of four coaches which he had built, at the maypole in the Strand, where St. Mary's church now stands. The cab rank at that spot, therefore, is the oldest in England.

Charles I. did not approve of hackney coaches and hoped to put an en to them by giving Sir Sanders Du comb exclusive right to hire out sed chairs, which were unknown in E land. These instead of lessening it, it was intended that they should, ad greatly to the congestion of the str and in 1635 a proclamation was iss "to restrain the multitude and p iscuous use of coaches about Lo and Westminster."

However, in spite of various e at different times to curtail their bers and limit their prerogatives, ney coaches continued to be used to be on hire.

Hackney coaches lingered on about the time of the great exh of 1851, but after this most o proprietors had taken to cabs.

LONDON'S APPALLING SIZ

Population Greater Than All Eng in Reign of Edward III.

From the statistical point of London's size is almost appalling, an exchange. The population England in the reign of Edward when the victories at Crecy Poictiers raised England to the tion of paramount military pow the modern world, was scarcely 2, 000. The population of Gre London to-day is 7,537,000, it is spread out over an area o square miles. London proper, the administrative County of Lo has an area of 118 square miles a population of about 5,000,000. contains 8,000 streets, more than miles long: 650,000 buildings, cluding 1,500 churches, 6,500 p houses, 1,700 coffee houses and hotels and inns. London is said number among its citizens m Scotchmen than there are in A deen, more Irishmen than in Du more Jews than in Palestine more Roman Catholics than in Ro There are 15,000 Americans resi in the city and more than 100 pass through it every year.

The city, the old City of Lon and the East End, or that par London east of the Temple, form commercial quarter. The West is the quarter that spends m makes laws and regulates the fash This is the part best known to ists. Here are situated the pa and mansions, the clubs, muse picture galleries, theatres, h barracks, Government offices principal buildings, joined togethe broad, handsome streets and parks and open spaces. Across Thames, on its right bank, "The S side," lies the ancient borough Southwark, known from time memorial as "the Borough," conti to the west by Lambeth and Ba sea, the three forming the prin industry and factory district of city. And below Southwark, stre ing toward the mouth of the r lie the several constituent munici

Feb 1912

OF OLD LONDON

A SPEAKER in the House of Commons said the other day that Canada was owned by a score or so of men, whom he named. It is true that a handful of men have set themselves, as it were, at the very gateway of Canadian prosperity, and are in a position to take a "rake-off" from almost everyone who contributes to that prosperity. The very rain makes Sir William Mackenzie rich; the grain cannot grow nor the apples ripen on the trees without paying some tribute to him and to the other men who are the masters of the country's transportation. But if it can be said that a handful of men own Canada, it can be said that a smaller handful own the City of London, and an article on this subject appears in the current issue of the Pall Mall Magazine, from the pen of T. H. Manners Howe. At the time of Lloyd George's budget, which proposed a revaluation of the land of England, a good deal was heard of the landlords of the country, but the matter was discussed, as a rule, in a bitter, controversial spirit. Mr. Howe sets forth a few astonishing facts without commenting upon their political significance.

Owns 200 Acres of London.

The men who are said to own London are the Duke of Westminster, Lord Portman, Lord Howard de Walden, the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Cadogan, the Marquis of Northampton, the Duke of Norfolk, and Lord Curzon. Since London extends over nearly half a million acres of ground, while the great landlords among them do not own probably a couple of thousand acres, it is plain that after all they own a very small proportion of the land of London. Yet think of one man owning 200 acres of London real estate! The Viscount Portman's London holdings are between 200 and 300 acres in extent. Some 2,000 houses stand upon his property, which comprises much of the richest part of the West End. The Baker Street made famous by the Sherlock Holmes stories belongs to Lord Portman, as well as such well-known places as Portman Square, Manchester Square and Gloucester Place.

Fortune Wedded to Fortune.

Even with this principality Lord Portman is not the richest landlord in London. This honor must go to the Duke of Westminster. He has two estates in London, the Upper Grosvenor Estate and the Belgravia Estate. The Westminster fortune was established in the first place by Hugh Lupus, the Norman Earl of Chester, and since then has been consolidated by many wealthy marriages. One of these occurred a couple of hundred years ago, when a Grosvenor married a Miss Davies, whose father bequeathed her a great tract of land that was then far in the country, but to-day is a populous district of London. The name is perpetuated in Davies Street,

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